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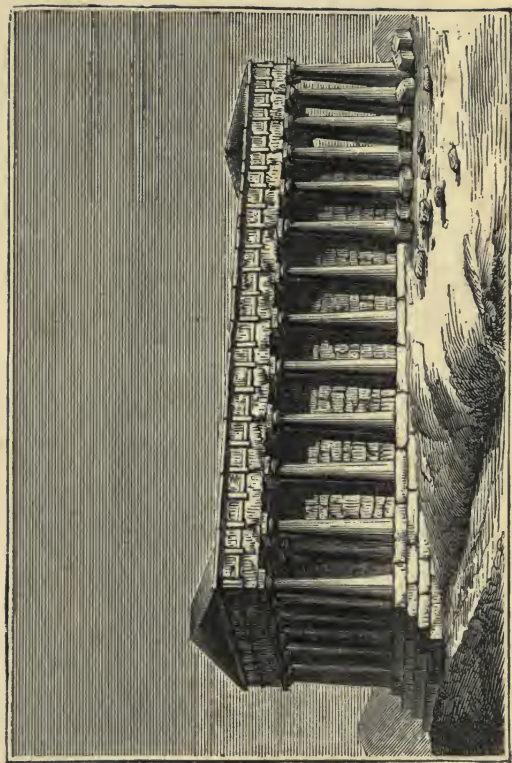


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DIARY  
IN  
TURKISH AND GREEK WATERS.







THE THESEUM.

HAs  
C2936 di F.  
Carlisle, George William Frederick Howard,  
7th Earl of

# DI A R Y

IN

## TURKISH AND GREEK WATERS.

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

*Carlisle*  
EDITED BY

*Conway*  
C. C. FELTON,

GREEK PROFESSOR IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE.



477156  
20.7.48

BOSTON:

HICKLING, SWAN, AND BROWN.

1855.

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

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HAVING been requested by the American publishers to read the proof-sheets of Lord Carlisle's "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters," I have done so with great satisfaction. My respect for the character of the noble author, and the vivid interest which the book excited in me on its first appearance, made the slight task no slight enjoyment. I saw Lord Carlisle in London, just before he left home for the interesting travels recorded in his Diary, and conversed with him upon the subject. Several months afterwards I passed through the allied fleets, then lying in stately array between the island of Tenedos and the coast of Troy, at the time when his lordship, having returned from Rhodes, where he had been ill some weeks, was regaining his health on board the Admiral's flag ship, the *Britannia*, and pursuing his scholarly investigations on the Plain of Troy. At a later period, I had the pleasure of meeting him in Athens, at the delightful house of the British minister, Mr. Wyse, and of discussing with him the wonderful charm of the associations with that illustrious city.

Most of the scenes described in this Diary I visited nearly at the same time, and, therefore, I felt a peculiar and almost personal interest in its pleasant pages, which recalled to me days and months of rare delight,—never recalled without a

sense of gratitude that I was permitted, under circumstances peculiarly favorable, — with health that never failed a moment by sea or land, — with weather almost continually such as clothed those classic lands and seas with a bright, unceasing charm, — to behold the regions around which cluster so many famous memories, and with which the studies of my life have been closely connected.

I do not presume that any coincidence of opinion on my part can add to Lord Carlisle's authority ; but I may say, without impropriety, that I have found throughout his book a candid, generous and learned spirit, and a correctness of observation, that make it peculiarly valuable and instructive, though it appears under the unpretending form of a Diary.

The period embraced in this Diary is one of deep significance, and the persons introduced have played eminent parts in the opening of a mighty historical drama. Lord Carlisle's distinguished rank, and his still more distinguished personal character, gave him every possible opportunity of witnessing, to the best advantage, the incidents of the swelling scene, — the prologue to a terrible tragedy. On board the fleet at Besica Bay, at Constantinople, at Therapia, at Athens, at Corfu, he sees all that is worthy of attention under the fairest auspices, and in the most appreciating spirit. He has the genial sympathies of the scholar for the great past, and of the Christian statesman for the living present ; and as he looks upon the lovely face of Hellas, and the transcendent remains of ancient genius that adorn that suffering land, his cultivated mind responds to the thrilling touch of the spirit of antiquity still lingering over the ancient haunts. While believing heartily that the cause of the Allies in the present struggle is the cause of European civilization, he keeps himself free from that Turcomania which, like a sudden epidemic, has inspired so many Englishmen with an admiration of the Turks, and blinded them to the corruptions of Turkish society,

and the sure decay of the Turkish Empire. While judging with severity the short-comings of the Greek government, he renders justice to the excellent qualities of the Greek people, and shows, in many significant sentences, that he is not insensible to the incongruity of upholding by Christian arms the Moslem despotism over the Christian populations of Thessaly, Epeirus and Macedonia.

In my opinion, this little volume will be hereafter regarded as a valuable historical record of a very interesting period. In the short time that has passed since its publication, what imposing changes have taken place upon the scene. The allied fleets have left the classic shores of Troy, and, sweeping up the Hellespont, have displayed their majestic might before the Old Seraglio and the Mosque of Saint Sophia, and anchored in the Golden Horn. Thence they have startled the waters of the Bosphorus with their stately presence, and wakened the echoes along the shores and headlands of the Euxine with unaccustomed thunders. The armies of the West have poured into Byzantium, and frightened from his propriety the bearded and solemn Turk, who even now dreams that the Sultan is the lord of the world. The Crimea—the Tauric Chersonesus—in mythical times was the scene of human sacrifices; but the priestess of those grim and bloody rites, in honor of the Virgin Huntress, never imagined the scenes which Christian armies have enacted there. What prodigies of valor have not the dauntless bravery of England, unknowing how to yield, and the fiery chivalry of France, resistless in its onset, achieved on those reddened rocks and war-ploughed fields! And then, how extraordinary the contrasting spectacle, of noble English ladies leaving their luxurious homes to minister to the wounded and soothe the agonies of the dying, in the hospitals of Stamboul and Scutari. Florence Nightingale—rich, accomplished, surrounded by admiring and loving friends, welcomed to the most intellectual

society of England — renounces the gratifications that attend on rank and wealth, — and nowhere are they so seducing as in England, — and consecrates herself to a career of laborious and painful duty, spending her thoughts, her time, her wealth, to lessen the sufferings of the poor and soften the sorrows of the afflicted, and so prepares herself unconsciously for the saintly mission for which she is selected by the cabinet of England, and clothed with an authority seldom bestowed on man or woman before. What a picture is here presented! This delicate and high-bred woman, gifted with rare accomplishments, and an administrative talent rarer still, — with a moral courage unspeakably higher than the daring exhibited by the bravest soldier that ever offered up his life on the field of battle, — now moves among scenes of horror before which the stoutest manly heart might quail, amidst ghastly wounds and dying groans, an angel of mercy, with healing in her presence, — an object of little less than adoration to the brave hearts of the victims of war who crowd the hospitals on the shores of the Bosphorus, — the most illustrious woman, perhaps the most illustrious human being, now among the living.

On the other hand, we have seen the minister of the ambitious purposes of the Czar, who, leaning on an empire's support and an emperor's sanction, dared to beard the Sultan in his palace, and threaten the successor of the Prophet under the very Crescent, and in the midst of the symbols of his royal power, stricken helpless by the fortunes of battle. Again, we have seen the mighty despot who, confident in his pride of place, began this fatal struggle, suddenly smitten down by the hand of death; and now he lies as silent and powerless as the meanest serf who fell at Inkerman or Balaklava. What changes and catastrophes may happen next in this tragedy of the East and West, the whole world — the

spectators of the fateful scene — are waiting, with beating hearts and breathless attention, to see.

Lord Carlisle's book records the prelude to these events, — the prologue, as I have already called it, to the terrible tragedy. It presents to us the picture of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war before disaster and blood have filled the stage with horrors. Armies mustering; fleets lying at anchor among the *Ægean* Isles, or along the shore of Priam's kingdom; the sad figure of Sultan Abdul Medjid, conscious of approaching doom; music, dance and song; pleasant dinners and social enjoyments; classic readings on spots consecrated by the ancient muse; rides over fields of historic or legendary fame; the varying aspects of diplomacy, on which the fortunes of nations seem to hang; frank courtesies between high personages of the East and West, strangely brought face to face; the sparkling waters, and the moonlit minarets and sombre cypresses of the Orient; Stamboul, the Hellespont, the Cyclades, Hellas; — these are the pictures, movements and subjects that precede and introduce the events which have filled the last year with the most wonderful variety and the profoundest tragic interest.

As a vivid picture of this preliminary period, I cannot doubt that Lord Carlisle's Diary will be welcomed by the reading public of the United States. Besides correcting some errors of the press, I have added a few notes, drawn from my own memoranda, where further explanations seemed desirable for the American reader, especially in those portions of the Diary devoted to Greece. In the course of the coming season, I hope to find the leisure to prepare a volume embodying the results of my own observations, chiefly on that country. The state of the Hellenic kingdom, as the reader will learn from Lord Carlisle's notices, presents a curious subject of investigation. The present condition of the language, the growth of a new Greek literature, the wonderful progress of

education, were among the things which chiefly fixed my attention. It will be perceived that I have added some facts and observations, on these matters, for the sake of elucidating the general remarks of the author.

Lord Carlisle is well known in this country, having travelled through the United States and visited the West Indies in 1841 and 1842, an interval of retirement from politics, before his accession to the earldom, and while he still bore the title of Lord Morpeth. After his return to England, he delivered before the Leeds Mechanics' Institution a lecture on the United States, which showed how well he knew the art of travelling, and with what candor, as well as independence, he formed his opinions. Another lecture delivered by him, on the writings of Pope, exhibited uncommon literary talent and critical powers. He is also known as the author of several graceful and harmonious poems, contributed to periodical publications.

It is to be regretted that, in the citations from Homer, in this Diary, Lord Carlisle did not translate the passages himself, instead of subjoining Pope's melodious, but often unfaithful versions. Agreeing in the main with his high estimate of Pope as a poet, I yet think that, whatever merits Pope's Homer may have in point of rhythm and poetical expression, it is deficient in the prime requisite of being a representation of the great original. Pope's knowledge of Greek was but slender, and his acquaintance with the countries where the immortal scenes of the old Ionian were laid appears to have been vague and shadowy. His version is destitute of local coloring, and of the genuine characteristics of nature, by which the poetry of Homer is preëminently distinguished. Lord Carlisle is at once a poet and a Greek scholar, as he has amply shown, and had he translated the passages on the spot, his lines would have reflected the hues and given back

the voices of nature which shine and sound in the hexameters of Homer.

That I do not make these remarks on Pope's translation at random, I will show by an illustration. I went from Malta to Constantinople in the *Caradoc*, one of her Majesty's despatch steamers, commanded by Lieutenant Derriman, who is mentioned several times by Lord Carlisle. I was anxious to get the earliest possible glimpse of the shores of Hellas. The commander informed me that he intended to pass between the island of Cerigo and Cape St. Angelo, and that we should enter the strait early in the morning. Now, Cerigo is the ancient Cythera, and St. Angelo is Cape Maleia, and the passage between the two would bring us directly into the neighborhood of places renowned in history and song. But when I went on deck, the glorious sunrise disclosed, far on the left, peering from the mist, the land of Greece. Behind us lay the ancient Tænarus; beyond, the promontory of Sunium, with the flashing columns of the Temple of Sunian Athena; on our left, at a considerable distance, rose abruptly the rocky island of Cythera, where once stood the Temple of Aphrodite, and where Helen was born. Surprised at our position, I asked the commander why he had not passed between the island and the mainland, as he had told me he intended to do. He replied, that the current had set so strongly southward that the ship had been driven ten miles outside the island. I reminded him that Ulysses had met with the same accident some four thousand years ago. In the immortal story of his adventures, told to King Alcinous, the much-enduring king of Ithaca relates, *Odyssey* I., 79-83 :

“ *Καὶ νῦν κεν ἀσκηθῆς ἐκόμην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,  
Ἀλλὰ με κῆμα ῥόος τε περιγνέμπτοντα Μάλειαν  
Καὶ Βορέης ἀπέωσε, πυρὲς πλάγξει δὲ Κυθήρων.*”

“ And now my country safely had I reached,  
But that the wave, the current and north wind,

As I Maleia's foreland strove to round,  
Thrust me far off, and drove me, wandering wide,  
Outside Cythera's isle."

Now Pope, regardless of geography, and wandering wide of the meaning of *παρά* in composition, strangely translates (*upsets*, as the Germans have it) :

"Then to my native country had I sailed,  
But, the cape doubled, adverse winds prevailed.  
Strong was the tide, which, by the northern blast  
Impelled, our vessels on Cythera cast.  
Nine days our fleet the uncertain tempest bore,  
Far in the ocean and from sight of shore."

That is to say (and Cowper, who usually knows better, follows Pope in this break-neck navigation), Ulysses doubled the cape, then was cast *on* the island of Cythera, and then was in the ocean, far from sight of shore ; all of which he could not have done without sailing up the perpendicular face of a rock, many hundred feet high, across the rocky surface of the island; twenty miles long, and then plunging head-foremost some six or seven hundred feet down into the Mediterranean Sea. So much for want of a little geography and a Greek preposition.

Since his return from his travels, the Earl of Carlisle has been invested with the Order of the Garter, and very recently has been appointed Lord-lieutenant, or Viceroy, of Ireland. Under a former ministry he was Secretary for that country, and gained the good-will of all parties there. A more suitable and popular appointment to the Lord-lieutenancy could not have been made. It is a pleasant circumstance that he is the second Earl of Carlisle who has been raised to that exalted dignity. It may be confidently predicted that his administration will be a happy one to himself, and fortunate for Ireland.

C. C. F.

CAMBRIDGE, *May* 1, 1855.

## PREFACE.

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It will be perceived that I have resolved the doubt, expressed in the opening sentences of this Diary, in favor of publication. I have most assuredly not been led to this decision by any presumption that the hurried entries which it contains, written, almost without exception, on the days to which they refer, can be supposed to include sufficient matter worthy of being directly addressed either to the scholar, the antiquary, the artist, the politician, or the divine; but I have thought it possible, considering the places which I have visited, and the periods of my visit, that they might awaken or recall associations among each of these classes, which they have derived from less shallow sources.

It will, I think, be apparent that, even amidst such scenes, and at so stirring an era, nothing whatever will be found here bordering upon party politics. I feel, indeed, that the circumstance of these pages having been written without any special view, and being directed to

no particular end, is the only possible one that can attach the smallest value to any inferences which they may suggest.

It will be seen that I was frequently thrown in the way of persons entrusted with important functions and highly responsible duties. I trust sincerely that I shall not be found to have abused any opportunities of confidence which I thus enjoyed.

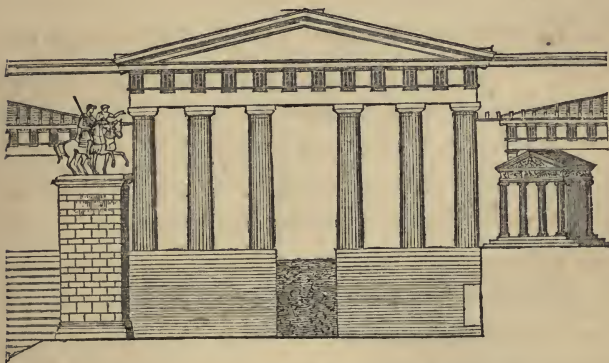
When I published a Lecture on my travels in the United States of America, I prefixed the following observation, which seems to hold as good in its spirit for the East as the West, and is therefore here repeated.

“I came in contact with several of the public men — the historical men they will be — of the American republic. I shall think myself at liberty occasionally to depart, in their instance, from the rule of strict abstinence which I have otherwise prescribed to myself, and to treat them as public property, so long as I say nothing to their disadvantage. On the other hand, the public men of the United States are not created faultless beings, any more than the public men of other countries. It must not, therefore, be considered, when I mention with pleasure anything which redounds to their credit, that I am intending to present you with their full and complete portraits.”

These pages issue from the press during the very crash of conflict and the first shouts of victory. All

speculations concerning arrangements for the future, the limits of empires and the destinies of races, must remain suspended on the events which, beneath the Supreme arbitrament, lie far beyond the reach of our discernment. May they be so directed as to ensure the progress of civilization and commerce, the permanence of peace, and the extension of Christianity in its widest senses and most pervading influences !

October, 1854.



The Propylæa of the Acropolis, restored.



Panathenaic Procession.

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# DIARY

## IN

### TURKISH AND GREEK WATERS.

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HAVING written an account of my visit to the Western World, I propose to myself the like task during my projected travels in the East. It shall again assume the form of a Diary, because my experience of the writings of others convinces me that it is by far more entertaining than any other ; it secures the freshness of first impressions for whatever may be recorded ; and, although it undoubtedly has the drawback of a tendency to include many details deficient in the importance and dignity due to more professed authorship, it has the countervailing merit of producing a more intimate sense of companionship between the author and reader than can otherwise be obtained. I will also, in like manner, form no pre-pense determination beforehand respecting the future destiny of the pages that are to follow,—whether they shall only be shown to friends, published to the world, communicated to their full extent, abridged, condensed into one or more lectures, or kept entirely to myself. They shall reflect the feeling of the moment faithfully and freely ; all besides shall be reserved for after consideration.

I have but one point to premise, which I will do most succinctly, though it may appear to demand infinite explanation and reference: I only advert to it at all for the present, that I may be enabled, if I so think fit, to confront it with the results of subsequent impressions. I go towards the venerable and mysterious East, with a fixed conviction upon my mind that it is about, very shortly, to become the theatre of completed Scripture prophecy, and of a commencing new dispensation of events. The circumstances now in immediate operation upon that swelling scene have an undoubted tendency to confirm this anticipation; but it was formed long before they had assumed any such active development. I may, at the same time, assure any reader that I may hereafter have that nothing is further from my intention than to perk this topic in his face during my future progress. I believe the whole material of prophecy to be so little within the search of "private interpretation," that the only safe and satisfactory mode of dealing with it is to leave its illustrations to events, without any attempt to twist events into conformity with preconceived ideas; and it will involve no departure from my present purpose if the subject should never be again mentioned in these pages.

I left London, by the mail train, on the evening of the 3d of June, 1853; crossed from Dover to Calais rapidly, but not quite smoothly or undisturbedly; left Calais at half-past two; stopped for rather a chilly hour, from five to six, at Lille, but took a glimpse of its handsome but quaint large square; went on by the Belgian lines, admired the forest slopes and clear streams of the Ardennes between Liege and Aix-la-Chapelle, and arrived at Cologne at half-past six. I stopped at the Cathedral;

it is most imposing — full of grandeur, beauty, and completeness of idea; and the endeavor now in progress to finish it is a stupendous work even in contemplation. I saw all the gilding and jewellery of relics and shrines, about which I do not care. I went on to the Hotel Bellevue, a charming house and large establishment, though, perhaps, with some want of our English nicety of finish. I am in an apartment evidently accustomed to receive travelling royalty.

*June 5th.* — Went to the cathedral at ten, and attended high mass, which was celebrated with every adjunct,

“To swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice.”

The music to-day was Mozart's Fourth Mass, and sounded very beautiful to my unskilled ears. I hope that I estimate this gorgeous ritual as I ought; I recognize the undoubted hold which the combination of picturesque spectacle, glorious architecture and delicious harmony, must have on the imagination of many; I still more appreciate the ever open door, the mixture of classes, and the fervent prayers offered up from obscure recesses and before solitary shrines; but the incessant genuflections, the parrot-chanting of the legions of priests, and, above all, the foreign tongue, persuade me there must often be much that is hollow in the service, as well as false in the doctrine. I heard, afterwards, that I might have found a small assemblage of worshippers in our own service; but for my single Sunday in Cologne, I cannot repent of having resorted to its cathedral. I dined at my first German table d'hôte at half-past one, and extremely well. It is, perhaps, not a more copious or better meal than in the best American hotels,

but infinitely more deliberate. A military band plays pleasantly, in the alley before the hotel, on Sunday afternoons; but we want heat for such enjoyments as yet.

*June 6th.* — Started at six to ascend the Rhine. I will not invade the province of poets, tourists, and hand-books, by any detail of its well-known scenery. I had felt some curiosity to compare it with the Hudson. Even apart from all association with history, legend, and song, every building on the Rhine, from castle to granary, is essentially picturesque, while every building in the United States, whatever its other more important characteristics may be, is essentially the reverse. Then, the vineyards on the Rhine, though not strictly a beautiful feature, give an air, or at least an idea, of genial animation to the steep slopes and narrow clefts in which they are imbedded. So much on the side of the Rhine. I am inclined to think that the natural sites and outlines of the Hudson are finer; but the great point of superiority is the look of movement on the river itself: every one of its varied reaches is sure of being at all times spangled with white sails; whereas I felt quite astonished at the small appearance of traffic on the Rhine. I had always looked upon it as the great highway of all the German nations, for the tolls of which free cities and powerful leagues had competed, and states and empires protocollled and fought; but one of the large timber-rafts, and a few steamers of very narrow girth, were all that I saw to-day, to compete with all the life and business that swarm on the Hudson, the Thames, or the Clyde. This is, no doubt, very much owing to the swiftness of the current, but still it detracts sensibly from the animation of the landscape. I ought in fairness to add, that it was a very

undecorative day. I landed at Biberich, and walked in the gardens of the Grand Duke of Nassau, which are rather pretty, with great bloom of flowers, but on a dead level, and with much dirty-colored water. In a pavilion I saw a very pretty statue of the first wife, a daughter of the Grand Duke Michael, of Russia. I slept at Frankfort, at the Hotel de Russie.

*June 7th.* — Started at eight, so I had but little time to look at this stately city. The continental towns usually appear to me as far ahead in exterior aspect of our provincial towns in England as the general surface of the country, and the whole detail of agricultural economy, appear to me below our English level. The rapid transit of a railway increases the risk of superficial conclusions, but rural life seemed to me almost to stagnate as much, comparatively, as the river traffic of yesterday. Does not the universal and eternal smoking assist this tendency? We know enough of Germans to see that it does not interfere with intellectual energy; but where husbandmen, as well as princes, go about with pipes in their mouths, it cannot surely be favorable to continuous physical effort.\* Perhaps the current of my thoughts was assisted to this direction by the company of two Americans, true sons of the United States, who evidently thought everything in Europe was verging to a state of hopeless decrepitude, and pronounced the Rhine to be a small creek. One thing, however, may be said on the other side: the portly build, and bluff, rosy faces, of the old Teutonic stock, carry it hollow, both in weight and hue, over the spare forms and sallow cheeks of their

\* I do not think I should have been equally struck with the prevalence of German smoking in my way back from Turkey.

Transatlantic progeny; and though my friends referred, with some degree of complacency, to the contrast which the domestic duties of their women present to the female field labor of Germany, yet never mind, German women; you are all free women. Men and women seem to be drinking all day, under piazzas and trees; but you never see a drunken person. We had a reigning duke part of the way, and the military fuss he produced recalled Thackeray's inimitable account of the Court of Pumpel-Nickel. Marburg has a very striking outline, and the banks of the Lahn and Fulda are not without attraction. Got, at ten, to Weimar, for the literary glories of which I have more respect than for its inns.

*June 8th.* — Off at half-past eight. After passing the pleasant valley of the Saale, we stopped for near two hours at Halle. I walked to the principal church, a rather picturesque building, with a very pleasing and impressive altar-piece of the modern German school,—the Sermon on the Mount, by Hübner. The transfer from one railway to another is made amidst much hurry at Leipsic; we then had a little stoppage, from the effects of what the Germans called a cloud-burst,—which is rather a significant term for our water-spout,—and got to Dresden at seven. The approach is through pretty and cheerful country, and it appeared to me a very comely town, and, with the epithet, is fairly enough called the “German Florence.” In my evening stroll, I found the terrace on the old site of Count Brühl's gardens. The view from it of the broad Elbe and handsome bridge is very pleasing, and people were carousing mildly, under the trees, to the sound of music.

*June 9th.* — I spent four hours in the gallery,—little enough, indeed, for its magnificent collection, but

still a good deal for one haul. The arrangement appears to me very complete, but a vast number of pictures are in a very bad light, and one grudges several of the best being under glass; still more when a large scaffold for copyists is before them. Of course I must speak first of the *Madonna di San Sisto*. It went beyond my expectation, and I expected to see the finest picture in the world. In the *Infant Saviour* and his deep, still, but yet not unchildish gaze, there is to me the actual look of Deity. The *Night*, of Correggio, I naturally admired excessively. The collection is very rich in his works; and thinking him almost unapproachable in delicacy of grace and tenderness, I yet could not look at the whole of them without feeling that even the tenderness of his *Virgins* now and then borders upon affectation, and the grace of his cherubs approaches to quaintness. The small *Magdalen* is lovely. I thought Titian's *Christo della Moneta* super-excellent. There is a most copious glow of Rubens and Rembrandt upon these walls; Ruysdael and Van der Werff in great perfection; a most beautiful *Palma Vecchio*, and two very striking pictures by artists of little comparative general notoriety,—a large one, of most high and simple dignity, by Bagnacavallo, and a small one, of great loveliness, by Gemignano.

My great enjoyment of this gallery was further heightened by meeting Count Nicholas Pahlen, with whom I have long had many pleasant associations of Italian galleries.

I dined pleasantly with our minister, Mr. Forbes. Till one is quite steeped in continental life, one feels rather to resent having done with all the hospitality by seven o'clock. The talk of some of the guests rolled sonorously upon grand dukes and duchesses. I have

some doubt whether this habit can be entirely referred to the spirit of courtiership in the human breast, and whether it is not, at least in part, derived from a far more universal tendency,—that of taking an interest in the minute details of all interior family life. Subjects talk of the domestic concerns and habits of their rulers, just as country neighbors do of the proceedings at the castle or the great manor-house, not only because they are great people, but because such details are more easily discoverable. It is precisely the same source of interest which attaches such charm to the unequalled dissection of character and development of minutiae in Miss Austen's novels: when we can really learn all about them, we are as much engrossed with the households of the Bennetts and Woodhouses as if they were Hapsburgs or Romanoffs.

*June 9th.* — Off at seven. I find everything go easily with my excellent courier, a German by birth; but it requires to be ready near two hours before starting, to ensure the luggage being stowed in time. The first part of the railway was through Saxon Switzerland, with which I was much pleased. I rather believe that the Elbe is more cheerful than the Rhine. There is a particularly picturesque spot, where the train is stopped, on the Austrian or Bohemian frontier, at Tetschen, opposite the large country-house of Count Thun. I find no difficulty from the Austrian officials; but one perceives that the general scrutiny of passports is severe. The scenery along the Elbe continues to be pretty, but the transition from Saxony to Bohemia, with regard to the aspect of the people, of their dwellings, and of their agriculture, rather resembles the change from English to Irish landscape; not that Saxony is so well dressed as England, or Bohemia so ill dressed as Ireland. How are

we to distribute the causes of this difference? — what to government? what to creed? I think I may take credit to myself for wishing to look at all things with an unbigoted eye; but true it seems to be, that as soon as you come to the crucifix on the high knolls and in the little groves, often most picturesque in effect, the appearance of comfort and well-being among the people is on the wane. I reached Prague in time to take a long drive about the town; and what a town it is! That I may condense as much as possible my description of the more beaten parts of my track, it is enough to say that it has palaces like Rome, cupolas like Moscow, sites like Edinburgh. Then, it is so very full of history, down to the latest moment; and one gets a little confused between the marks of cannon-balls in the Thirty Years' War, in the Seven Years' War, and in 1848. The particular idiosyncrasy of the Bohemian history seems to have been a passion for throwing people from windows and bridges. Among other memorials of past violence, they point out the window where poor Princess Windischgrätz was shot in 1848. I believe the aim was intended for her husband. I saw the old synagogue of the Jews, the exterior of Wallenstein's palace, and many others; the unfinished cathedral, of which the choir absolutely blazes with gold, silver and jewels; and the magnificent view over the town, from the balcony of the Hraschin, a vast palace of the Bohemian kings. In the evening I went to the opera, a large theatre, with a good orchestra. They gave *Martha*, by Flotow.

*June 10th.* — Started at half-past five. Moravia seemed to me a richer and more comfortable looking country than Bohemia. After a short halt at its capital, Brünn, under the ill-reputed fortress of Spiegel, we

arrived at Vienna about eight. I thought the approach over the Danube, and my first sight of that historic stream, quite exciting. I went to the good hotel of the Archduke Charles. Heard from Julian Fane that the Emperor of Russia gives the Porte eight days to accept Menchikoff's last note; if not, he enters the northern principalities. Austria will advise Turkey not to treat this as a measure of war. It is a tolerably strong one, nevertheless.

*June 12th.* — Went to the house of our minister for morning service. Saw the Westmorlands, who show the kindest promptitude of hospitality. Saw Lady William Russell, who is staying at my hotel. Went to St. Stephen's during vespers. It is a very beautiful church; the exterior tower, or rather spire, extremely fine, and within there is a degree of imposing gloom, relieved by occasional streaks of gorgeousness, which I have hardly seen equalled. I think, however, that Roberts' admirable picture rather exaggerates the effect of the low arch on entering. Few people there. Dined with the Westmorlands. Met Sir John Potter, whom I had last seen knighted by the Queen at Manchester. He encourages me about Turkey and Egypt. Lady Westmorland took me to the gardens at Schönbrunn, which quite fulfil the idea of an imperial *pleasaunce*, with their green alleys, white statues, and fountains. There was as much of the fashion as is still left in Vienna walking about, and a fair display of beauty. The road-side is pleasant, filled with people sitting and quaffing. Later in the evening the Westmorlands again took me to a reception at Count Buol's, the secretary for foreign affairs. I was received very civilly. I was introduced to the Russian minister, M. Mayendorff, who seems a very accomplished person.

M. de Bourqueney, the French minister, whom I saw at Schönbrunn, rather expects war. Prince Metternich told him that his instinct predicted peace, though his reason pointed to war; also that he feared the question might have to be resolved, not at Petersburg, but at Moscow (that is, by the high Russo-Greek Church party).

*June 13th.* — Went to the picture gallery at the Belvedere Palace, the last residence of Prince Eugene. It is a very fine collection, though of course not equal to that of Dresden. It has three Raphaels; one of them very beautiful; some Correggios, and is very rich in Titians and the Venetian masters; and great spaces are gloriously covered by Rubens. It was not a day of public admission, and no one else was there but M. Mayendorff, who has great zest and knowledge about pictures. I thought he looked a little hesitating when I mentioned to him my Danubian project; asked whether I should find the road by Trieste much longer; but he ended with promising to give me a letter to show to any one in case of difficulty. I dined with the Westmorlands. M. de Bourqueney was there,—still very ominous of war. I drank tea afterwards up stairs with Lady William Russell. Her conversation is most agreeable; and she gave a very graphic account of the whole revolution here, which she witnessed from the same apartment. I hear from other quarters a sad account of the Austrian finances, and especially of the capriciousness with which they are levied. They tell me that the inhabitants of Vienna—except the highest classes—are very licentious. The court, including the present emperor, I believe to be irreproachable in morals. They give me a very bad account of the old class of priests, in point both of immorality

and ignorance. The demarcations of society are more rigidly observed than in any other country. No artist is ever admitted to the high society. Prince Schwartzburg invited this year a few of the great bankers' wives to a ball, at which the emperor was present, and it created the wildest dismay. Some one expressed regret at this system to a great lady here. She rejoined, "Mais vous voyez, les salons de Vienne seraient trop petits." It is not their palaces that stand in need of the requisite enlargement.

*June 13th.* — Secured my place in the Danube steam-boat to Constantinople. Went with Lady Westmorland to Count Edmund Zichy's. He showed us a marvellous collection, principally of old swords, of every age and clime, and of his own splendidly jewelled Hungarian dresses. We went on with him to the imperial treasury, where we saw very fine crown jewels, and various interesting relics both of German and Austrian empires, beginning with the crown of Charlemagne; then to the imperial carriages, dating not quite so far back, but there was one which belonged to Charles V.; also to the Manège, which is of very august dimensions;—here lately had been held a splendid carousel, or tournament, of which they spoke with great admiration;—then to the library, which I imagine must be the finest room north of the Alps; it has priceless manuscripts. I then went over Prince Lichtenstein's Palace, which I had heard compared to Stafford House; it has nothing like its staircase, and nothing like its pictures (the prince's are elsewhere); the ball-room is more brilliant than any room at Stafford House, and there is more lightness, and perhaps not less richness, in the gilding and decoration. I dined at my hotel, which is renowned for its cookery. I drove after-

wards with Lady William in the Prater. It is very pretty, with its green alleys, and park-like glades, and fair visitors; but I think it must generally be very damp. I admire Vienna, on the whole, extremely. In the town itself, the narrow streets, tall houses, and frequent palaces, remind me occasionally of Genoa; while the cheerful faubourg, the broad glacis, with its alleys of chestnut and acacia in fullest blossom, and the fine outlines of hill beyond, make it a very attractive city. I suppose that in the beauty of its environs it surpasses any other capital,—again I say, north of the Alps. We then had ices in the Graben. I went on with Lady William for one act of a German play, in the Burg Theatre, of which I was hardly worthy, from my ignorance of German,—one of the many mistakes of my life. I went with Odo Russell to the Volksgarten, where citizens and soldiers were sitting under trees, listening to the alternate bands of Strauss and a Bohemian regiment; this seems the most attractive point of Vienna life,—enjoyment of open air and music. I went still on for one act of the opera *Stradella*, and finished a full day with listening to some animated details of Austrian history and character. It was rather a bold feat of Schwartzenburg to propose to one reigning emperor, and to his next heir and brother, that both should resign empire. The Emperor Ferdinand was almost a positive idiot; the archduke had only a very negative understanding, and was delighted to escape trouble. There were the two wives; they were the two agents employed; they both went to church together, prayed for grace and strength to effect their purpose, and then persuaded their husbands, I believe, without any difficulty. The present young emperor showed great modesty and diffidence; he is an excellent son, and very

much attached to his mother, the Archduchess Sophia. What I collect about his character is this: I believe he is spotless in morals, very conscientious in the performance of duty, determined to do all himself, very simple, and without any turn for display. This is all on the promising side. On the other, he as yet seems almost exclusively devoted to his army. It is natural, indeed, for him to feel that he and the monarchy owe everything to them. Those who surround him are thought to be narrow and harsh, and there have been some symptoms of hardness in his own character. On the whole, hitherto the good appears to me to predominate.

*June 15th.* — Went with R. Dundas and Odo Russell to a great parade of the garrison of Vienna for the King of Bavaria. About eighteen thousand men on the ground. The sight was very gay and sparkling, with the long lines of white uniform, and the brilliant colors among the large staff. It was uncommonly pretty to see the emperor, who is a very accomplished horseman, ride at the head of his troops, give the salute to the king, and then gallop round to join him. The procedure was just the same, bating numbers, as at the parade before the Horse Guards, on the queen's birth-day. At two, the following party, Lord and Lady Westmorland, Lady Rose Fane, and the accomplished Julian, Lady William and Odo Russell, and some others, went by rail to Baden. We walked about the town, and looked at one of the public baths, where the arrangement struck most of us as not a little extraordinary. Men and women go into it at the same time, and the custom is for the ladies to remain seated in the water, and the men to go about talking to them. We also saw a swimming bath; but here the sexes are separated. The smell of sulphur is extremely

strong. They never drink the water here,—only bathe. We had a very good impromptu dinner at a restaurateur's, and agreed that we are comparatively backward in such matters in England, except indeed at Greenwich or Blackwall. Afterwards we drove up the valley to the coffee-house of Carniola, and drank coffee under the trees. I was extremely pleased with the scenery,—wood-clad hills, as at Taymouth, with a profusion of acacias and limes, in the fullest bloom and odor. The residence here is not so much in fashion as formerly, but people go more to Ischl. After a very enjoyable day, we railed back to Vienna beneath the flickerings of summer lightnings.

*June 16th.* — Took a Russian bath for the first time in my life. The main part of the process consists in sudden and frequent alternations from very great heat to great cold. Called on Princess Sarah Esterhazy. All talk of her character as angelic.\* Went to see the monument by Canova to the Archduchess Christina, at the church of the Augustines; — it is very beautiful, perhaps his best work; — also looked through a hole at a number of jars, in which the hearts of the imperial family are preserved. Walked round the glacis. Dined with Prince Paul Esterhazy. There were Marshal Nugent, General Walmoden,—both fine old soldiers,—the Hanoverian minister, Baron Ward, minister and ex-groom of the Duke of Lucca (his English savored of his last capacity, but he must be a man of some ability and energy), and some of the English legation. Took leave of the Westmorlands at the opera; of Lady William at tea. I should have liked to make rather a longer halt

\* I am glad to have written thus, before I knew how soon the praise could only serve as an epitaph for her early and lamented grave.

amidst the easy and cheerful life of Vienna ; but, in the present relations of Russia and Turkey, it is more prudent not to defer a voyage down the Danube.

*June 17th.* — At nine I embarked, at the end of the Prater, on the Szechénye steamboat, belonging to the Danube Steam Company. It is at present one of three of a superior class of vessels which have begun to run this year, and is, in every respect, of first-rate character. The accommodations are excellent. I have a most comfortable and airy cabin. The large room for company is upon the level of the deck, and there is a deck to walk upon above its poop, after the manner of the American steamers. The fare seems uncommonly good, and it is not stinted, as will appear from the following arrangement : — Breakfast — that is, coffee, tea, or chocolate — is to be had from six till eight ; at eleven, a fresh breakfast, in fact a dinner ; at half-past four, dinner ; and tea at eight. There are about eighteen cabin passengers. My only previous acquaintance was Sir Charles O'Donnell, whom I met at Lord Westmorland's. He has seen much service in various parts of the world ; in 1828 with the Russians against the Turks ; — he has now more of a mind to serve with the Turks against the Russians. He is on his road to Persia ; I believe he has some Persian descent. There is Countess Sturza, going to see her estates in Moldavia ; and others from many regions, — a Russian invalid grandee, singers for an Italian Opera at Odessa. Our captain (Lucovitz) appears to me quite a distinguished person in looks, manners and mind. He is a Dalmatian by birth. This navigation company seems to be really one of the most potent levers of improvement that could be applied to all the fair and backward territories watered by the Lower Danube. It was largely

indebted for its promotion and progress to the energy and public spirit of the unfortunate Count Szechénye, who has been out of his mind since the Hungarian Revolution. When the large operations of this Danube Company and those of the Austrian Llöyd Company in the Euxine, Ægean, Mediterranean and Adriatic, are taken into consideration, it must be felt that Austria has entered upon a line of enterprise at once most expedient and creditable to her. One is tempted slightly to vary the old couplet,

Bella gerant alii ; tu, felix Austria, *fuma*,  
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna *vapor*.

To-day, after emerging from the long low lines of islands and brushwood which track the river below Vienna, we passed under that dismantled palace of Presburg, where the famous “Moriatur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresæ !” and the flashing of the Hungarian swords, answered the appeal of the Queenly Beauty ; then close along, rather than under, the casemated walls of the uncaptured Comorn ; then, as hills and vineyards began to swell above the banks, below Gran, the seat of the Primate of Hungary, who has been somewhat mulcted of late from his previous revenue of near fifty thousand pounds a year ; there is a stately modern church of Italian architecture ; then, as the evening closed in, after a day of rather fitful weather, we drew up to shore alongside the quays of Pesth. Sir C. O'Donnell and I took a calèche, and drove across the extremely handsome suspension bridge (built by Mr. Clark, of Hammersmith Bridge antecedents), up to the fortress terrace of Buda, which, four years ago, poured its hot, fierce volleys of shell and grape on the town of Pesth, stretching out wide on the opposite bank below, but which now, with its

white lines of wide streets and squares, and the broad brimming river, and the wooded islands, and the far hills, and the steep rocks of the Blocksberg rising immediately over us, lay in the soft stillness of twilight beneath a fast filling moon. The situation is most imposing. Neither of the towns has the picturesqueness or splendor of Prague, of which, however, one is much reminded, as well as of Edinburgh, especially in the contrast between the elder and more irregular Buda, and the straight lines and broader spaces of the younger Pesth. We stayed for near two hours to take in coals; our gallant captain would have wished for a few hours more, as he had a wife here to whom he had been married only four months. At ten o'clock we puffed away again under the bright moonlight.

*June 18th.* — On getting up, soon after six, I found we were off Mohacs, distinguished alike in former history as the point of advance and retreat for the Ottoman arms. During the previous night I understood that the surrounding country was flat, and so it continued. Little met the eye, except, occasionally, large herds of horses, sometimes, apparently, grazing on tufts of grass in the midst of the water. The very high level of the river, after the late copious rains, must have mainly contributed to this appearance. It is impossible not to feel frequently, when looking over the vast wastes of plain, that emigration might find ample room and verge enough among these barely cultivated breadths of Europe. In the afternoon, hills began again to rise, and the giant river to expand. We passed by the ramparts of Peterwardein, and the vineyards of Carlowitz. We stopped for a short time at the frontier town of Semlin, and hailed our first minarets on the sloping hill of Belgrade. With Servia

on our right, the appearance of cultivation grew still scantier; and the river, now augmented by its chief tributaries,—the Drave, Theiss and Save,—and spread out wide on each side by recent inundations, looked like an inland sea. The evening clouded over; and before we entered the mountainous region of the Danube, and the rapids on its stream, we lay to for five hours and a half.

*June 19th.*—I was on deck at half-past three, soon after our starting. Shortly below Moldova, the river enters a defile of steep, rocky, wooded hills, flanked by a castle on one side, and a tower opposite, after the Rhenish manner; but I think that it soon surpasses its German brother-flood. They say that the cliffs are as high as two thousand feet; and here the monarch of European streams, with its Drave, and Save, and Theiss, that we had seen the evening before spread out like an enormous lake, is so hemmed in as in one place to be only one hundred and forty-five yards across. We encountered very heavy driving rain in the heart of the gorge, but I stood out most of it on deck. There are vestiges in the perpendicular rock of sockets for the beams which supported a causeway made by Trajan during his Dacian campaigns; and a slate of rock is pointed out on which an inscription to commemorate them can still be deciphered. We drew up at Orsova, the frontier town on the left bank of the river, between Austria and Wallachia, where our baggage was submitted to an examination upon the part of both states; but I must say in our case it was entirely nominal on either side. The town is prettily nestled in hills, which have here begun to subside. Just below it, we passed a Turkish fortress and island, which command the river, but do not seem capable of very stout defence. We then arrived at the most critical rapid, which bears

the imposing name of the Iron Gates. This portion of the Danube had, till lately, been thought impassable by steamboats; but a bold captain in the company's service made the trial one day, and the others have followed. They are obliged, however, when the water is low, to transport their cargoes either in small boats or by the shore. We made another halt at Sozoreny, the Roman Severinum, where the passports are submitted to a Wallachian officer,—a useless operation, our captain thinks, as the officer understands no language but Wallachian. Here I fell in with a countryman, who has been seventeen years in the company's service as engineer or agent. Besides apparently having the energy and straightforwardness which, I trust, we may consider not uncommon attributes of his countrymen, he seemed to have a great aptitude for acquiring languages, which I do not think so common an one, and spoke fluently, and he said well, in French, German, Italian and Wallachian. He says he has not found the natives dishonest, but most incurably lazy. It is quite impossible to make them work, except under the pressure of immediate hunger; and that is by no means a constant incentive in a country of immense natural fertility. Many were standing and lying about in their loose tunics, red sashes, high woollen caps, and most unwashed sheepskins (a common vesture, it seemed to me, of all the Danubian races),—models of picturesque filthiness. I do not know what is most to be wished for these populations. I am inclined to believe that they have scarcely advanced a single step since the conquests of Trajan; and one gets to feel that almost any revolution which could rouse their torpor and stimulate their energies,—which could hold out a motive to exertion, and secure a return to industry,—with whatever

ingredients of confusion and strife it might be accompanied, must bring superior advantages in the end. As far as I can make out, there seems to be general distaste for the Russians. The hopes of human progress do not lie in that quarter. When I remark on the neglected and abused opportunities which surround me on every side, I do not disguise from myself what may be retorted upon an Englishman with respect to Ireland; but even if there should be no people whom the Irish may not match in their occasional misery, there are, at all events, among them copious indications of energy and character in whatever direction they may be developed; while in these regions, blessed with a genial climate and generous soil, man, as yet, has only seemed to vegetate.

Just below the small village are the piers, on both banks, of the bridge built by Trajan over a breadth of three thousand nine hundred English feet; the architect was Apollodorus, of Damascus. The figures of the Dacians on Trajan's pillar are said to resemble the modern Wallachians in features, person and costume. What a people the Romans were! May not even England have something to learn in the way of material improvements for India from what Rome did for Dacia?

We passed Widdin, which, with other subsequent Turkish towns, makes a decent show from the river, with trees and minarets; but I hear they are sad, squalid places within.\* The shore of Bulgaria, which we had now reached, on the right side of the river, is more varied

\* If I could have anticipated the events of the coming year, I should have looked with interest at Kalafat, on the opposite side of the river; with deeper respect at Silistria, lower down on the right bank. Its recent heroic defence may go far to qualify some of the less favorable opinions subsequently expressed.

and elevated than the opposite Wallachia. The breadth of the overflow of water made our captain think it more prudent to cast anchor during the dark hours. When we had stopped, part of the Italian company, consisting of the family of Signor Ferlotti, with the assistance of our all-accomplished captain, sang beautiful Italian music from the current operas, and their strong and mellow voices rose delightfully from the still Danube.

*June 20th.* — Between our two breakfasts, we halted at Giurgevo, which serves as a port to Bucharest. We saw it in splashing rain, which aggravated its digenous look of discomfort and decrepitude. It had a garrison of two hundred Wallachian soldiers. They had no news of the movements of Russia. With a little practice, I believe that one might soon make out the Wallachian language by the help of Latin. Here and in Moldavia they still call themselves Romans. Soon after we set out again, we had a thunder-storm, through which Silistria loomed darkly. It is singular to have arrived in this latitude towards the end of June without having once wished to change my warmest winter clothing. This evening the river seemed to begin to shake off its shores. In one place we saw vines on the Bulgarian bank, but generally there appeared an extreme deficiency of cultivation. The more I see of these countries,— seen, however, it must be remembered, only during the transit of a very rapid steamer, going at a rate of sixteen miles with the current,— I feel more strongly that any change which should disturb the stagnant mass would seem to give a chance of eliciting something better than the present state of fetid, mouldy putrefaction. After dark, we touched at Ibraila, and then came on to Galatz, the term

of our navigation in our present vessel. It is the main port of Moldavia.

*June 21st.* — On getting up, I was rather concerned to learn that the steamboat which was to take us up, here, for Constantinople, had not yet arrived. It is, however, expected in the course of the day. The English consul, Mr. Cunningham, came on board to see us. He has lived here for eighteen years, which, I think, must be a sorry destiny. They expect to hear, shortly, of the Russian entrance. He says the poor Principalities have always to bear the expenses, though Russia professes to pay them. Another agreeable concomitant of the occupation is, that the Russian armies never fail to introduce the plague, or, at least, some bad fever, which passes under that name. The quarantine seems to be the real plague of these districts. Every one who crosses over from the opposite bank is subject to it; and it even prevents their getting any supply of fish, as the boatmen are not allowed to pass to and fro. We asked what was the object of the line of pickets which had continued, at regular intervals, all down the Danube, and were now, for the most part, stationed in the midst of the water. We were told that their main object, in the Principalities, was to prevent the peasants from running away from their masters. As their place of refuge would be either Turkey or Russia, it did not give me an elevated idea of their present condition. The system of serfage is very complete; and, as they are obliged to secure the harvest of the lord, or boyard, before their own, in unfavorable seasons they sustain the worst extremities of hunger.

The Austrian Lloyd's steamër Persia arrived in the middle of the day, and we learned that we were to set out

at eight to-morrow morning. I took a walk in the town with Sir Charles. It was the first time I had felt the real heat of the South. We did not go to see the tomb of Mazeppa. I never saw a town of equal pretensions to population (about twenty-five thousand) so indescribably rude and topsy-turvy: such ravines of streets; such shreds of vehicles; such naked, tattered, picturesque varieties of costume. Yet, in contrast to all these aspects of barbarism, a very tolerable military band was playing opposite our vessel while we were taking our coffee on deck; and after sunset we went to an opera in an extemporaneous wooden theatre, where the *Somnambula* was very decently performed by an Italian company. I am aware that some may probably read these pages who inseparably connect the idea of evil with that of any theatre. It seems to me a great pity to establish any such Shibboleth. Theatres in large and luxurious capitals naturally derive some taint from the surrounding atmosphere; and though it is quite possible to conceive scenic representations put upon a footing wholly unexceptionable, and though, even with their present drawbacks, they are not seldom frequented by many as upright in conduct and as pure in heart as perhaps any of their censors, yet undoubtedly there is much in the prevailing arrangements of modern theatres, both on and off the stage, from which we cannot feel surprised that a sensitive conscience should shrink. In smaller societies, especially where the opera is given without the ballet, many of the prominent matters of scandal are sensibly diminished, if not wholly banished; and, to say nothing of music being almost a necessity of life to the German and Italian races, I could not but feel that in a community such as Galatz, where all around, whether in

nature or society, is rough, drear, and squalid,—where most of the inhabitants are still dressed in sheep-skins, and look as if they still were pretty much what Ovid had left them,

“Nec venit ad duros Musa vocata Getas,” \*

the sternest moralist could hardly bring himself to complain that an access had been made to their dull ears and vacant senses for a refined and humanizing art.

When we came out of the homely theatre, what a full moon was sailing through the light-blue heaven! I felt it had been worth while to have come so far to see that moon.

*June 22nd.* — At eight I left the Szechénye steam-boat and its manly and accomplished captain. He is one of those from whom one cannot part without a wish of encountering again in some scene of shifting life. We transferred ourselves to the Persia, which we found a good sea-boat, with copious but less tempting fare, and the captain another Dalmatian, of whom it need only be said that he seemed to understand his business well. We set off with only six passengers in the upper cabin, though on different parts of the deck were a Turkish and Jewish quarter, and a small Turkish booth, at which coffee is made. At stated hours we see the Turks and Jews saying their prayers, and bowing to the ground, with their faces turned respectively to Jerusalem or Mecca. We passed the mouth of the Pruth, the boundary (for the present) of Russian rule; then, the spot at which the Russians crossed the Danube, during the last

\* “No Muse here soothes the rugged Thracian’s ear.”

war; then, a distant view of Ismail. The moment of quitting the Danube by the Sulina, or central mouth of the river, was very interesting. This channel was secured to Russia by the Treaty of Adrianople, on the condition that it should be open to the commerce of all nations, and that the Russians should keep it in navigable order. They have brought a dredging machine there, but it has scarcely ever been detected at work; and the result might be inferred from the spectacle which at present met our eyes, of hundreds of vessels in the river within the mouth, and scores of them in the sea without, unable to pass the bar. Our ship only drew seven feet and a half of water, and had purposely brought no merchandise. We winded triumphantly through a long double tier of vessels, but even we grazed the ground sensibly, on passing the bar. "Con tutta la forza," cried the captain, to the man at the engine, and we were safe on the still surface of the Euxine.

*June 23rd.* — About ten we stopped off Varna, to take in coals, which Turkish dilatoriness made a long operation. The passengers went on shore. We found large cargoes of ammunition in process of being landed at the pier. After we had walked about the town, which looked thoroughly oriental and fragile, and had halted for a little at a fountain, I was surprised at being joined there by Mr. Stanley, son of Lord Stanley, of Alderley, now attached to the embassy at Constantinople, and at present stationed here to fill the place of the resident consul, who has been despatched into the interior. He introduced us to a very good-humored-looking Pasha, and took us to see some of the fortifications, now being renewed, after their destruction at the capture of the town, by the Russians, in 1829. He is the most zealous

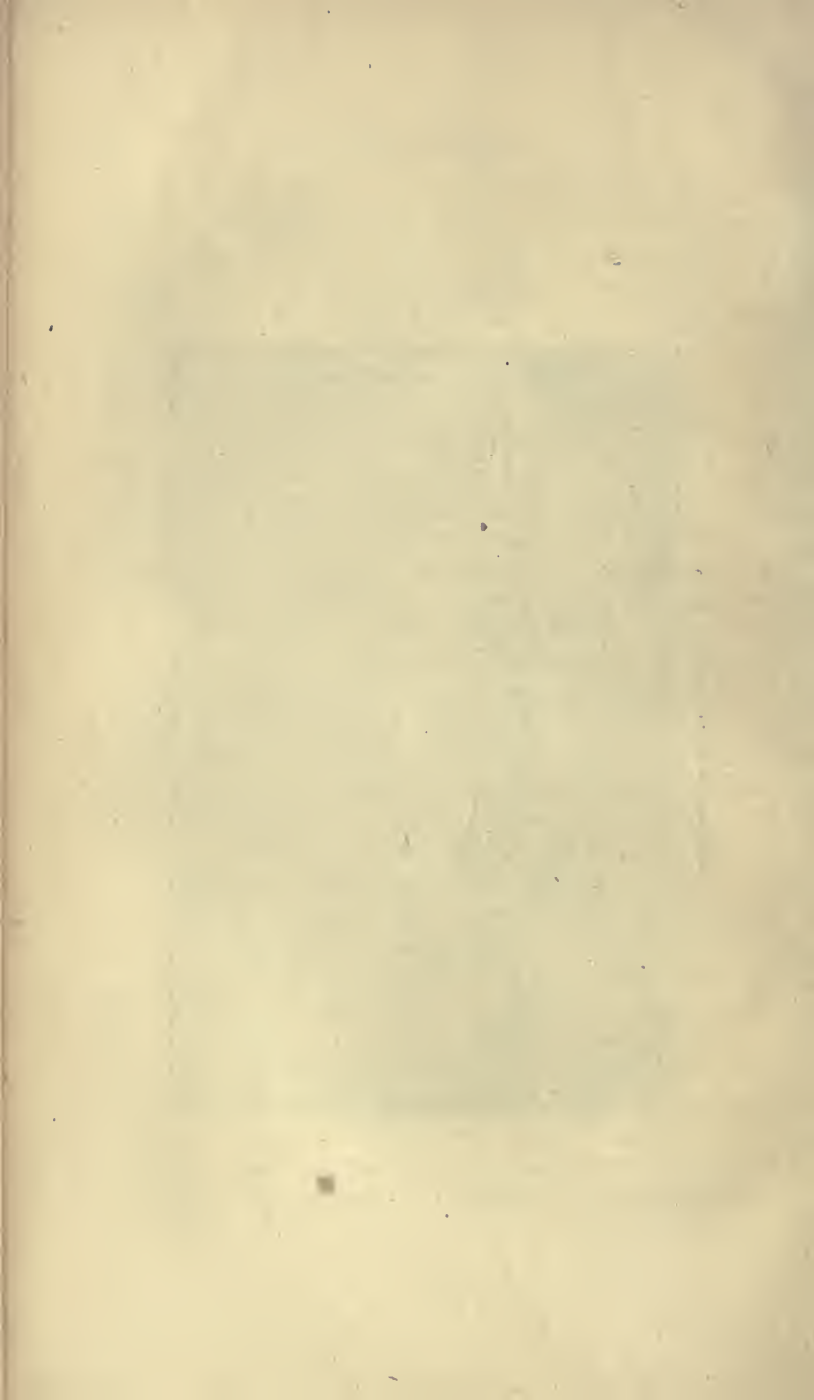
conceivable partisan of Turkey, and is convinced that she would beat Russia in fair fight. I cannot share this anticipation; everything seems done in such a slipshod manner. I think he said that they reckoned upon having a hundred and twenty thousand troops in Bulgaria, and the garrison of Constantinople is eighty thousand. When we returned to the vessel, we found ourselves reinforced by the inmates of some Turkish hareems; — five ladies, I believe, belonging to two husbands, with an old nurse, and a quantity of children from all the parentage. They had a separate compartment on deck, but by no means confined themselves to it, as they came out freely among us, and went even into our cabins. They were rather pretty, with gentle gait, but sallow, roseless cheeks. Their dress is that of nuns in loose dressing-gowns, with their veils fastened above the mouth. These were of rather transparent texture. What pleases me least is the effect of the henna, a light-red dye, with which the nails are stained.

*June 24th.* — After a smooth course, at about ten we came to the guardian rocks of the Symplegades, the light-houses, and the mouth of the Bosphorus; and then, between the guns of the alternating fortresses, the lines of the Turkish men-of-war, the villas of embassies, the palaces of sultans, the terraced treillages, and the cypress groves, we ran rapidly down these famous straits of Europe and Asia. Perhaps, on the whole, there was less of shade and softness in the scenery of the banks than I had anticipated; and the immediate entrance from the Black Sea is decidedly disappointing. The Great City crowns the vista. The position is most beautiful and most imperial: capping the successive heights with domes and minarets, and lining with town and tower the splash-

ing blue waters of each bay and inlet. Shortly after we had dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, there was a thundering salute and manning of yards, among all the ships in the harbor, which betokened that the Sultan was proceeding in his state barge to one of the mosques, which happens on Fridays. On landing, and walking up to Messiri's Hotel, in Pera, I was struck far beyond my expectation with the ruggedness, the narrowness, the steepness and the squalidness, of the streets; an impression which the extension of my walk through Galata (the old Genoese quarter) and Constantinople Proper (Stamboul) materially aggravated. I could not see the close dwellings and bazaars, the mangy dogs, and the no less so swarms of human kind, without wondering, not that the plague has ever got there, but that it has ever got out again. We saw a sort of promenade, or corso, of Turkish ladies, in small, painted carriages, upon a bit of ground about the size of Stable Yard, in London, covered with dust, and guarded by a file of soldiers, to keep mankind off; a duty, however, not rigorously exercised. We went into the outer court of a neighboring mosque, in which a bazaar is held during the sacred month of Ramadan, which is now going on. I thought the caution of our guide, on entering the sacred precincts, rather characteristic of the influences of Moslem sanctity: "*Prenez garde, il y a beaucoup de voleurs.*" We saw numbers of the sacred pigeons, which peculiarly belong to this mosque. The hotel is a pleasant one; the fare, on the whole, good. I dined at the table d'hôte; dinner at seven. I found a large party (about thirty) of shifting tourists,—American, Belgian, but chiefly English. I walked in a sort of public alley, afterwards; where people were drinking coffee, and an indifferent band playing.



CONSTANTINOPLE, OR STAMBOUL.



The whole was a shabby affair, very different from Dresden and Vienna. Some of the gentlemen at the hotel went to see a sort of Turkish Punch, called Karagoos; but they had given me such an account of the abominable indecency of the exhibition that I really felt it a point of conscience not to go. They found that it quite answered to its character. I was not prepared for the shocking details I hear of the state of morals. I do not wish to dwell on such topics; they are such as, if fully known, would, I imagine, tend much to arrest the somewhat profuse flow of English sympathy for the Ottoman race.

*June 25th.* — Breakfast goes on from six to twelve. I took a Turkish bath at Galata, and liked the process, though, in some respects, it appears a strange one. There is an excellent account of them in Mr. Thackeray's most accurate and entertaining "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo." One lies upon a couch of burning marble (literally). If they are generally resorted to, which I believe to be the case, they must render essential sanitary service; for, as far as the bath goes, all Christendom is clearly surpassed in cleanliness, since, whereas we may justly flatter ourselves that we clean our skin, here they part with it. The time of recovery, after the hot chambers and severe rubbings, when lemonade and coffee and pipes are brought in, as one lies supine, is very agreeable. At four, I put myself on board a steamer for Therapia. It was a Thames tug, and carried one for two pence. The company have now, however, a Turkish competition to sustain, and it is thought they will have to give way. I find the Bosphorus gains immensely by acquaintance with its silver reaches and mosque or tower capped promontories. I disembarked near Le Palais d'Angleterre, as the villas of the embassies, as well as

their town-houses, are somewhat ambitiously termed. The houses themselves are only of wood, but they have pretty gardens and terraces, and enchanting views. I walked for some time with Lord Stratford about his little domain, for which he seems to entertain much real affection. The place was a present from the Sultan to the British government, on account of services rendered by Lord Stratford during a Persian negotiation. The precincts of the Palace of France — which *march* with the English, and are larger — date from the epoch of General Sebastiani and Admiral Duckworth. They had been the property of the Ypselantēs family. We dined at eight, which is a reproduction of London hours on the Bosphorus; but I always think it the true hour of civilization, when both the business and the light of the day are at an end. We had only the Mission, Mr. Robert Hay, and Captain Drummond, of the Retribution war-steamer, which is moored opposite. His excellency sat up talking with me till one. Of course I do not introduce here the matter of such a conversation, at a time of a great political crisis. I thought all that fell from him showed the intelligence and high-mindedness one should wish to find in a high British functionary. Glad he seemed, too, as so many of them are, to unbend from the engrossing gravities of the moment, among the lighter and more attractive recollections of literature. The position Lord Stratford at this moment holds must be one of almost painful responsibilities; for, as far as I can gather from others, the rulers of the country appear to pay him a nearly implicit deference; and it has rarely happened to any one to be so much, to all human appearance, the arbiter of peace and war, and of much of the approaching destiny of the human race.

*June 26th.* — I went with Mr. Hay on board the Retribution for church service. It was remarkably well conducted in all respects; the crew not only very attentive, but giving the responses, singing the psalms, and even chanting the hymns. I thought it striking and affecting, too, there on the blue waters of the far Bosphorus, catching now a bit of Asia, now a bit of Europe, through the open port-holes, with one's knees pressing against the burnished side of a powerful cannon, amidst the still and composed files of sailors and marines, to hear the melodies of our simple parish service, and the meek words of the Gospel of peace. We went over the ship afterwards, a very fine one of twenty-eight guns. I returned to the capital in a very luxurious caique, rowed by three boatmen, which makes the prettiest imaginable water equipage. I stopped to leave some orders with the captain of the Caradoc, Lieutenant Derriman, whom it is impossible not thoroughly to like even at first sight; and I was then very nearly tempted to run down with him to the fleet at Besika Bay. Dined at the hotel. The departures and additions give variety and animation to the company. I think our young countrymen show well, and are, for the most part, manly, intelligent and well-bred. I believe it to be tolerably obvious at present that there is no immediate prospect of war. The Turks will not consider the occupation of the Principalities a necessary although a justifiable *casus belli*, and the other four powers will attempt a mediation. It is thought that the Turks would really be well pleased to have war.

*June 27th.* — At half-past five, I sallied out with my laquais de place, Dimitri, crossed the water to Scutari, took horses, and rode up the high hill of Bulgurlu beyond it. The view is one of the best possible of this

transcendent site. There were the blue windings of the Bosphorus, the white towers of the corresponding castles of Rumelia and Anatolia in Europe and Asia, the whole gleaming stretch and swell of the great city, the point of the old Chalcedon, and the soft, smooth expanse of Marmora, dotted with islands, and lined with the ridges of receding Asia; the snowy top of the Mysian Olympus was barely visible. Later in the day I went to the top of the Tower of Galata, of Genoese construction, which must be almost the best view of the immediate panorama. I learn that the population of the town, including the villages on the Bosphorus, is about seven hundred and fifty thousand, and may be divided into about two hundred and forty thousand Turks, three hundred thousand Greeks, two hundred thousand Armenians, ten thousand Jews and Franks. I had brought letters to Dr. Sandwith, who is a physician here, for the present a correspondent to the "Times," above all, a Yorkshireman. He very sensibly told me that if even I did dine at any great repast given by some Turkish pasha or minister, I should probably only find a reproduction of European customs, knives and forks, &c.; so he undertook to show me a genuine Turkish house and dinner. We went to-day; our host was the chief physician of the Sultan. We arrived at his house in Scutari about half an hour before sunset; and, as we could not dine during the Ramazan till after it, neither food nor pipes being allowed between the rising and setting sun, we sat in the garden with our host, who, not in good keeping with his art, plied us with unripe fruits. A young Circassian girl, of about twelve, and so not of an age to prevent her appearing before Franks, was sent from the Seraglio, that the state of her health might be examined. At last the cannon fired.

“Hark ! pealed the thunder of the evening gun ;  
It told ’t was sunset, and *we blessed that sun.*”

*Corsair.*

There was quite a rush to the meal. The party amounted to nine. There was a priest or Imaun, in a violet robe ; but the person who was the best dressed, and seemed to be made most of, was a perfectly black gentleman from the Seraglio. Our host talked some French ; the rest nothing but Turkish, in which Dr. Sandwith is very fluent. All sat down on low cushions upon their legs ; this I could not quite effect, but managed to stow mine under the small, low, round table. Upon this was placed a brass or copper salver, and upon this again the dishes of food in very quick and most copious succession. We all helped ourselves with our right hands, except that just for the soup we had wooden spoons. This is not quite so offensive as it sounds, since they hardly take more than one or two mouthfuls in each dish from the part immediately opposite them, so the hands do not mingle in the platter. It seems to me, however, that the first advance in Turkish civilization to which we may look forward will be the use of spoons, and then, through succeeding epochs, to knives and forks,

The diapason ending full in *plates*.

I must say that I thought the fare itself very good, consisting in large proportion of vegetables, pastry and condiments, but exhibiting a degree of resource and variety not unworthy of study by the unadventurous cookery of Britain. We drank sherbets and water. Some of the company had become so ravenous for their pipes after the long abstinence of the day that they could not sit out the meal. We transferred ourselves to another room, where

we all tucked up our legs on the divan, which, however, soon gave me the cramp; but I was kindly encouraged to stretch out my feet. This portion of the evening was very long, as coffee and pipes were incessantly brought in. Occasional relief was effected by the black gentleman condescending to sing, with rather a cracked voice, to a tambourine. I was given to understand that he was one of the Sultan's favorite musicians. Our host talked with regard of the Sultan, and seemed much pleased by his having assured him that he might treat him quite fearlessly, and not be afraid of the responsibility. Dr. Sandwith appeared to think this was not wholly a superfluous recommendation, as lately our friend had called him into a consultation upon the rather grave case of some Pasha, and, upon Dr. S. advising some calomel or other efficient treatment, his Turkish colleague expostulated, "O, but this is a very great man!" All were extremely courteous to me, and wished to impress upon me the great military ardor that now exists against the Russians—not at all relishing the opinion I expressed that there would be no actual war at present; upon which our host pertinently inquired, "Will the Russians, then, pay our expenses?" Upon our return home, it was a very pleasant transition from the divan and pipes to the caique on the perfectly smooth Bosphorus, under the still sky, with all the minarets of the wide city around illuminated for the Ramazan, and a military band playing under one of the Sultan's kiosks, or pavilions.

*June 28th.*—At eight I set off with Sir Charles O'Donnell, Mr. Walsh and Captain Evans (the two last young Englishmen whom I have met here, very good specimens of the race), on board a Turkish steamer, which took us, in five hours and a half, to Moodania, on the Sea

of Marmora. Here, after a sharp contention for us, we, with the addition of a French architect, who joined our party, were all mounted on horseback. I had a very pleasant pony, and felt the comfort of having brought my English saddle. The ride to Broussa, our destination, of five hours and a half, was one of the most beautiful I have ever known. It starts upon a most fertile neck of land, with charming views over the Sea of Marmora and its encircling hills; then, on passing over a low ascent, Broussa opens upon you in the most striking manner, and every step of the approach grows more attractive. It rises from a plain covered with groves of plane and cypress, and terraces of vines, fig-trees and mulberries; and by almost every tree, and from every tuft, springs up a white minaret. All this climbs up the angles of sharp rocks and jutting precipices at the base of Mount Olympus,—not the Hellenic Olympus of the gods, but the Mysian or Bithynian hill of the same name. As we rode in under the most glowing sunset in the customary sky of Asia Minor, while the vivid green of the tiers of mulberry and the dark hue of the cypress were blending themselves under the radiant azure of the sky, and the cliffs growing rosier every moment beneath the parting ray, the effect was very magical and thoroughly eastern. I stoop to mention that we found the hotel of Mount Olympus a good house, with a very fair cook, and an obliging Italian host. There was a late table d'hôte, with three or four more Frenchmen, one of whom had found the warm sulphur baths here very serviceable to his health.

*June 29th.*— Before breakfast, I took one of the said baths. They are uncommonly clean and well served. Most of the process is the same as at Constantinople, but

there are some specialties here. I sat for ten minutes in a sulphur-chamber at a temperature of  $118^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit; it, in fact, bears the local name of the Gehenna, or Hell. Afterwards there is a delightful large basin of natural fresh warm water. Broussa is not without its historical dignities. Here, probably, Hannibal awaited the waking of the Bithynian king. Whether it derives its name from Prusias, or whether that was an individual or a dynastic name, I do not venture to pronounce. Here Pliny noted the early progress of Christianity; here Abdel-Kader has now his assigned abode. Our consul, Mr. Sanderson, after introducing us to his own handsome family, took us to the house of the Arab Emir; it is a very unpretending one. He gave us a very prompt reception. He is said to be about forty-six, and certainly does not appear to be more; is not positively handsome, but looks eminently well-conditioned; and his manners have much graceful dignity and self-possession. He spoke with much esteem — highly natural and just on his part — of Lord Londonderry. I thought he showed great interest in his inquiries concerning the present position of the Turkish question. I am told that he considers himself under engagement only not to fight against the French. Altogether his manner to us was very civil, even cordial. He sent for the sword which the Emperor Napoleon had given him, which I left to our military companion, Sir Charles O'Donnell, to unsheathe; but what, we were told, ought quite to turn our heads is that we were served with pipes, coffee and sherbet, notwithstanding the Ramazan. The mosques here are said to be even more numerous than at Constantinople. We went to two or three of the most conspicuous, taking off our shoes on entering. They were in great part built by the

pre-Constantinopolitan sultans, and are thought to exhibit specimens of much purer Oriental architecture than those of the capital. They have, on the whole, an imposing simplicity. There is a fine tomb of Mahomet I.; another of Orchan, the son of Othman, and chief organizer of the victorious Ottoman armies. We shopped a little in the bazaars, and bought some Broussa linen, which is of very soft and absorbent quality, for towels, &c. Their manufacture of silk is very extensive. After our dinner we mounted our horses for our return journey by twilight, and for some time our eyes reverted to Broussa, with its minarets gleaming for their Ramazan illumination on its steep hill-side. We had all much enjoyed our expedition. Our ride back, under the silent stars, was, of course, comparatively cool; some places appeared steeper than they had done in the blaze of day; but our cavalry carried us very safely, and a late half-moon lit us into Moodania shortly before three. Here we laid ourselves down for an hour in a very rough and crowded reception-room at the small coffee-house.

*June 30th.*—But not so crowded as the return steamer, which took us up at four. The deck was entirely covered with Turkish troops, either recruits, or belonging to the *redif*, or reserve, consisting of those who have already served, whom the state calls out upon any emergency. I found myself treading on a recumbent Turkish colonel, who, however, was either very sleepy or very acquiescent. We took refuge for the six hours of voyage in the cabin, which was nearly empty. Constantinople looked very imposing as we turned the Seraglio Point into the Golden Horn. I find it grows enormously upon me, which is always the case where real beauty is concerned. At first I own to having thought that the suc-

cessive tiers of brown wooden houses, especially in Pera, had a dingy effect. However, when the eye has learned to acquiesce in the drawbacks of a spot, it thenceforth allows itself to feed undistracted on its glories. I was not disposed to do much after our night-march, and I found a post from England. Lords Carnarvon and Sandon had arrived at the hotel from a Syrian expedition.

*July 1st.* — I went with them in a caique to see the Sultan make his usual Friday embarkation to visit one of the mosques. It is a very pretty water-pageant, formed of four large and three smaller richly-gilded barges. The Sultan sits under a rich canopy. I think there are twenty-two oars in his boat. All the forts on the shore and the Turkish vessels give thundering salutes. Very few people came out to see it. How different it would be on the Thames, if Queen Victoria took to boating in state ! I shopped at the bazaars, but it was not a judicious day for it, as few of the Turks open their shops on Friday. Went to look at the commencement of the maps which Captain Glasscock is executing for the mixed commission, to define the boundaries between Persia and Turkey in Asia. They have all the nicety of execution of our Ordnance Survey. After dinner went with Dr. Sandwith to another garden, where there is music, and ices under trees ; but it is a murky spot compared with the Volksgarten at Vienna,—how murky compared with the Plaza di Armas at the Havana !

*July 2nd.* — This was the day for which I had procured a firman to see the chief public buildings. As the whole process, with fees and presents, amounts to about ten pounds, it is usual to collect a large party to divide the costs. We were tolerably numerous, and I had invited the officers of the Retribution and the Niger, who

came in good force. Just as we were starting, a Russian gentleman sent up a request to be allowed to join us. I thought this slightly perplexing, as the Turks might not have approved at this moment of such a foot in their most sacred places; but I thought that the proper law of courtesy between all fellow-travellers was on his side. For details on this, as on all other such occasions, I refer to previous describers and handbooks, and only concern myself with prominent impressions. We first went over the Seraglio. It has some large rooms with pretty and gay decorations, superior in themselves to the Brighton Pavilion in its royal days, and with its own unparalleled view. The arm-chair of the Sultan, when he comes here, — which is seldom, — commands both the Bosphorus and Sea of Marmora. There is one very enjoyable apartment, called, they told us, the cool room, on a low level, entirely of marble, with fountains in the midst. The terraces and gardens might be lovely with English keeping. They gave me a nosegay of pinks and geraniums. We saw the old Throne of State, and the grating through which alone the ambassadors were formerly allowed to communicate with the Sultan in the big days of Turkey. The armory also, ancient and modern, the first very inferior to Count Zichy's collection at Vienna. They show what they say was the mace of Mahomet II., the Feti or Conqueror. The present Sultan has not lived here. Indeed, there is a sort of rule that no Sultan should inhabit this palace unless he has made an addition to the national territory by conquests. We then went to St. Sophia. This is the real sight of Constantinople; the point round which so much of history, so much of regret, so much of anticipation, ever centre. Within that precinct Constantine, Theodosius, Justinian, worshipped, and

Chrysostom preached, and, most affecting reminiscence of all, the last Constantine received the Christian sacrament upon the night that preceded his own heroic death, the capture of the imperial city, and the conquest of the Crescent over the Cross. Apart even from all associated interest, I was profoundly struck with the general appearance and effect of the building itself; the bold simplicity of plan, the noble span of the wide, low cupola, measuring, in its diameter, one hundred and fifteen feet, the gilded roofs, the mines of marble which encrust the walls,—that porphyry was from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec,—that verde-antique was from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. How many different strains have they not echoed? The hymn to the *Latoidæ*! The chant to the Virgin! The Muezzin's call from the minaret! Yes; and how long shall that call continue? Are the lines marked along the pavement, and seats, and pulpits, always to retain their distorted position, because they must not front the original place of the Christian high altar to the East, but must be turned in the exact direction of Mecca? Must we always dimly trace in the overlaying fretwork of gold the obliterated features of the Redeemer? This is all assuredly forbidden by copious and cogent, even if by conflicting causes — by old Greek memories — by young Greek aspirations — by the ambition of states and sovereigns — by the sympathy of Christendom — by the sure word of prophecy. One reflection presents itself to retard, if not to damp, the impatience which it is impossible not to feel within these august and storied walls. If politicians find that the great objection to the dissolution of the Turkish empire is the difficulty of finding its substitute, does not something of the same difficulty present itself to the ardor of

Christian zeal? Amidst all the imposture, the fanaticism, the sensuality of the Mahommedan faith, still, as far as its ordinary outward forms of worship meet the eye, it wears a striking appearance of simplicity. You see in their mosques many worshippers engaged in solitary prayer. You see attentive circles sitting round the teacher or Imaun, who is engaged in reading or expounding the Koran; but there is an almost entire absence of what we have heard termed the histrionic methods of worship. Now, it is difficult to take one's stand under the massive cupola of St. Sophia, without, in fancy, seeing the great portals thrown open, and the long procession of priests advance, with mitre, and banner, and crucifix, and clouds of incense, and blaze of torches, and bursts of harmony, and lustral sprinklings, and low prostrations. It may not, however, be unattainable in the righteous providence of God, that, when Christianity reëstablishes her own domain here, it shall be with the blessed accompaniments of a purer ritual and more spiritual worship.

We also saw the mosques of Sultan Achmed, which has six beautiful minarets, and is, I believe, the only mosque in the Ottoman Empire which has so many; and of Solyman the Magnificent, called the Suleimanye, which has noble dimensions, and four enormous red columns. Then there were two mausoleums of Solyman and the late Sultan Mahmoud, in the pattern of which last I recognized a great likeness to our own at Castle Howard. Besides this, we stood in the famous Hippodrome, the repeated scene of Byzantine faction and frivolity, and looked at its Egyptian obelisk and brazen pillar. The day's work is a somewhat fatiguing one, chiefly from the atrocious pavement in the streets; and I should recommend any ladies who undertake it to be content with the

Seraglio, St. Sophia, Sultan Achmed and the Hippodrome. Some of us sought refreshment afterwards in the large Turkish bath of Stamboul Proper, which has itself a very sightly show of marble. I dined on board the Niger steamer with Captain Heath, where I met two French and one Dutch captain. As Captain H. gave the queen's health, after dinner, I thought it right to propose "aux drapeaux unis de la civilisation Européenne." It turned out that we were most happily placed on this occasion. It was the night which announces the near approach of the Bairam, the great festival at the termination of the Ramazan, and a large illumination takes place on the waters of the Golden Horn. The Sultan comes down in his state barges. There is a refulgent display of red and blue light on ships and shores, and the effect in such a locality is most brilliant. It only occurs to one that the repeated discharges of artillery are not very well timed, while the treasury is extremely ill able to cope with the current expenses for the national defence. I thought it was a very obvious road from the landing-place at Tophanè to the hotel; but I missed it; and as I have not acquired any knowledge of Turkish, and one is liable to arrest if found in the streets at night without a light, I was very glad when I at last arrived.

*July 3d.*—I went with Lord Sandon to church, which is held in a small room at the Embassy. Our government has not yet supplied any funds for the erection of a regular church, which would certainly be a becoming adjunct to the ambassador's dwelling-house, on which such an enormous sum has been laid out. The service was well performed by the chaplain, Mr. Blakiston. We stayed for the sacrament. One feels additional value for the rite in a far land. Lord Carnarvon has been laid up

from the effects of an approach to coup-de-soleil. To-day was extremely warm, and I barely went out; chiefly wrote this journal. The conversation at our hotel dinner-table is frequently full of good information. We have engineers of railways, workers of collieries, agents of steam companies; some very intelligent men from our north country. All agree respecting the resources of this empire being alike immense and undeveloped. They consider them to have both these attributes in the highest degree in Bosnia. The Bosnians formed the latest accession to the Mahommedan faith, and they are now its most bigoted adherents. Their country was also the last hold of feudalism; and Omer Pasha distinguished himself in the war which the Porte waged to suppress it.

*July 4th.* — I was ready very soon after four this morning to ride with Dr. Sandwith. On first leaving the gates of the town, wide, brown, unenclosed hills and hollows present themselves. Scattered amongst them are low stone pillars, which indicate the reach of the late Sultan Mahmoud's spear. His successor does not indulge in such athletic exercises. We went on to the Sweet Waters of Europe, rather a pretty dell in the hills above the Golden Horn, but of which we might find many in our own counties. In the early spring, when the grass is green,—a sight I have, of course, not seen in Turkey,—and the ladies of the capital make it their carriage drive, I have no doubt that the scene must be gay. At one of the city gates we took a cup of coffee amid a train of camels, the first I had seen, and poor-looking animals they were. We then rode along the length of the old triple walls, which are very picturesque with their occasional rents and many inserted trees. This is the quarter of the market gardens, which are cul-

tivated by Greeks. Every day one sees more that the industry of the empire is mainly in Christian hands; much, however, of the interior agriculture is carried on by the Turks. We reëntered the town by the Seven Towers, no longer formidable, or Prince Menchikoff might have been their tenant. Later in the day, I acquired some good photographs of the buildings here by Mr. Robertson,\* who holds an office in the imperial mint. Several officers from the Niger were at our dinner.

*July 5th.* — I gave most of my day to the eleventh volume of Grote's admirable "History of Greece," and read on the spot of the siege of Byzantium by Philip of Macedon. Lords Carnarvon and Sandon went away. They are very favorable types of English aristocracy. In my walk, I came to rather an interesting spot,—the burial-place of the Franks. It has no enclosure, but that is common to most Turkish cemeteries. Most of the English tombs are those of engineers, who have probably come out with steamboats.

*July 6th.* — Breakfasted with Dr. Sandwith; the chief object was to meet a Wallachian of great intelligence and distinguished birth. He was of too liberal tendencies to please the Russians, so they induced the Turks to forbid him to remain at home. There was also our vice-consul, Mr. Skene, son of Sir Walter Scott's friend, evidently a very intelligent and well-informed man. The conversation gave me much instruction respecting the characters and feelings of the different populations. The Wallachian was excessively anti-Russian and anti-Greek. The Greeks

\* Mr. Robertson visited Athens in the following autumn, and executed a series of admirable photographs of the antiquities there. He was mistaken by a little rotund Belgian traveller for Robertson, the historian.

he considers far worse and more hateful to the other races than the Turks themselves. He conceives that the Emperor of Russia's feelings and those of the now dominant party in Russia, which override at this moment even his, point mainly to a Panslavonic fusion. He himself would naturally like a large Roman or Latin fusion, comprising Wallachia, Moldavia, Bessarabia, and possibly more. In the mean while he does not give a flattering portrait of society in those parts. The Bohemians or gypsies are actually slaves, but their condition is, on the whole, preferable to that of the predial inhabitants, who cannot be parted from the soil, and from whom only a certain number of days' labor is legally due; but this is grossly infringed upon. On the whole, the more I learn, the more difficult I find it not merely to foresee, but to shape even in wish the future. Later Dr. S. took me to a Maltese artist, Preciosa, who takes admirable views of the place and people. Dined on board the steamer Caradoc, with Lieut. Derriman, and met Lord Edward Russell, Lord Arthur Lennox, Captain Carter, — all of whom he had brought up from the fleet. To-night the Ramazan ended.

“To-night set Ramazani's sun,  
To-night the Bairam's feast 's begun.”

*Giaour.*

*July 7th.* — At about half-past two, A. M., there were thundering salutes to announce the festival of the Bairam, which lasts for three days upon the expiration of the month for fasting. At half-past three, a large party set off from the hotel. We were rowed by the boats of the Niger over the Golden Horn, blushing under the opening dawn, and with the earliest ray of the sun we were in the large court of the Seraglio to see the procession of the

Sultan to the mosque of Sultan Achmed. We were placed in a house commanding the gateway from very convenient windows. The sight was very pretty. There were a number of led horses with rich caparisons; then a succession of officers of state, pashas and the ministers, all mounted; then the pages on foot, immediately preceding the Sultan, wearing gorgeous feathers of white ostrich, with a stiff green cone, which, I am told, are relics of the Byzantine imperial wardrobe; then the Sultan himself, on horseback, in his plume, fez and diamond agraffe, and long blue cloak, just as he is painted in Sir David Wilkie's picture in the corridor at Windsor. He looks pale, old for his age (about thirty-one, I believe), and he has lately grown corpulent. The impression his aspect conveys is of a man, gentle, unassuming, feeble, unstrung, doomed. No energy of purpose gleamed in that passive glance; no augury of victory sat on that still brow. How different from the mien of the Emperor of Austria, as he rode at the head of his cohorts, though that may not have had any special moral significance. The Sultan looked like Richard II. riding past. Bolingbroke, however, has not yet arrived. The French ambassador, M. De la Cour, and several ladies, arrived too late for the exit of the procession, but saw its return. Lord Stratford did not come; but we had his interpreter, and an imposing array of four cavasses,—a sort of armed policemen. We were then transferred to the interior court. Here the Sultan takes his place on a gold or gilded couch; the Sheik Islam, or head of the church, and a descendant of the prophet from Mecca, offer up a short prayer, and then in succession the whole Ottoman array of dignitaries and officers file before him. The first few of the highest grade kiss his foot while he stands;

he then sits down, and the great bulk of military and civil employés only kiss the tassel of the couch; the Cadis (judges), Ulema\* (professors of law), and Muftis (much the same), kiss the hem of his garment. The Sultan's band played marches and airs all the time, chiefly from the Semiramide, and extremely well. The sight was extremely picturesque, somewhat barbaric, highly suggestive; — picturesque, from the variety and brilliancy of costume, the gleaming of uniforms, the clash of music under the dark, rich green of the cypresses, and the quaintness of the surrounding architecture; barbaric, from the idolatrous forms of prostration; suggestive, from the thought that always follows me here, from minaret to minaret, from one silver sea to another, "How long?" We got back at eight, A. M., rather feeling as if we had gone through a long day. In the afternoon I went up the Bosphorus in a caique with Sir Charles O'Donnel to dine with the ambassador. We had the Belgian minister, M. Blondel, and the English staff. In the garden, afterwards, we found the Armenian secretary of Reschid Pasha, who possesses all his confidence. He was precisely one's idea of le Pere Joseph with Cardinal Richelieu. Lord S. has advanced his dinner-hour to four. We had a delicious evening for our return down the Bosphorus, but were both very sleepy.

*July 8th.* — I left the hotel at Pera, satisfied with the time I had spent there, but clearly with a feeling of deliverance at escaping further ascents of the long hill from the landing-place at Tophanè. Owing to the Bairam, I could not get a caique, and the steamers would have been too late for Lord Stratford's dinner-hour; so I got horses, and rode with my good laquais de place, Dimitri. As

\* Ulema is the plural of Alim, a doctor of the law. F.

soon as you are well out of the city, the country is precisely like what the neighborhood of Brighton would be if every vestige of green was completely burned up; but then you come out upon the height before descending to Therapia, and you see the azure belt of the Bosphorus, interlacing village, and promontory, and gleaming fortress, and gay kiosk, and then opening upon the wide expanse of the Euxine. On my arrival, I found no dearth of events. A Tatar courier had arrived the day before, in three days from the Danube (a good journey of five hundred miles for one man on horseback), with the intelligence that the Russians had entered Moldavia with eighty thousand men. Bolingbroke seems on his road. On the same afternoon, the Sultan had turned out his ministers. It came on them entirely by surprise, and they had no idea of it when we saw them engaged in kissing their master's feet. The kick they have received was not a physical one, but it is oddly timed at this moment of crisis. As far as I can collect, no one has any idea of the causes,—whether they proceed from Russian intrigue, or merely from a drunken caprice;\* for such things are supposed to have happened before. I imagine that Reschid Pasha is a man not easily to be replaced just now, though no model of incorruptibility in money affairs. We had several of the officers now here from the fleet at dinner. Lord Stratford's band played afterwards very prettily. It comes twice a week, and has the best effect amid the summer-garden and twilight waters. I slept at the ambassador's.

\* Probably the latter; at least, such was the explanation of this event I heard at Constantinople. It is notorious that the Sultan is addicted to *Raki*, which, not having been invented in Mahomet's time, is not prohibited in the Koran.

*July 9th.* — I walked to Buyukdère, and returned in a caique. I should not think it so pleasant a residence as Therapia, as, being in a bay, it has not so much of the freshness or clearness of the full current. Lord Stratford returned from an interview with the Sultan, and reported the recall of the Turkish ministers, except the Grand Vizier. After dinner, I was rowed down with some naval captains in the boat of the Retribution to the Caradoc steamer, which was to take us to the fleet. There was a scene of great confusion in the Golden Horn, not, indeed, without some peril to us. A drunken engineer of a steam-tug (I am sorry to say an Englishman) ran the vessel it had in tow, which had just been laden with gunpowder, foul of us. We were getting our steam up, and there were the sparks flying from both steamers all about this powder-vessel, which, as it was a Turkish one, might be presumed not to be very carefully secured. The ambassador's despatches did not arrive on board till four in the morning, when we set off.

*July 10th.* — I was on deck at five; both shores of the Propontis in sight. Lieutenant Derriman read the service on deck. He has one of those frank, genial natures which secure good will and regard at once.\*

After passing the island of Marmora, we drew near to the Hellespont. This has not the beauty of its kindred strait, the Bosphorus, but still it has beauty, and even yet more of both classical and historical interest. We passed Lampsacus, which nearly retains its old name (now Lamsaki), the city assigned by the Great King to

\* I had the pleasure of going from Malta to Therapia on board the Caradoc, with Lieut. Derriman, and found him just the man Lord Carlisle describes, — a frank, genial and hearty person, from whom one is sorry to part, and whom one always meets with pleasure. F.

furnish wine for Themistocles ; the mouth of the *Ægospotamos*, the grave of Athenian supremacy ; *Apæsus*, the *Præcius* and the *Sellæcis*, which all sent their complements to the armies of Troy ; the narrowing channel from *Sestos* to *Abydos*, swum over by *Leander* and *Lord Byron*, and probably bridged over by *Xerxes*, and crossed by *Alexander* and the first Turkish invaders of Europe ; the modern castles, with the embrasures for the big cannon ; the reputed tomb of *Hecuba* near the ancient *Madytus*, and all that history and song have blended together. Who, indeed, shall define their precise respective claims to those conical green mounds which now began to appear, and which, of course, often set me repeating,

“ Believing every hillock green  
 Contains no fabled heroes’ ashes,  
 And that around the undoubted scene,  
 Thine own ‘ broad *Hellespont* ’ still dashes.”  
*Bride of Abydos.*

Upon leaving the straits, the *Ægean* opens very finely. There is the fine craggy outline of *Imbros*, the yet more towering peaks of *Samothrace*, upon the right ; in front, the more modest mound of *Tenedos* ; to the left, the low Trojan strand ; and, on turning a point, we discovered in their pride of place the combined fleets of England and France. We went round the extreme point of the French squadron, — eight sail of the line, drawn up in double row ; then down the half of the English, which is in a single line of seven sail ; the steamers of each squadron, of which ours are the more numerous, lie behind the large ships. We stopped opposite the *Britannia*, the flag-ship of Admiral Dundas, by whom I was received on board with more than cordiality and hospitality.

*July 11th.* — We heard, this morning, that Admiral de la Susse, who commands the French squadron, is about to be immediately superseded by Admiral Hamelin. As he is past sixty-five, he has turned the limit of age now allowed in the French navy. Our admiral has seen much of him, and likes him. Several of our captains came on board, and the animation of the large fleet amused me much, though those who compose it complain of great monotony in Besika Bay. They have now been here a month. I went twice on shore,—before and after dinner,—to the watering-places. One of these is at the mouth of what they tell me is the Scamander.\* I was glad to find the water extremely clear, that first attribute of the beauty of rivers, to say nothing of its being desirable for the supply of the ships.† The breadth of the immortal stream is about five feet, and one can easily understand how its waters were insufficient for the army of Xerxes, and also how the Hellespont came to be called broad. A sort of extempore town has sprung up, with shops for potations, pipes, Persian carpets, and, what Achilles would certainly not have found on the Scamander, patés de foie gras. We had some captains of steamers at dinner,—fine, intelligent men. The admiral's turtle and Berkshire mutton made, one may feel sure, a more sumptuous meal than ever was served in the tent of the King of Men. Admiral Hamelin arrived this evening.

*July 12th.* — Our admiral paid him a visit, which he immediately returned. We hear from others that the real reason of his predecessor being recalled was his

\* I will reserve all inquiry into the right to the appellation till I have to deal with the whole site of Troy.

† When I passed by the same place, a boat's crew were taking in water from the mouth of the Scamander. F.

allowing our fleet to arrive here from Malta before the French fleet from Salamis. The orders, I believe, left Paris and London at the same time, on the evening of the 2nd of June. The Caradoc received them at Marseilles, delivered them at Malta, and came on with a despatch for Lord Stratford, which reached him on the 11th. The fleet, mainly by the use of its steamers, anchored in Besika Bay on the 13th; Admiral de la Susse, who had not made the same use of steam, arrived on the 14th. It is also said that he waited a day longer at Athens to receive the Order of the Saviour from the King of Greece. I went over our own ship. It is very gratifying to see so fine and cheerful looking a crew, and all possible provision seems made for their well-being,—air, good food, books, instruction, a band of music. I have set myself a book of the Iliad to read every day, and am glad to find, after such long disuse, how well I get on without dictionary, note, or translation.\* We had a large party at dinner, including no fewer than four French admirals, which is reckoned at least as rare an assemblage as the three kings with the Black Prince. They were Admirals de la Susse, Hamelin, Jacquenot, Romain des Fossés; the last very like Lord Hardinge.

*July 13th.* — No event in the morning. There is enough breeze to make visiting from one ship to another unpleasant. We dined with Captain Graham on board the Rodney. We had the five admirals, a very pleasing Vicomte de Chabannes, who commands the screw-ship Charlemagne, and others of both services. There was no lack of the equal feast, and especially of every variety of beverage. Nothing can exceed the appearance of

\* The actual scenery of the Iliad is a better interpreter than dictionary, note, or translation, — especially than Pope's. F.

harmony between the services. The half-moon lit the sea very prettily for our return.

*July 14th.* — At half-past eight, started with the admiral and almost all the captains in his fleet on board the *Caradoc*, to take a reconnoitring cruise through the Dardanelles. We turned round at Gallipoli, and on our return stopped at the castle in the small town of the Dardanelles, on the Asiatic side, where we were very courteously received by the military governor, who gave us the usual pipes, coffee and sherbet. He had a good appearance and countenance, but we were not very favorably impressed with his court or army. We looked at the great guns, one of which knocked about Admiral Duckworth's ship. One of them bears two or three marks of the English cannon at the same period. There are seven altogether, with their piles of large marble or granite balls; the bore of the largest is thirty-two inches. They are not considered nearly so efficient as those of the usual size, from the difficulty of pointing and reloading them. We then had our picnic repast on board, and the tide of merriment flowed almost faster than the current of the Hellespont. There had been one momentary squall in the course of the day, and we just saw Helle's tide

“Roll darkly heaving to the main.”

We got back, however, by a very fine sunset, in which the outline of Mount Athos became distinctly visible, at a distance of about eighty miles off. At night we heard a great number of shots on shore. The flag-lieutenant of our ship went to inquire about it. A Greek had been killed; but whether by robbers, or by some of his brother dealers, did not seem clear.

*July 15th.* — At six, I went on board the *Albion*,

Captain Lushington's ship, and, after breakfasting, went ashore with him and young Mr. Calvert, the consul's brother. We mounted,—I on a very pleasant pony of the consul's. We rode over about twenty miles of the Troad, covered for the most part with brushwood, here and there with glades of rather small oaks, and with occasional patches of cultivation, amidst which we saw some implements, and a threshing-machine, in which the two oxen turn round a wooden frame with flint teeth, which makes the straw fly about,—all looking as if they might have been used in the days of Homer. The cart of the country is of wicker, with wooden wheels; the axle turns with them, and creaks horribly. We passed three small villages; near the last of these we saw seven extremely large granite pillars lying on the ground, quite formed, but probably left there owing to the difficulty of removal. Some inscription had been found to show that it had been Roman work. It had occurred to us as possible that we might have fallen in with some of the robbers of the night before,—Mount Ida is said to teem with them; but nothing formidable presented itself. We now ascended a very precipitous rocky hill. I was rather ashamed to find ourselves still on our horses nearly up to the top, where we came to a double circuit of fragments of very thick walls made of immense stones, enclosing a great space, evidently built over formerly, and spreading over two or three of the neighboring summits. They call the ruins those of a Pelasgic town, and they now bear the name of Tchigri; it is not far from what is marked in the maps as Palaia Scepsis, the older or original Scepsis. It has been supposed that it might be the same as Kenkreæ, which is mentioned by a Byzantine author as a citadel in the neighborhood of the Scamander, which

served as a place of refuge from the Turkish inroads before the capture of Constantinople. Is it just possible that it might have been Dardania, the precursor of Troy, placed among the lower heights of Ida, before Troy itself was founded on the comparative plain below? The more recent town of Dardanus might have been another off-shoot.

*Κτίσσε δὲ Δαρδανίην, ἔπει οὐπω Ἰλίου ἰρῇ  
 Ἐν πεδίῳ πεπóλιστο, πόλις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων,  
 Ἄλλ' ἔθ' ὑπωρείας πολυπιδάκος ᾤκεον Ἰδης.*

r. 216, 218.\*

But whether it rightly belonged to Pelasgians, Cyclopeans, Greeks, Trojans, Phrygians, Mysians, or Dardans, fighting close at hand, it would probably be quite vain to speculate. We found remains of walls and steps, and picked up some small bits of pottery. Mr. Calvert says very few travellers have found their way up. Notwithstanding our recent experience, it is difficult to conceive how the inhabitants can have made any use of their horses. They must have, probably, depended upon tanks for their supply of water. The view from the highest point was very imposing. We looked upon the whole wide plain of Troy, to which the scattered trees give the deceptive look of considerable cultivation. This was closed in by Gargarus, the highest peak of Ida. Before us was the sun-lighted blue of the Ægean, with Tenedos looking like a small mole-hill, and Samothrace, Imbros, Lemnos and Lesbos, all fitting their places in the more distant outline. The tall masts of the fleet were in deep repose; but, even as we looked, a French man-of-war —

\* “Dardania’s walls he raised, for Ilium then  
 (The city since of many-languaged men)  
 Was not. The natives were content to till  
 The shady feet of Ida’s fountful hill.” — *Pope*.

the Friedland — entered the bay, and we saw the smoke of its salute to both admirals, and their replies. I took the liberty, on this spur of Ida, of imitating the example often recorded of Jupiter on its summit, by going to sleep. We scrambled down the hill on our feet, and were extremely glad, after our ride back, to reach the strand, and then the hospitality of the Albion by sunset. Admiral de la Susse had gone away in the morning. The crews of both fleets had given him cheers.

*July 16th.* — I paid visits to the Sanspareil,\* Albion,† Vengeance‡ and Arethusa.§ I think I was most pleased with the last, as a ship. I was glad to remain quiet all day, after the expedition to Tchigri. There was a party of captains to dinner. I went to the ward-room of this ship afterwards, and found very pleasant company.

*July 17th.* — Service was very well performed ; about seven hundred present. The admiral, very properly, dines quietly on Sunday, and the band does not play on board of his ship. After dinner, I called on the three French admirals, who all received me very politely. I did not see the ships in detail, but they seemed models of cleanliness and good order. The use of the white pine of Corsica for the flooring of the decks contributes to the look of excessive neatness. It is one of our criticisms that they sacrifice too much of the time and ease of the men to the excessive appearance of cleanliness and polish.

*July 18th.* — Set off again with Captain Lushington at six ; found our horses at the watering-place by the Scamander ; soon afterwards crossed the Simois, and rode

\* Captain Dacres.

† Captain Lushington.

‡ Lord Edward Russell.

§ Captain Symonds.

twelve miles to a country-house of our consul, Mr. Calvert. This was over the northern part of the Troad, through a much more cultivated and cheerful country than we had seen. We found the consul's house,—one formerly inhabited by a Turkish aga, in the midst of the small village of Eren-keuy,—airy and spacious enough in itself, with a very wide and glorious view over the Hellespont, the Ægean, and the islands,—all the waters in intense blue. I was very greatly pleased with my host. Besides this villa, he has two large farms,—one in the Chersonese, on the European side, the other on the plain of Troy,—the last of three thousand acres. He holds them in the name of his wife, as the Turkish law does not allow males, not Mussulmans, to hold land. This example may possibly lead to a relaxation of this rule. The payment due to the state is a land-tax of about ten pounds a year, and a tithe of the produce. Under the former proprietor, even the land-tax was in arrear, and the tithes nil. In the third year of his occupancy, Mr. C.'s tithes alone amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds. He represents the resources of the country, both in vegetable and mineral productions, as inexhaustible. He can get Turkish laborers for three pounds a year wages, besides their keep; but he finds it more profitable to employ Greeks at ten pounds a year. There is the present history of the two races. He thinks, very decidedly, that it is the best thing for the Christian races themselves to preserve the existing state of things for the present, till their growth has secured its own results. A Turk himself had told him the other day that it was becoming inevitable that gradually all the chief employments, and the army itself, must be recruited from the Christian population; and then, some day, the ministers

would tell the Sultan that he must become a Christian, and he would do so. Will it, then, be a convert or a conqueror,—a Constantine or a Ferdinand,\*—who will be first crowned in Saint Sophia?

We left the consul's pleasant abode at about midday, and very hot we found it at first. Our ride back was to carry us by Bounar Bachi, reputed to be the most plausible site assigned to ancient Troy. We crossed the valley and stream of the Thimbrek, or Thymbra, and, on a neighboring height, some marble fragments of ruins, which may be the remains of the ancient town and temple of the Thymbræan Apollo; but neither were we able to converse with our guide, nor, if we had been, do I apprehend that we should have found him a competent archæologist. We then passed over a portion of the consul's new large farm, on the very plain of Troy, where there were tokens of incipient operations; and, after again fording the Simois at a sylvan spot, we arrived at the foot of the gentle slope on which stands the small Turkish village of Bounar Bachi, or "Head of the Spring." As I here found myself upon, not only the most classical, but also the most controverted site in the whole world, I shall be forgiven for dwelling upon it with some comparative minuteness.† It will be remembered that the dispute in question, which, indeed, has been occasionally conducted with a heat and asperity worthy of the combatants in the actual siege of Troy, involves the widest conceivable extremes; the assertion on one side being, "This is Troy. Here were the Scæan gates

\* See the account of the purification of the Mosques, in Mr. Prescott's admirable "Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella."

† I have thought it best to comprise in this account the results of a second more leisurely inspection and some subsequent consideration.

— here the beech — here the wild fig-tree.” On the other, “There never was any such city as Troy; there never was any Trojan war.” Between these two points of minute identification and absolute scepticism oscillate the pretensions of various other sites,— Novum Ilium, as it is now generally called, visited by Xerxes and Alexander as the real site of Troy, and received as such by probably the larger portion of uninquiring antiquity, and some moderns,— Pagus Iliensium, wherever it may have been, alleged doubtfully by Demetrius of Scepsis and Strabo,— Alexandria Troas, by Belon and Bryant, as far as the last will admit any site at all,— or relegated by Wood into the far defiles of Ida. As I entirely acquiesce in the reasonings originally established by Chevalier, and subsequently defended with great ability by Morritt, in behalf of Bounar Bachi, I will first, for a moment, advert to the only points that, as far as I can see, may be plausibly urged against them :—

1. The position is too far from the sea; and especially so with a view to all that is alleged to have taken place in the movements of the two armies on the day of the death of Patroclus. I think this distance of about seven miles from the sea, and ten or eleven from the probable station of the Greek fleet, must be admitted as a sound objection with reference to that single day; but, however authentic we may consider the tale of Troy divine, we can hardly bind Homer to the precise accuracy of a Gazette. Greater difficulties would attach to almost every other site. Novum Ilium would have been too near the fleet, between two and three miles, to admit of the operations of almost any single day. Alexandria Troas would have been at an impossible distance from the Hellespont.

2. When Jupiter sits on Gargarus, he looks down upon the city of Troy.

Ἴδην δ' ἵκανε πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,  
Γάργαρον, ἔνθα δὲ οἱ τέμενος, βωμός τε θυίεις.

\* \* \* \*

Αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κορυφῇσι καθέζετο νύδει γαίων,  
Εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.\*

Θ. 47—52.

There can be no question, whatever Mr. Bryant, who had never been on the spot, may think about Gargarus, the topmost height of Ida. It is as distinct as the summit of Snowdon or Skiddaw; and it was the first thing I saw every morning from my cabin in the *Britannia*; but I could not see it from our supposed site of Troy. I, indeed, find it stated by Captain Francklin, who published his "Remarks on the Plain of Troy," that from the summit of Gargarus he could see this site. I infer from Mr. Morritt, who was much interested to establish the point, that he did not. In any case, I think we should be justified in allowing some latitude to immortal vision.

3. The principal argument in favor of Bounar Bachi is drawn from the neighborhood of the sources of the

\* "But when to Ida's topmost height he came  
(Fair nurse of fountains and of savage game),

\* \* \* \*

Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,  
The town, the tents, and navigable seas." † — *Pope*.

Homer only mentions the town and ships. It is this limited particularity which constitutes the objection.

† This is a good illustration of the manner in which Pope fritters away the sense of Homer. Jupiter took his place on the heights of Ida on purpose to look at the city of the Trojans and the ships of the Greeks; not at all to survey "the subject world," and "the navigable seas." Munford very properly translates:

"Himself upon the mountain's summit sat,  
Exulting in his glory, viewing thence  
The Trojan city and the fleet of Greece."

F.

Scamander. And can the insignificant, shallow, short-coursed rill we produce be the real Scamander,—decidedly inferior in volume of water, as well as length of course, to the Simois,—not joining it, in express contradiction to Homer, but effecting a separate exit in Besika Bay? To which, exclusively of the confirmatory circumstances, it may be replied, that there are perceptible traces of an old junction with the Simois, and of an artificial divergence, made, probably, for the sake of a supply to some mills, still existing, and still profiting by such supply. Then, in Homer, the river below the confluence manifestly appears to have been called the Scamander, for it is the Scamander which calls upon the Simois to hasten down with its streams to arrest the progress of Achilles, then fighting in the joint channel. If it had been above the confluence, the reinforcement of water would have been unavailing.

Ἄλλ' ἐπάμυνε τάχιστα, καὶ ἐμπίληθι ὅτεθρα  
 ὕδατος ἐκ πηγίων, πανταὶ δ' ὀρόθρονον ἐναίλους.\*

Φ. 311, 312.

Mr. Bryant, indeed, pretends that, in all cases, the larger stream, above the confluence, gives its name to the united rivers. Mr. Morritt confutes him with an instance from the county to which he and I belong, where the small Ouse gives its name to the larger streams of the Swale and Ure. He might have cited the largest confluence in our globe, which I have had the privilege to see, where the far more limited previous course of the Mississippi does not prevent it, after its junction with the giant Missouri, from imposing its own name on the mingled

\* “Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,  
 From all thy fountains swell thy watery store.”

Pope.

flood. With respect to the real insignificance of the most storied river, who that has seen the Ilissus can recoil from that objection? It will also be recollected that, even at the moment when Homer represents it as swelling, furious, and supernaturally excited, he yet bridges it over by the fall of a single elm-tree.

. . . . . ὁ δὲ πτελὲν ἔλε χερσὶν  
 Εὐφύεα, μεγάλην· ἥ δ' ἐκ ῥιζῶν ἐριποῦσα  
 Κρημνὸν ἅπαντα διῶσεν, ἐπίσχε δὲ καλὰ ῥέεθρα  
 Ὅζοισιν πυκινόισι· γεφύρωσεν δὲ μιν αὐτόν,  
 Εἶσω πᾶσ' ἐριποῦσ'·\* — Φ. 242—246.

I will now, with the utmost succinctness I can command, sum up the positive argument in favor of this site.

It satisfies all the many characteristics bestowed by Homer on the actual situation of the town.

'Εν πεδίῳ, on the plain† —

. . . . . ἐπεὶ οὖπω Ἰλίου ἶργη  
 'Εν πεδίῳ πεπλόλιστο, πόλιν μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

Il. γ. 216, 217.‡

\* “ . . . . On the border stood  
 A spreading elm, that overhung the flood ;  
 He seized a bending bough, his steps to stay ;  
 The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave way,  
 Heaving the land, and undermining all ;  
 Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall  
 Of the thick foliage. The large trunk displayed,  
 Bridged the rough flood across.” — Pope.

† As Pope does not give the word, I give the passage here from Cowper, —

“ ——— ere yet the sacred walls  
 Of Ilium rose, the glory of this plain.”

‡ Dardanus founded Dardania, which seems, according to Homer's description, to have been at the foot of many-fountained Ida, or just at the craggy ascent which Lord Carlisle describes : — ὑπωρείας πολυ-πίδακος ὄρεον Ἰδης, — considerably higher up than the ruins supposed to mark the site of Troy. With regard to the phrase ἐν πεδίῳ πεπλόλιστο,

The hill on which the modern village stands I have already called a gentle slope; on this side, and towards the assumed sources of the Scamander, the ground trends down into the wide plain of the Troad, which immediately here commences. Besides, I do not conceive that the expression "on the plain" need be taken quite absolutely. It is used, comparatively, with reference to the still older town, which probably stood on some almost inaccessible crag, like so many in Greece and Asia. Take Tchigri, the upper town in the island of Calimno, Trikeria at the entrance of the Gulf of Volo. From the village there is

I conceive it is to be understood, not so much of the walled city on the hill, where now stands the village of Burnabaschi, as of the district occupied by the settled suburbs of the city, running down into the plain. These suburbs which must be supposed to adjoin the walled town, would be included in the general term *πόλις*. The principal cities of Greece and Asia Minor consisted of a fortified hill, or citadel,—the *ἀκρόπολις*,—and the settlements on the surrounding, or adjoining plain. Such must have been the case with so populous a city as Troy, in the time of the Trojan war. In the passage cited p. 60, where Jupiter is described as sitting on the topmost height of Ida, and surveying the city of the Trojans and the ships of the Greeks, the word *πόλις*, I think, has this extended sense, and therefore the slight difficulty raised by Lord Carlisle against his own view, namely, the impossibility of seeing Troy from the height of Gargarus, disappears. There is not even a necessity of "allowing some latitude to immortal vision." The word *ἄστυ* is used in Homer generally for the walled town, as in *Il. vi.* 392.

<sup>3</sup> *Ευτε πύλας ἵκανε, διερχόμενος μέγα ἄστυ.*

In *Il. xvii.* 144, we have *πόλις* and *ἄστυ* in immediate connection,

*Φράξεο νῦν, ὅππως κε πόλιν καὶ ἄστυ σώσσεις.*

In this passage, *ἄστυ* means the walled town, and *πόλις* the *community*, that is, the walled town and the surrounding inhabited region. It is to be observed that in the two passages under discussion, *πόλις* is constructed with the genitive *Τρώων πόλις* and *πόλις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων*—*the city of the Trojans*, and *the city of articulating men*, both implying a more comprehensive idea than the walled town on the hill.

F.

a long, very gradual rise, which has almost the character of table-land, admirably adapted for the site of any town. Behind this, the ground stiffens into a steep craggy ascent, from the other three sides of which it descends in almost perpendicular precipice immediately over the winding gorge of the Simois. Hence, by an apparent inconsistency, which attracted the animadversions of Mr. Bryant, who never was on the spot, but, as I think, by a most convincing speciality, the town, which is not unnaturally said to have been built in the plain, Homer also frequently calls

*αἰπινήν*, lofty ;  
*ἡνεμόεσσαν*, wind-swept, breezy.

This must have been the place of the citadel, — the Pergamon, or Pergama, where Apollo kept his watch :

. . . . . *ἐφίξετο Περγὰμω ἄκρῃ*.\*  
 E. 460.

and the train of Trojan matrons went up to the fane of Minerva:

. . . *νηὸν ἱκανὸν Ἀθήνης, ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ*.†  
 Z. 297.

and the royal palaces stood :

*Ἐγγύθι τε Πριάμοιο καὶ Ἑκτορος, ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ*.‡  
 Z. 317.

At the extreme corner of the hill you come to a ledge of rock, probably near four hundred feet in direct ascent

\* “ But Phœbus now from Ilion’s towering height.”  
*Pope.*

† “ Soon as to Ilion’s topmost tower they come,  
 And awful reach the high Palladian dome.”— *Ib.*

‡ “ Near Priam’s court and Hector’s palace stands  
 The pompous structure, and the town commands.”— *Ib.*

from the ground beneath, which would have exactly served for the proposal to throw down the Wooden Horse.

*"Ἡ κατὰ πετρῶων βάλλειν ἐρύσαντας ἐπ' ἄκρας.\**

*Θ. 308. Odyss.*

The whole precinct of this upper town is, indeed, now completely overgrown with brushwood, as correctly described by Lucan.

*" . . . . . tota teguntur  
Pergama dumetis."*

Yet the well-known words that immediately follow are not wholly accurate :

*" . . . . . etiam periere ruinæ ;" †*

the ground seems to have been levelled purposely ; most distinct lines of a large surrounding wall can be traced. In one spot we counted five tiers of very big stones still standing. There are great heaps of the same kind of stones on the slope immediately below, where the wall appeared to have tumbled down. There are numerous lines of foundations within, which would have served for streets and houses ; and all over both the higher hill of the citadel and the lower hill of the city there are innumerable stones, which might have made parts of buildings, and which altogether cease with the probable limits of the town.

*'Εγὶβόλακα*, most fertile.

This epithet, of course, must belong to the district or plain, the Troad. As to many portions of it, the charac-

\* *" . . . . . ' part sentence gave*

*To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave."*— *Pope.*

† *" All rude, all waste and desolate is laid,*

*And e'en the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd."*— *Rowe.*

ter is eminently true to this day, as, I trust, my friend Mr. Calvert will find the case on his farm, to his well-deserved profit.

Such general epithets as εὐτείχεον, 'well-walled, εὐκτιμένην, well-built, εὐναιομένην, well-adapted for habitation, εὐρυάγυιαν, wide-streeted, I certainly cannot exclusively claim — content that they do not present one clashing attribute. I must, however, assert my hold upon

Ἐγατεινήν, desirable, lovely.

For strikingly, and, to any one who has coasted the uniform shore of the Hellespont, and crossed the tame, low plain of the Troad, unexpectedly lovely is this site of Troy, if Troy it was. I could give any Cumberland borderer the best notion of it by telling him that it wonderfully resembles the view from the point of the hill just outside the Roman camp at Burdoswald. Both have that series of steep, conical hills, with rock enough for wildness, and verdure enough for softness; both have that bright trail of a river creeping in and out with the most continuous indentations. The Simois has, in summer at least, more silvery shelves of sand; on the steep banks still graze the sheep of the breed of Ida, tended by shepherds, perhaps not precisely in Phrygian caps, but with the most genuine crooks. Above all, to quote again from the same passage in Lucan,

“ nullum est sine nomine saxum ; ” \*

and the reputed tomb of Hector, placed where, from the account in the Iliad, it might have been expected, crowns the glorious summit. In the descent, it is very easy to

\* “ Each rock, and every tree, recording tales adorn.”

Rowe.

assign the quarter for the *ἔρινεός*, or hill of wild fig-trees :

*Λαὸν δὲ στήσον παρ' ἔρινεόν ἔνθα μάλιστα*

*"Ἀμβατός ἐστι πόλις, καὶ ἐπίδρομον ἔπλετο τεῖχος.\**

*Il. Z. 433, 434.*

\* "That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,  
Where yon wild fig-trees join the walls of Troy."

*Pope.*

Pope's translation here, as usual, is quite inadequate as a rendering of the original. The lines mean, "and place the people near the fig-tree, where the city is most accessible and the wall assailable." Munford translates :

"The people station at the fig-tree, where  
The town is most accessible, and wall  
May be ascended."

There are three places in the *Iliad* where the *ἔρινεός* is mentioned. The present lines, *Il. vi.*, 433, 434 ; again *Il. xi.*, 166, 167, in the description of Agamemnon and the Greeks pursuing the retreating Trojans :

*Οἱ δὲ παρ' Ἴλου σῆμα παλαιοῦ Λαρδανίδαο*

*Μίσσον κατπεδίον, παρ' ἔρινεόν ἰσσεύοντο*

and third, *Il. xxii.*, 145, 146, in the description of Achilles chasing Hector :

*Οἱ δὲ παρὰ σκοπιὴν καὶ ἔρινεόν ἡνεμόνεντα*

*Τείχεος ἀλὲν ὑπὲρ κατ' ἀμαζιτόν ἰσσεύοντο.*

This fig-tree has produced not a little discussion ;—whether it was a fig-tree or a hill covered with fig-trees ; whether the same fig-tree is alluded to in all the three places, or one fig-tree stood near the Scæan Gates, and another in the middle of the plain, near the mound of Ilos. It seems to me more accordant with the spirit of Homer to suppose one particular tree to have been singled out ; and that he had himself seen, in visiting the spot (and there can be no doubt that Homer had carefully examined every part of the plain, and the hills that bound it), a particular tree, which, on account of its size and position, attracted his attention. The fig-tree spoken of by Andromache was of course near the city-gate. In the second passage, the fig-tree is not necessarily or naturally near the mound of Ilos, but, on the contrary, was an object which the fugitives ran by *after having passed* the tomb of Ilos in their hurried flight to the city, and its lofty position justifies the epithet *ἡνεμόνεντα*, in the third passage. I think, therefore, that the *ἔρινεός* is a single tree, and not a hill covered with trees, and that one and the same fig-tree is alluded to in all three places. F.

From this comparison of the epithets contained in the Iliad with the surviving appearances of the spot — from the proved fact of a very considerable city having existed here — from its commanding site, its breezy exposure, its neighborhood to the plain, its lovely landscape, its distance from the requisite objects, — from all these essential conditions-meeting and harmonizing here, I should have been quite prepared to infer that it is the place which the writer or writers of the Homeric poems (I hope that I express myself guardedly enough) intended for Troy. Strong additional confirmation appears to me supplied by the relative position of the large barrow, which has been supposed to be the tomb of Æsyetes, that midway post between the city and the ships from which Polites reconnoitred the Grecian armament.

Ὅς Τρώων σκοπὸς ἵξε, ποδωνείησι πεποιθώς,  
 Τύμβω' ἔπ' ἀκροτάτῳ Αἰσυνίτῳ γέροντος,  
 Δέγμενος ὁππότε ναῦφιν ἀφορμηθεῖεν Ἀχαιοί.\*

B. 792—794.

This mound, precisely where it ought to be, commanding the whole shore, and exposing a person stationed there to no risk of being cut off from the town, still meets your eye, wherever you turn, throughout the whole extent of the plain. The other barrows on the long stretch of shore commonly assigned to Antilochus, Achilles, Patroclus and Ajax, though they might not have been good for much as insulated or unsupported testimony, yet, in their adaptation to tradition, and in the continuity of the tradition, are not without their importance, especially in fixing the

\* “Who from Æsietes’ tomb observed the foes,  
 High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay  
 The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.”

Pope.

position of the Grecian fleet. The crowning proof, however, of this whole undying geography, is the position of the sources of the Scamander. What are the circumstances as we know them from the poem? Hector had made his stand at the Scæan gates, obviously the usual means of access to the city from the plain. At the approach of Achilles, seized with sudden panic, he flies; the other pursues; they pass by the watch-tower, and hill of wild fig-trees, and, still under the wall, across the high-road, and then come to the springs of the Scamander, which are thus described:—

Κρουνὼ δ' ἵκανον καλλιρρόω, ἔνθα δὲ πηγαὶ  
 Ἀοιαὶ ἀναΐσσουσι Σκαμάνδρου δινίεντος.  
 Ἥ μὲν γάρ θ' ὕδατι λιαρῷ ῥέει, ἀμφὶ δὲ καπνὸς  
 Γίγνεται ἐξ αὐτῆς, ὥσει πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.  
 Ἥ δ' ἐτίρη θέρει προρρέει εἰκυῖα χαλῶζη,  
 Ἥ χιόνι ψυχρῇ, ἥ ἐξ ὕδατος κρυστάλλω.  
 Ἐνθα δ' ἐπ' αὐτῶν πλυνοὶ εὐρέες ἐγγύς ἔασι  
 Καλοί, λαΐνιοι, ὅθι εἴματα σιγαλόεντα  
 Πλύνεσκον Τρώων ἄλοχοι, καλαί τε θύγατρες,  
 Τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.\*

X. 148.

Now for the present reality. At the bottom of the slope, not far from the necessary position of the Scæan gates, the hill of wild fig-trees, and the high road, amidst

\* “ Next by Scamander’s double source they bound,  
 Where two famed fountains burst the parted ground ;  
 This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,  
 With exhalations streaming to the skies ;  
 That the green banks in summer’s heat o’erflows,  
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.  
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,  
 Whose polished bed receives the falling rills ;  
 Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarmed by Greece)  
 Washed their fair garments in the days of peace.”

Pope.

a tuft of verdure formed by willows, poplars, and the festoons of the wild vine, among some smooth layers of rock, and one or two slabs of marble, well out, three or four springs of most transparent water, one of which is of warmer temperature than the others, and in winter emits the appearance of smoke or vapor. From this most embowered spot, between flowery banks,

. . . λειμῶνι Σκαμανδρίῳ ἀνθεμένῳτι.\*

B. 467.

the narrow silver rivulet proceeds to the plain, and to the clear basins of its source the women of the modern village still descend to wash their linen.

It does then, indeed, appear to me, that the whole case is irresistible for the hill of Bounar Bachi being the Ilium of the Iliad; and I cannot help thinking that if Mr. Grote, always clear, cool and logical, even when most sceptical, had visited these scenes himself, he would have hesitated to affirm that "there is every reason for presuming that the Ilium visited by Xerxes and Alexander was really the holy Ilium present to the mind of Homer." It has been no part of my present purpose to establish the further and distinct proposition that the Iliad is real history,—so roundly denied by Bryant—so candidly questioned by Grote; but a circumstance has been brought to light, almost contemporaneously with my visit, which I do not allege as conveying any positive proof of an inference to which I conceive, however, that it may plausibly point; but if that inference could be made good, it would establish, not merely the identity of the poetical site, but the authenticity of the actual history. Since Mr. Calvert has come into his recent possession of his Troad farm, he has opened a mound which he found

\* Scamander's flowery mead.

upon it, and within which, at some depth below the surface, he has discovered a layer of calcined human bones, about six feet in depth, and thirty feet in diameter, with one skeleton at the bottom, and below these a large quantity of ashes. The part where the bones are is surrounded by the remains of a wall of stones without cement. Might not these, possibly, have been the bones of the Trojans burned during the truce obtained by Priam in the seventh book of the Iliad?

. . . . . οἱ δὲ σιωπῇ  
*Νεκροῦς πυρκαϊῆς ἐπενήνεον, ἀχνύμενοι κῆρ,*  
*Ἐν δὲ πυρὶ πρῆσαντες ἔβαν πρὸς Ἴλιον ἱερῶν.\**

H. 427—429.

The spot between two and three miles from Troy would be entirely suitable; not within, or just in front of the walls, like Hector, the real Astyanax, or Lord of the City, more so than either his father or his son, with a lordly pile of stones above him; but the crowd of dead had their tomb at a convenient distance,—the return to the town of the mourners being expressly mentioned; and the absence of cement in the inclosing wall might indicate a hurried construction, such as was to be expected from men who had to fight on the morrow.†

\* “ . . . . . With silent haste  
 The bodies decent on their piles were placed;  
 With melting hearts the cold remains they burned,  
 And sadly slow to sacred Troy returned.”

*Pope.*

† The preceding discussion of the topographical question relating to Troy is singularly concise, clear and sensible. Nothing is so well suited to banish the doubts of sceptical scholarship as a visit to the scene where the drama of the Iliad was enacted. Lord Carlisle read the Iliad at Troy; and this tasteful and scholarly proceeding, besides making the geography of Homer perfectly clear, no doubt gave him a

Upon this, my first visit, I was far too much hurried for such a region, as I was engaged to meet the French admirals on board Lord George Paulet's ship, the *Bellerophon*. We asked our guide how long it would take us to reach our point of embarkation. Three hours, he said. This would have been very fatal to me, but we

fresh feeling of the unsurpassed excellence of the poem. Indeed, the fidelity to nature of all the early Greek poets—especially Homer and the tragedians—is among their most striking traits to one who reads them under the eastern sky, and amidst the scenery of Greece and Asia, where the actions they celebrate are laid.

Prof. Forchhammer and Lieut. Spratt have examined the plain, rivers and mountains of Troy, with great scientific accuracy, and continued and careful comparison with the words of Homer. Several months were spent in the work. The results of this survey, in brief, are, that the stream called Burnabaschi is the Scamander, which becomes Xanthos, when, after overflowing the old canal constructed to draw off its waters in a south-west direction, it resumes, in the overflows of the rainy season, its ancient course, and falls into the Mendere Schai.\* The Mendere Schai is the Simois. The ruins near the sources of the Burnabaschi (at the village called by Lord Carlisle Bournar Bachi) Forchhammer, like Lord Carlisle, believes to be those which Homer saw, and on the spot where Homer placed the city of Troy. The springs present to this day the same phenomena as are described in *Il.* *xxi.*; and the explanation is the following, namely: the water of one, coming from a great depth, retains its original warmth, and, presenting a considerable surface to the atmosphere, the evaporation rises like smoke. The water, therefore, is warm in winter, and apparently cold in summer. The other source, coming from a smaller depth, and being less abundant, takes more readily the temperature of the surrounding air, and there is no visible evaporation. Forchhammer concludes with these words: "The plain of Troy, in its present condition, is, in all essential particulars, the ancient kingdom of old Priam and the battle-field of Hector and Achilles."

The text of Forchhammer (*Die Ebene Trojas*) is accompanied and illustrated by an excellent map, by Lieut. Spratt.

These results coincide fully with my own impressions from reading the *Iliad* with the plain of Troy outstretched like a map before me. F.

\* *Il.* 20, 24. Ὅν τε Ξάνθον καλέουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκάμανδρον.

accomplished the distance in one hour ; and my belief is that Hector himself never crossed the plain from the Scæan Gate to the Grecian ships at a more rapid rate. I was able to be punctual to my engagement, which proved a very luxurious and jovial one.

*July 19th.* — I was again very glad to remain quiet during the day. I dined with the officers of the ward-room, who make very pleasant society, and after sunset we went to some theatricals got up by the sailors themselves. They gave us no less than three farces, besides various Ethiopian and comic songs. The theatre was on the main-deck, and, as it was intensely crowded by the crew, not a little hot. I had three sailors sitting between my knees. Happily a hatchway was open just over my head. Some of the actors showed considerable humor ; and it was impossible to look round on the manly, jolly audience without hoping that they are not reserved to be mowed down by Russian cannon.

*July 20th.* — I called on the Vicomte de Chabannes, captain of the Charlemagne, a fine screw-ship. He married an Englishwoman, and seems himself to have some of the best qualities of both countries. I had intended to leave the ship to-day for the consul's, but there was a mistake about the horses. In the evening I listened to the men singing on deck. I heard much sentiment, a fair amount of humor, but no impropriety. At the end of a song the circle cried out, "Now, Mr. Shan, you have a right to a noble call." Then Mr. Shan, a very successful humorist, called on Mr. Some-one, who began about "My Mary." We had some further harmony in the ward-room.

*July 21st.* — The Niger arrived. It is rather exciting to see one of these steamers approach, signalizing, as

they round Cape Sigeum, that they have despatches. Those brought to-day have rather a more pacific complexion. After a last dinner with the hospitable and warm-hearted admiral, and a cordial leave-taking with the officers of the ship, I was put on shore, and rode in the cool evening to the consul's hill villa. Besides the family, they have a Wallachian gentleman, forced to leave his country by the Russians, after 1848, for the liberality of his opinions and proceedings, and now, like the Chevalier d'Azeglio, practising as an artist.

*July 22nd.* — The morning was spent in very pleasant inaction. Mr. Calvert is beginning to form a museum, which will have much interest from the fragments he is gradually picking up; and, as he proposes to drain extensively, the utilitarian and antiquarian operations may materially assist each other. There are already several small vases of the so-termed Etruscan appearance, which he assigns to about the time of Philip of Macedon. We dined at half-past three, and then took a delicious ride, only that the horses were slightly too skittish for deliberate enjoyment of the picturesque; but the sunset aspect of the Hellespont, the Gulf of Saros, and the islands, especially Samothrace, which looks most majestic when you see it rise from its water base, was very beautiful. We passed a graceful, small grove, where the Greeks have still the custom of sacrificing an ox or bullock once a year, and then eating it, with song and dance afterwards. The only deficiency is generally that of well-grown trees. We saw some fine silver ash. The air is made fragrant by large thickets of *Agnus Castus*. The interior of this household is not less rich in attraction than all one has to see outside of it, and it is of a still higher kind. It has been of late much clouded by sor-

row. Mrs. C.'s mother, Mrs. Abbott, retains a most remarkable degree of beauty, though she has had sixteen children. It does not fall within my purpose to dwell upon domestic details, among those whom I may meet or visit; but it is impossible to have even had my short insight into Mr. Calvert's way of proceeding with the untutored races among whom his abode is fixed,—his gentle energy, his wise benevolence, his inventive utilitarianism,—without feeling that such a class of men would be more real regenerators of this bright, but still barbarous, region, than either fleets or protocols. He is gradually introducing the stock and implements of Europe upon his Chersonese and Troad farms, to which he is now meditating to add another, on the site of the ancient Dardanus. He dispenses advice and medicine among the villagers, and has even gone so far as to set a leg; he has lent them money to pay off a debt for which they were paying interest at twenty per cent., and now they are in a fair way of repaying the whole to him. I ought to mention, that these are all Greeks; he has found, by damaging experience, that it is desperate to lend money to Turks.\*

\* This statement of a matter of fact is more than an answer to whole volumes of vague assertions, such as travellers often indulge in for the purpose of disparaging the Greeks. Without pretending to exonerate the Greeks from all the faults so commonly and so fluently charged upon them, I will say that I have found them not only a highly intelligent race, but, compared with any other nation in Europe, distinguished for simplicity and honesty. In travelling through the country, I saw no disposition to overreach or overcharge, with one or two unimportant exceptions. During a residence of several months in Athens, I had occasion almost daily to make purchases at the shops; and I never detected any attempt at imposition,—the prices being reasonable and such as I knew to be right. Once only, stopping at a *ζουφεϊον*, or barber's shop, to have my hair cut, the Attic *ζουφεϊς*, as roguish as the barber in Aleiphron, seemed to think it a good opportunity to turn an honest penny by demanding four times the usual price. Instead of

He has succeeded in rescuing two Christians who were alleged to have embraced Mahommedanism, and who, until a recent mitigation of the law, obtained by the exertions of Lord Stratford, would have been subject to capital punishment.\* In short, if the Great Old Bard of his

paying his demand, I gave him a moral lecture in the best Greek I could muster, and ended with paying him only twice the customary fee. It may have been, however, that the unusual length and quantity of my hair at the time made the two drachmas only a just charge ; possibly, therefore, he was right, after all. On mentioning the circumstance afterwards to an accomplished Greek lady, — Elizabeth of Crete, justly commemorated by Lord Carlisle later in the present work, — she gave the ingenious and classical explanation that the barber probably thought he had found the Golden Fleece.

I brought from Greece a very favorable opinion of the comparative honesty of the Greeks ; and I have been gratified by the proof which Lord Carlisle furnishes that this impression was correct. F.

\* As the transaction here alluded to is eminently honorable to Lord Stratford and to the Western powers, now in alliance with Turkey, I venture to subjoin the following narrative, drawn from the most authentic sources.

In August, 1843, a young Armenian, about eighteen or twenty years old, was executed at Constantinople under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Eighteen months previously, Avakim (that was the young man's name) having had a drunken brawl with some of his neighbors, was sentenced at the war-office to receive five hundred blows of the bastinado. In the first moments of alarm, he resorted to the only expedient of escape from this severe and degrading penalty, and, professing to become a Mussulman, received the name of Mehemet. It was only a few days, before he repented of his abjuration of Christianity, and fled to Syra, an island lying within the boundaries of Greece. Having remained here some time, after he had renounced Islamism, he returned to Constantinople, where he persevered in his profession of Christianity. One day he was accidentally recognized, as he was returning from his sister's house, by a Turkish official, and denounced at the war-office as a renegade from Islamism. He was seized, subjected to cruel tortures, conducted through the streets with his hands tied behind him, as if for execution ; but all in vain. In spite of threats, tortures, promises, he remained immovable, and proclaimed aloud his belief in Christianity. He was accordingly taken to execution, amidst

own Troad could have witnessed his daily life, he would have said of him, too, as he did of one of his ex-neigh-

the insults and revilings of the infuriated fanatics, who spat upon him as he passed, and yelled their execrations of the religion for which he was to die. Of the thirty armed police who had charge of the execution of the sentence, only one — Taouk-Bazarli-Ali — could be induced to strike the blow. He was beheaded in one of the most frequented parts of the city, and the body, after three days' exposure, was cast into the sea. The first knowledge of this tragical event was communicated in Pera by the appearance of the gray-haired mother rushing distractedly from the bloody scene. She afterwards returned and sat sorrowfully by the lifeless body until she was removed by force.

Such a transaction in this enlightened age aroused the attention of the Christian nations then holding peaceful relations with Turkey. Sir Stratford Canning at once addressed a very energetic remonstrance to the Grand Vizier, who replied : "The laws of the Koran compel no man to become a Mussulman ; but they are inexorable both as respects a Mussulman who embraces another religion, and as respects a person not a Mussulman, who, after having, of his own accord, publicly embraced Islamism, is convicted of having renounced that faith. No consideration can produce a commutation of the capital punishment to which the law condemns him without mercy. The only mode of escaping death is for the accused to declare that he has again become a Mussulman." M. Guizot took the matter up in the same spirit. He remarked to Lord Cowley that "as the Great Powers of Europe were using their best endeavors to induce the Sultan's Christian subjects to live peaceably under the Ottoman rule, they could not allow of such arbitrary acts of cruelty as that which had been perpetrated, and which was sufficient to arouse the whole of the Christian population against the government." The Baron de Bourquenay, the French ambassador at Constantinople, was instructed to convey to the Porte the sentiments of the Cabinet at Paris on the subject. "Even had not humanity," says the minister, "whose name has never been vainly invoked in France, been so cruelly wounded by the punishment of this Armenian, — even could the king's government, which has always protected and ever will protect the Christian religion in the East, forget that it is Christianity which has been thus cruelly outraged, — the interest which it takes in the Ottoman Empire, and in its independence, would still cause it to behold what has occurred with profound regret. \* \*

"The king's government considers that it discharges an imperious duty in making known to the Porte the impression which has been made upon

bors, Axylus of Arisbe, who lived on the same thoroughfare —

. . . . . φίλος δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισι ; —  
*Πάντας γὰρ φιλεῖσκεν, ὁδῶν ἔστι οἰκία ταύων.\**

Z. 14, 15.

it by an event unfortunately irreparable, and which, were it to occur again, would be likely to cause real danger to a government weak enough to make such concessions to a hateful and lamentable fanaticism !”

Notwithstanding this energetic language, not many weeks had passed before a young Greek, near Broussa, having, for some reason, turned Mussulman, returned to his own creed, and was put to death by hanging. M. Guizot wrote to the French minister : “ Such a transaction is no longer only an outrage to humanity, it is an insult cast upon civilized Europe, by the fanaticism of a party which the Ottoman government has not the courage to keep within bounds and repress, supposing that it is not itself to a certain degree an accomplice in the measure. This courage must be given to it by causing it to apprehend that it will incur the serious displeasure of the powers whose benevolent support is so necessary to it.” And the Earl of Aberdeen writes to Sir Stratford Canning : “ The repetition of a scene of this revolting kind so soon after that which had, in the course of the last summer, excited the horror and indignation of Europe, evinces such total disregard, on the part of the Porte, for the feelings and remonstrances of the Christian powers, that it is incumbent upon her majesty’s government, without loss of time, to convey their sentiments on the matter still more explicitly to the knowledge of the Porte. \* \* Whatever may have been tolerated in former times by the weakness or indifference of Christian powers, these powers will now require from the Porte due consideration for their feelings as members of a religious community, and interested, as such, in the fate of all who, notwithstanding shades of difference, unite in a common belief in the essential doctrines of Christianity ; and they will not endure that the Porte should insult and trample on their faith by treating as a criminal any person who embraces it. \* \* Her majesty’s government are so anxious for the continuance of a good under-

\* “ In fair Arisbe’s walls (his native place)

He held his seat, a friend to human race ;

Fast by the road, his ever open door

Obliged the wealthy, and relieved the poor.”

*Pope.*

*July 23rd.* — Mr. Calvert rode down with me to his consular house, at the town of the Dardanelles; whence

standing with Turkey, and that the Porte should entitle itself to their good offices in the hour of need, that they wish to leave no expedient untried before they shall be compelled to admit the conviction that all their interest and friendship is misplaced, and that nothing remains for them but to look forward to, if not promote, the arrival of the day, when the force of circumstances shall bring about a change which they will have vainly hoped to procure from the prudence and humanity of the Porte itself."

The correspondence of the English Secretary of Foreign Affairs, with the ministers at the other courts, contained the strongest expressions of the disgust and abhorrence with which the Turkish system was regarded by the Queen's government. The other powers shared in the feeling, and their combined interference could not long be evaded. The Turkish minister argued that there was a strong distinction between custom and divine law, intimating that a practice derived from the former source might be abandoned to meet the wishes of Europe, or even of Great Britain alone; but that a law prescribed by God himself was not to be set aside by any human power. But the next letter of Lord Aberdeen closes thus: "The Porte may rest assured that Christian states will, with one accord, refuse to tolerate any longer a practice which, both in the principle on which it rests and the manner in which it is carried into execution, is designed to stigmatize the faith which they profess and cherish." Reschid Pasha, the ablest and best of the Turkish statesmen, then minister to France, was instructed to express to M. Guizot, in strong terms, the concern of the Sultan at this interference of the allied sovereigns in the internal concerns of his empire; that a compliance with these demands might be attended with very serious consequences to himself and his government; and the fervent hope of his master that they would not be persisted in. But M. Guizot was as firm as Lord Aberdeen. It would not be to the purpose of this note to enter into all the details of this negotiation. It will be enough to state that the subject was laid by the Sultan before the council of the Ulema, — the Turkish doctors of the law. The doctors resisted as long as they dared, but finally drew a distinction between the strict letter of the law, and the discretion warranted by state necessity. At last the British minister opened a direct communication with the Sultan, and succeeded in obtaining all his demands, together with the assurance of the sovereign that these concessions were entirely consonant to his personal wishes. Of this there

I embarked on the *Elleno*, a small steamer of the Austrian Lloyd's, which plies between Salonica and Constantinople. I was the only guest in the state cabin. On board there was a very ardent young Greek, who could not talk of the Turks continuing in Europe with any patience. I was rather sorry to see that the book in the hands of this regenerator of his country was a volume of the *Memoirs of Faublas*. He seemed, however, to enjoy reading some Homer with me.

*July 24th.*—We arrived in the Golden Horn at eight, on a morning beautiful like all the rest. The gradual expanding of the city, as we came up, has a grandeur which grows upon every experience. I attended one of

was no doubt. The reigning Sultan is a most amiable man ; by a freak of fortune sadly out of place as the head of such a people, in their present political condition. His royal word has been faithfully kept. From that day to this no Christian, becoming a Mussulman and returning afterwards to Christianity, has been put to death. Only a few months ago, a man who had lived as a Turk so long that none of his acquaintances remembered he had ever been a Christian, suddenly went back to his early faith. He was arrested as an apostate ; but instead of losing his head, like the unfortunate Armenian, he was set at liberty in a few days, and now walks the streets of Constantinople without fear. I believe they still assert the right of putting to death any one who, having been originally a Turk, apostatizes to Christianity. Whether any such cases have lately occurred, I do not know.

The proceedings thus summarily stated occurred only eleven years ago. The British ambassador, who obtained these concessions, is still at Constantinople, now known by the title of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe ; a man of noble character, and high ability, and, at present, of boundless influence with the Turks. I believe it is only the pressing necessities of their actual condition, — the influence of a few individuals, who have a tincture of European civilization, and the humane disposition of the sovereign, — and not at all the intellectual progress of the nation at large, or any increasing humanity of the true Osmanlis, that have kept in check the ferocious fanaticism inculcated by their religion, and congenial to the temper of the race.

F.

Mr. Blakiston's pleasing services. Mr. Calvert had rather amused me by his accounts of some of the travelling clergymen : one, of some renown in England, who had very much surprised him by his ardor for the Greek Church, of the real condition of which Mr. C. had a very accurate knowledge ; another American missionary, a good man, but with no baggage whatever but a basket of melons. This evening, after dinner, a gentleman gave an interesting account of some coal mines he is working for the Turkish government, near the site of the ancient Heraclea, on the Euxine. Their quality is superexcellent, but the amazing amount of peculation, irregularity and indolence, among all the Turks concerned, makes him despair of any ultimate success. Their jealousy will not permit them to give a lease to any English company. His own handful of English workmen, some of whom are from my own Northumberland neighborhood, work very contentedly. The native workmen receive no pay whatever ; consequently, it is the direst calamity for a neighborhood to have any government works established ; and instances are known of people enriching themselves by going round the country, pretending to indicate where minerals could be profitably worked, and then taking bribes (the eternal backshish) to purchase their silence.

*July 25th.*— Had a Turkish bath, with more of the shampooing than before. Paid another visit to the artist Preciosa. Came down by the English tug steamer, fearfully overloaded, with Lord George Paulet, and landed at Buyukdère. Took up my quarters at the Hotel de l'Empire Ottoman, kept by M. Lapierre, a Sardinian by birth. I had intended to be at Therapia, but the hotel there had been engrossed, principally by Americans. This is more in retreat, about three quarters of a mile from

the English embassy, and being in the furthest bend of the bay, the water has not the full transparency of the main current; but it has the advantages of a very fair garden and a bathing-house. I have a pleasant room, with an excellent view, and the largest bed I have seen since England. There were about ten at the table d'hôte, very various in clime, three of them ladies. The dinner hour is half-past seven.

*July 26th.*— I breakfasted under a vine in the garden. Poor Captain Woolrige, of the *Inflexible*, died here this morning, of fever, which I fear was brought on and aggravated by excitement at the prospect of undergoing a court-martial, for his ship having been run aground by its pilot. Lord George Paulet and I were called for by Captain Borlase, an English naval officer, who has been here for a year or two instructing the Turkish fleet in gunnery, and taken by him on board the largest Turkish man-of-war, the *Mahmoudieh*, of one hundred and twenty-two guns. She is very immense, and of unusual depth. She was built, like most, I believe, of their ships, by an American. Even after my residence with the fleet, I do not assume to be a naval critic, so I spare my reader all details. Lord George seemed on the whole very much satisfied with the arrangements; the captain, who had been for some little time at Portsmouth, seemed a very intelligent man. I was particularly pleased with the care they appear to bestow on the sick in the ship's hospital, though there was an array of sweetmeats for them we should not have found in our vessels. The crew looked active and healthy; not quite so clean as our men. We had, of course, pipes, sherbet, and coffee. We went to another ship of seventy-eight guns, where we found two Turkish admirals, Achmed Pasha and Mustapha

Pasha, the latter of whom served for some years in an English ship, and speaks English perfectly. Here we saw the crew work the guns, and Lord George thought, as I had heard from others before, that no English crew whatever could have done it better. This is highly to the credit of Captain Borlase. We had pipes and coffee twice over, and were asked to dinner to-morrow. To-day we dined with Lord Stratford. His work has been very heavy of late; he feels that the proposals which have just been sent hence by the four concurrent embassies, embrace and exhaust the latest hopes of peace.

*July 27th.*— At seven I attended the funeral of Captain Woolrige, at Therapia, in the Greek burial-ground, immediately overlooking the Bosphorus. Our dinner took place on board the Turkish ship Meshudiah; present, two Turkish Admirals, Admiral Slade, now acting in their service, Captain Borlase, Lord George Paulet, Captain Drummond, one French, one Dutch, one American captain. We were invited for an hour before sunset. We began with pipes, and then went to dinner. We had, as Dr. Sandwith had announced to me, all the appurtenances of Europe in the way of knives and forks, and the dishes were handed regularly round, but in almost endless succession, fish constantly recurring; there was one very great composition from the breasts of chickens; no stint of wine, of which our Moslem hosts partook. Conversation flowed very easily, and we were most cordially treated. I think the Turks preëminently well-bred, and this attribute seems to belong naturally to them, however elevated the position may be which they have attained, however mean or sordid that from which they have emerged. The sailor before the mast makes the most imposing of admirals, the barber or pipe-bearer

the most august of pashas. We all parted, after a renewal of pipes and coffee, with many compliments.

*July 28th.*— Though I am very well content with my hotel, I feel I have not sufficient power to choose or avoid all the society, and I shall find it more convenient to be nearer Therapia; so, after inspecting an apartment there in a small Greek house, of very modest pretensions, but which seems clean and healthy, with a charming view from the customary long couch under the window, I have nearly determined to move thither. In that case, I shall board at the Hotel d'Angleterre there. In walking back over the hills, I was arrested by a great novelty, a violent shower of rain. It was the first I had seen since Varna. The clouds soon pass off in these climes at this season, and the short wetting had given a great look of freshness to the fern on the hill-top, and the vines and Indian corn on the hill-side.

*July 29th.*— I breakfasted at Therapia with our vice-consul, Mr. Skene, a very able man, and singularly well-informed concerning eastern events and races. His wife is a very agreeable Greek, and fights the battle for her countrymen with great intelligence and ardor. All seem to admit their zeal for education; the peasants hire themselves for service in Athens without any wages, on the condition that they may have a certain time for attending schools. May not such a race have an ampler future before them?

“Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.” \*

I settled definitely to take the Therapia lodging. In the afternoon I rode to the Forest of Belgrade. It is very charming sylvan scenery; the trees seem mainly oak,

\* “I find the sparkles of the former flame.”

*Dryden.*

chestnut, and beech, some of very fair size. There are three large reservoirs of water, conveyed hence by aqueducts to the capital, of which it forms nearly the only supply. I could have wished to see it of a clearer color. The views in the returning descent upon the Bosphorus are very fine. For the last two days we have had an American lieutenant at our hotel, full of very racy talk. If ever there was a contrast in human character, it is between the go-ahead American and the shiftless Turk. He lamented excessively the bad effects which the abolition of corporal punishment is producing upon the discipline of their navy.

*July 30th.*— I left the hotel at Buyukdère, not without some regret for the easy sea-bath, the pleasant garden, and the civil hosts. I walked some way by a cliff walk above the Bosphorus, till the view opens on the Black Sea; there I seated myself on a stone, and read some of the noble novel of Ruth. I dined with Lord Stratford.

*July 31st.*— Went to the pleasing church service on board the Retribution. Found a place in a garden to read in; but, from the absence of turf, and frequently of shade, this is a matter of some difficulty in Turkey. Dined for the first time at the Hotel d'Angleterre, which seems very comfortable, and the fare good. In the evening the Marseilles post arrived. There is some disquietude lest the propositions made from hence and from the West to Russia should clash.

*August 1st.*— I now habitually descend the steep bit of hill from my lodging at half-past five in the morning, to take a dip in the Bosphorus; I get most transparent water, but the bathing-house itself is rather rickety. I called on Admiral Slade on board his Turkish ship. He seems to me a person of great intelligence. He almost

entirely adopts Turkish fashions. I found him reading a Turkish newspaper. He says it is a most difficult language for writing; no vowels are used. I dined with Captain Drummond on board the Retribution; present, Admiral Slade, the American captain, Lord Pevensey, Mr. Capel the Queen's messenger, and some officers of the ship. All in excellent order and taste.

*August 2nd.*—Crossed the Bosphorus in a caique; landed in the Sultan's valley, where, amidst the most picturesque plane-trees, the crew of the Retribution plays at cricket, and the tents are now pitched for the expected Egyptian army. This has a very scenic appearance, like the scenes in the last acts of Julius Cæsar and Richard III. Being away from England this year, I cannot tell whether it is like Chobham. I lost my way in an Asian valley, but at last emerged on the summit of the Giant's Mountain, called so from some supposed sepulchres there; especially that of Joshua, who is alleged to have sat upon the summit, and dipped his feet in the water below. It is probably the finest panorama of the Bosphorus that can be commanded from any point; and its sapphire thread, with the gleaming sails and fortified promontories, looked very lovely. Captain Drummond, whom I found on the top, gave me a very pleasant sail back. I met the American Legation at dinner with our ambassador. Mr. Marsh, the minister, is one of the best conditioned and most fully informed men it is possible to find anywhere. He would be the best successor to Mr. Everett they could send to London.\*

\* All who know Mr. Marsh will be gratified by this testimony to his worth, from a man so competent to measure his talents and acquirements. He filled the place of minister to Constantinople with great ability for four years, and left a reputation honorable not only to himself but to the character of his country. Besides his diplomatic duties

*August 3rd.*— I called on Mr. and Mrs. Marsh. She is a most bright little person, and though unable to walk from an affection in the spine, or to read from one in the eyes, is full of zest and enterprise, and last year was carried up to the highest peak of Sinai. Mr. Marsh tells me that he thinks the pre-Columbian discovery of America by Northmen is fully established. I went to the garden of a country-house of the Sultan's here; it is rather rich in cypresses and lemon-trees, and would have much capability under good keeping. Drank tea with the Skenes,— a most agreeable household.

*August 4th.*— Read the new "Edinburgh" on the shaded couch in the Embassy garden. Walked to Buyuk-

there, he was sent to Athens, under the instructions of Mr. Webster, and afterwards of Mr. Everett, to adjust the difficulties that had arisen between the Greek government and the Rev. Jonas King, acting vice-consul of the United States. Mr. Marsh addressed himself to the task, with a thoroughness, vigor and talent, which surprised the diplomatists of Athens, showing a masterly knowledge of the Greek constitution and legislation, as well as of international law. The proceedings of the courts before which Dr. King was tried, and the evidence admitted into the case, were reviewed by him with a fulness of information and power of reasoning, which cleared the case of every doubt and ambiguity, and left his successor nothing to do in the premises, but to insist on a settlement according to the principles laid down by Mr. Marsh. And yet, when the administration was changed at home, the miserable policy of changing our diplomatic agents, for the sake of rewarding political partisans, was applied to Mr. Marsh; and not only so, but the Congress of the United States, while allowing extra compensation to other ministers, whose public services fell far below those rendered by Mr. Marsh, have refused it to him, notwithstanding the evidence they had, in their own published documents, of the unusual labors he performed in a delicate and responsible negotiation, not properly belonging to the mission with which he was entrusted; labors requiring an amount of learning and ability of a peculiar character which no other foreign minister from America then possessed, and to which no man now in the diplomatic service abroad, except Mr. Brown, of the Constantinople legation, can lay the slightest claim.

F.

dère to call on Lady Emily Dundas, who had come up from Malta, and had been sent on here by the admiral to see Constantinople and the Bosphorus. The laws of our service do not admit of her remaining with him. Our sea-officers may receive everybody else's wife but their own.

*August 5th.*— Did little but read in the shade. Some curious old despatches from Pozzo di Borgo and Prince Lieven have been published at Paris, illustrative of the continuous aggressive views of Russia upon Turkey. Dinners at the hotel are very good and comfortable.

*August 6th.*— I took a pretty walk in the vine-clad ravine behind Therapia. Dr. Sandwith dined with me at the hotel; we drank tea with the Skenes afterwards. They have a very high opinion of the present Turkish ambassador in Persia.

*August 7th.*— Church in the Retribution; plain excellent sermons for the sailor congregation by the chaplain, Mr. Salkeld, who has the additional merit of coming from Cumberland. Called on Lady Emily. Some French naval officers at the hotel,— gentleman-like people.

*August 8th.*— To-day I gave a dinner or picnic to Lady Emily Dundas on the summit of the Giant's Mountain. It was extremely well arranged by the landlord of the hotel, Mr. Pettler, who transferred an excellent collation from Europe to Asia; the provision wagon indeed broke down once, but no damage ensued. We were twenty-seven; Lady Emily, Lord Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Skene, Admiral Slade, Lord Pevensy, Mr. Alison, Dr. Sandwith, Captain Drummond, and the rest were mainly officers of the Britannia and the Retribution. Our ascent was picturesque. The two ladies and two young midshipmen in a Turkish araba, a gaily painted wagon, drawn by two dove-colored oxen; the Anglo-

Turk, Admiral Slade, on horseback, with his three attendants on foot, carrying his pipe, &c., the rest of us walking. The ambassador very amiably left the peace and war of Europe for one afternoon, and came across in his well-manned caique. We all sat down on carpets round a large tablecloth; here those accustomed to Turkish habits had rather the advantage; but whatever were the merits of the meal, those of the view immediately beneath us would not admit of much competition from the rest of the world. We had all the glittering reaches of the Bosphorus in its southern course, and, over and above its usual accompaniments, the fleets of Turkey and the tents of Egypt. The day was just what one would have commanded, having a due mixture of clouds, which are hailed here as sunlight is in England. In short, I had reason to flatter myself that all went off easily and pleasantly. As we returned over the Bosphorus, the clouds of the afternoon lit our way with distant lightnings.

*August 9th.*—To enhance the good fortune of yesterday, this morning opened with pouring rain for several hours,—a very rare experience here. It was a pleasant surprise to find that my crazy-looking timber roof did not let it in. After it was over, I walked in the valley behind the village, and the vines and Indian corn looked very bright in their fresh moisture. Dined at the Embassy with some of the naval officers. Despatches arrived from Vienna in the middle of the meal. There is much reason to fear a confusion among the competing projects for pacification.

*August 10th.*—Steamed down to Constantinople; Mr. Skene was with me, and made an incomparable cicerone for the Bosphorus, telling me the tenants of the long line

of palaces, and their histories. This was the house of Mehemet Ali, of Egypt. This is the house of his chief rival, old Khosrew Pasha, now living there at ninety-six; he has filled the office of Grand Vizier for fifty years altogether, with various breaks, and still retains many of the simple habits of his origin, as a Circassian shepherd. Here Darius Hystaspes crossed the Strait on his Scythian expedition; here he sat on the rock to witness the passage; the inscription on the stone to commemorate it, which was known formerly to exist, has not been discovered. The ground on either side is now occupied by the tall round white towers of the forts, the Rumili and Anatoli Hissars; the first, built by Mahomet the Second before the capture of the city, still goes universally by the name of the Conqueror. From that window, or rather slit in the wall, he used to examine the means of approaching the capital; under that low culvert, in the after destination of the place as a prison, the bodies were floated into the Bosphorus. The European fort is built on the most fantastic plan, to imitate the Arabic letters of the word Mahomet. On one side is Balta Liman, on the other Unkiar Skelessi, both famous in the annals of modern treaties. This rapid bit of current is the Sheitan Akindesi, or Devil's current, so said to be called because a Sultana had been angered by seeing a Christian congregation coming out of a church on Sunday, and had immediately given orders for the destruction of the church; whereupon on her return her boat was upset, and all saved but herself. It was in that long spreading house in the bay, that the sister of the present Sultan, the wife of Halil Pasha, kept long watch over her boy, to avoid the law which doomed all the male children of the sisters of the Sultans to immediate death; and when at

last she found that the child had been strangled, she died herself from the shock very soon afterwards. This tragedy has happily put an end to the practice.\* Into that dwelling the sister of the late Sultan, Ismeh Sultana, used to entice or force any handsome passer-by, and they were never heard of again. That very long façade is the house of Fuad Effendi, whom Prince Mentchikoff found the other day prime minister, and refused to visit.† Radiant and lovely as is the whole scene, I fear that, through all the successive dynasties and races, a heavy consciousness of crime ought to brood over these sensual shores. The streets of Pera appeared very hot to-day after the breezy Therapia; I went to some shops and studios, had luncheon with Dr. Sandwith, whose fine qualities grow upon all increasing acquaintance, and went with Mr. Skene to see the Sultan's new palace of Dolma Bagtshéh. It is built by an Armenian architect; the exterior has rather a glittering effect from a quantity of white marble, which is a great step in advance, as all previous palaces were of wood, but it is too much frittered into minute ornaments, so as to look like one of Gunter's most ornate wedding-cakes; the interior has some very fine spaces, especially the centre hall of audience, and a profusion of painted and gilded ceilings, which, however, are indifferently conceived and executed. There is a remarkable pretty bath of oriental alabaster. It will be some time before it can be finished, and it is difficult to conceive where the money can be got for this, and for much besides, in this agony of the

\* This story is positively contradicted in a recent number by a very well-informed writer in the "Quarterly Review." It certainly was currently believed in Constantinople.

† See a very full and sparkling account of the shores of the Bosphorus, in the recent work of Anadol.

nation's fortunes. It is a great pity that each Sultan should run up so many new palaces, and not concentrate their outlay upon the incomparable site of the old Seraglio. We returned by steam in time for the hotel dinner.

*August 11th.*—Saw Lord Stratford. Matters seem still much in suspense. Went to look at a cricket match between two elevens of the Retribution and the Triton steamers, on the little plain at Buyukdere, near the beautiful planes. I resumed my old Yorkshire function of keeping the score. Dined at the Hotel du Grand Croissant at Buyukdere; prefer ours at Therapia in all respects.

*August 12th.*—I wonder who are shooting grouse to-day at Naworth Castle. I went out with the artist Preziosi to select a spot for a view of the Bosphorus. I think we pitched upon a very judicious one, which, by comprising also the Turkish fleet and Egyptian camp, will fix the date as well as the scenery. I accompanied our invalid officer, Lieut. Greathed, to a Turkish bath in the village. It was quite a clean one. I dined at the Embassy with rather a larger party than usual. The repast was mainly given to the Spanish General Prim, Count of Reuss. He is come here with rather a large train of his countrymen to inspect the Turkish army. I sat by him at dinner, and thought him pleasing. He won the victory which gave him his title when he was twenty-seven. He will probably be rather late for his immediate object, as will also the first instalment of the Egyptian army, which arrived yesterday, for the Caradoc has just arrived with intelligence of nine days from London announcing peace. Fuad Effendi also dined. He converses in French with much ease and intelligence.

*August 13th.*—Walked to the village of Yenikeuy,

on the European side of the Bosphorus. The sort of towing-path walk is made less agreeable by its frequently running within the village frontage to the river. Drank tea with the Skenes. We hear that the Turks are much out of humor with us, as they think we have left them in the lurch, and, I believe, prevented their occupation of Moscow.

*August 14th.* — Service in the Retribution. Took a sail in the pinnace of the spirited first-lieutenant, Willes. The Egyptian troops were in the act of landing. They are fine-looking men, with very swarthy skins. The groups scattered among their piled arms had a picturesque effect. Had an early dinner on board the Retribution. Lady Emily Dundas and Lord Edward Russell were there; and we walked afterwards about the noble *plane group* of Buyukdère. Tea with the Skenes and Dr. Sandwith.

*August 15th.* — It has really taken to rain rather frequently. However, it never lasts long; and in the clear fresh afternoon I went in a caique with Lieutenant Great-hed to Buyukdère, called on Lady Emily, and walked back. After dinner I went to a ball at the French Embassy, given in honor of the Emperor's birthday. There were many pashas there,—not quite enough ladies. The best looks were contributed by the Anglo-Levantine families of Sarrell and Sanderson. I collect that there are still difficulties in the reception of the last project of peace.

*August 16th.* — I only paid some visits, and read on the Embassy garden divan; I dined there. There were two Eton masters,—Birch and Johnson,—which is, I should imagine, an unprecedented celerity of movement for the election holidays. I was happy to think them

very good specimens of their respected class. I hear on all sides that there is great exasperation against England among the Turks; and we are reproached with having encouraged them to resist Prince Mentchikoff's original demand, and now, after they have made great efforts, and incurred large expenses, counselling them to adopt a declaration slightly varied in form, but almost identical in effect. I am inclined to think that we ought either not to have gone so far at first, which I believe would have been best, or to go further now. It is thought possible that the Turkish government may still decide on resistance. The Great Council is to meet this week.

*August 17th.* — Steamed to Constantinople. Went with Captain Drummond to a copious shopping among the bazaars. Here you most lose sight of Europe. It is made a less fatiguing operation than it would otherwise be by your being able to sit conveniently on all the shop-boards as you transact your bargain with the turbaned Turk or classic-featured Greek who occupies them. The imperial city rises in beauty on every visit; the more so, probably, from not residing among its discomforts. To-day how each swelling dome and taper minaret seemed to bathe itself in the azure expanse above! I returned in the Caradoc. Tea with the Skenes. Some of the pleasant Sarrell family were there.

*August 18th.* — Went to see Lady Emily and Lord Edward at Buyukdere. Afterwards landed with Lieutenant Greathed at Beikos, said to have been the country of King Amycus, of the Argonautic period. I left my infirm companion in the Turkish coffee-house with his book and narghilé, and walked to two very pretty villages in the valley behind. There are good hills, with large underwood of walnut and arbutus. We have had

rather good dining company at the hotel. Lady Emily and Lord Edward have taken up their abode there. In the evening I went to Madame Baltazzi's, *born* Sarrell; pretty lady, pretty house, and pleasant family party. I played my first rubber of whist since I left England.

*August 19th.* — Started at seven in a caique with Captain Drummond; rowed down to Candili, where we were to breakfast at Mr. Hanson's. He is the principal English banker at Constantinople. His house and garden have most delightful views up and down the Bosphorus; I think it the gayest point of any I have seen. Good Mr. Blakiston read prayers before breakfast; after that meal with a large, comely family, we set off on horseback with three of the gentlemen belonging to it, and rode to the top of Allen-dagh, a high Asian hill, with a splendid view of both seas, the connecting Bosphorus, and Constantinople; we even saw the smoke and heard the echoes of the salute to the Sultan on his water procession to a mosque. From the hill, we descended to a very pretty wood, where we contrived not to find our way to a celebrated fountain; but we got very good water from a stream to accompany our sylvan luncheon. We returned by the place of embarkation near the sweet waters of Asia, where the Turkish women in their arabas and bright colors make very pretty grouping. We were glad to stretch ourselves on the ground and eat delicious grapes. Their profusion now is a great luxury. I got back in time to dine with Lord Stratford. In the evening, he sent off a telegraphic despatch, which will produce its rebound in England. It announces that the Grand Council of Turkey cannot accept the last proposition recommended to them by the powers without modifications; and that sooner than do so, they would be

prepared for all eventualities. This is, at least, a spirited step on their part.

*August 20th.* — I did not get further than the ambassador's garden. Dinner at the hotel; tea with the Skenes. The Caradoc is to start as soon as she gets on board the ambassador's full despatch to elucidate the telegraph of yesterday. Lady Emily, Mrs. Skene, and Mrs. Sarrell as their interpreter, had been down the Bosphorus in Lord Stratford's state caique, and paid visits to three harems. They were particularly struck with the splendor of one, belonging to the widowed daughter-in-law of Mehemet Ali of Egypt. They had a regular dinner, while beautifully-attired dancing-girls performed before them. They drank coffee from cups studded with diamonds. This lady has a thousand slaves; she called those in her house her adopted daughters. Our ladies had to smoke pipes continually.

*August 21st.* — The Caradoc did not start till seven, which indicates that Lord Stratford and his attachés spent the whole night in writing. Service on board the Retribution. I went over with Mr. Sarrell to see the Egyptian camp. We first went to the tent of Refik Bey, who acts as a sort of Turkish administrator for it. He seemed a very practical and intelligent man, rather given to waggishness, and dealing in much illustrative imagery, which seems the staple form of Turkish conversation. My companion was able to converse with him very fluently in Turkish. He complained that the whole world seemed in such dread of the Emperor of Russia; and his inquiries why we did not interfere to put a stop to the long warfare between the Russians and Circassians, as we had between the Turks and the Greeks, on the score of humanity, were somewhat difficult to satisfy.

He considers that steamboats have done much harm in preventing faithful reports of the real condition of a country, as travellers now only stop at the principal hotels, and imbibe the opinions of the first stranger or dragoman they converse with. Few travellers were without prejudice; and we feel towards them as towards portrait-painters,—delighted if they give us a favorable likeness; disgusted if it is an ugly one;—whereas we ought only to care for the truth. I told him that they ought to make him a pasha. He said he should not be able to pass through the requisite examination; but this he must have said, like Marmion, in covert scorn, as his acquirements were evidently very superior to those of the common run of pashas. The hospitality of the tent I found rather profuse, as I passed through three narghilés, three tchibouques, three cups of coffee, and one sherbet. I never had succeeded before in extracting the real contents of the tchibouque, and the result was that I felt a little sick and a little drunk.\* We were then mounted

\* The tchibouque is one of the difficulties in oriental travelling most formidable to one unaccustomed to the use of tobacco. In my visit to Stamboul, I had the honor of smoking two tchibouques with the Patriarch of Constantinople, and one with the Patriarch of Jerusalem, whose palace was near by the Patriarcheum, in the same afternoon. When I commenced, I felt the most unpleasant doubts as to the result, and the condition of Mr. Solomon Brass, in his interview with Quilp, was brought vividly to my mind.

“ ‘ Is it good, Brass ? ’ said Quilp; ‘ is it nice, — is it fragrant, — do you feel like the Grand Turk ? ’ ”

“ Mr. Brass thought that, if he did, the Grand Turk’s feelings were by no means to be envied; but he said it was famous, and he had no doubt he felt like that potentate.”

But, as I went on, finding the anticipated crisis did not arrive, I gathered courage, and watched with complacency the smoke that so gracefully curled up to the lofty ceiling of the patriarchal palace; and at the close of the performance, which included coffee and the other

by our host on horses, with Turkish saddles, and escorted by a colonel through the Egyptian camp, which is very picturesquely disposed in the Sultan's valley. - There are, at present, ten thousand men, and more are expected. They were going through their drill, and are, on the whole, fine swarthy-looking men. They had been very closely packed during their long voyage at sea, and suffered, on first landing, from change of diet, and especially from the quantity of melons they got hold of. These have been since forbidden. We remember that it cannot have been unaccustomed food to them, as Israel pined after the cucumbers, the melons and the leeks, of Egypt. I dined at a large diplomatic dinner at the French Embassy. I think there is something very well-bred and pleasing about the Count of Reuss. He starts for the camp at Schumla next week. Does he, perhaps, come on the part of France, where they may think that the inspection could be more plausibly conducted by a Spanish than a French general? The Prussian minister, M. de Wildenbrock, gave me a very encouraging account of Syrian and Egyptian travel. He thinks Thebes the only place with which it is impossible to be disappointed.

*August 22nd.* — Saw Lord Stratford. Walked with Lady Emily and Lord Edward in the valley of Therapia. Dined with Admiral Slade; only Captain Drummond besides, and the second captain of the ship, who only spoke Turkish. Our dishes were all Turkish, ending with the indispensable pilaw and yaourt, which is the same as sour Devonshire clotted cream. After two tchibouques we went to a small party at Mrs. Sarrell's.

oriental accompaniments, I felt much better than Lord Carlisle. I was neither "sick" nor "drunk," though a little queer, the difference being, perhaps, that I smoked with the patriarchs, while Lord Carlisle smoked with an unbelieving pacha.

F.

*August 23rd.*—The Caradoc returned, and brought orders for the Firebrand to proceed to some of the ports in the Archipelago, and permission for me to go with her. So this is the last day of my summer Bosphorus. It has been a smooth and pleasant time. I paid one or two visits; dined at the Embassy; drank my final tea with the Skenes and Dr. Sandwith.

*August 24th.*—A last dip in the sparkling, dancing, rushing, Bosphorus. My parting gayety was a small breakfast given by Lord Stratford in his pretty conservatory to Lady Emily Dundas. Mr. Skene accompanied me in my caique to the Firebrand steamer in the Golden Horn, and Dr. Sandwith came on board to take leave of me; and at five o'clock we left all the gleaming shores and waters of Constantinople. Captain Parker\* and his brother do everything for my comfort.

*August 25th.*—At sunrise we entered the Hellespont, which has quite a familiar aspect for me; we stopped for about two hours in Besika Bay, and I visited the kind admiral and pleasant friends in the Britannia. We see the comet well from the deck at night.

*August 26th.*—At daylight we were passing the Cape of Kara Bournou, and entering the Bay of Smyrna. This becomes very beautiful as you advance. The shapes

\* I must pause, upon the first mention of this honored and lamented name, to pay a very brief and imperfect tribute to the distinguished officer who bore it. He attained his rank of post captain at almost an earlier period than any of his fellows, but he amply justified his elevation by his professional abilities, and the virtues of his character. It can be very seldom our lot to encounter a devotion to duty at once so modest, so resolute, so entire. His short and spirited career was closed by an heroic death at the Sulina mouth of the Danube, and it is best attested by the deep and affectionate regret of his officers and crew. May God grant that the thread of my journal be not broken by any similar interruptions!

of the hills are extremely fine, especially two twin peaks called the "Brothers," and there are large strips of cultivation and verdure. I hailed a solitary palm. The town closes the bay well, and there is a picturesque outline of a ruined fort above it. I rowed with Captain Parker ashore, and called at the Health Office, and on the consul, Mr. Brant. His Armenian dragoman, called familiarly Black John, took great charge of me afterwards. We walked to the Bridge of Caravans, and then, at some expense of my fat companion's breath, to the top of the fortress hill. The view is most striking, and at the end of the fine bay there is a very rich vale or plain, covered with vine, olive, and cypress; still, however, a look of dryness and deadness is, as far as I have yet gone, the prevailing vice of eastern landscape, always excepting Broussa. But, however pleasant the environs of Smyrna may be, they are at present practically denied to the enjoyment of its inhabitants. A population of a hundred and fifty thousand is now cooped up within its walls by some six robbers, who occupy and command the country without. The brother of the Swedish Consul, not long ago, was walking with his children near his country-house. They alarmed the children into silence by threatening to kill their father if they told what had happened, and carried him up into the hills, till the ransom they prescribed was paid. This has happened in other instances; still more recently they presented themselves before some sportsmen, who had gone to shoot on an island in the bay; they were dressed as Turkish Custom-House officers, and on pretence of their not having brought their teskerés or passports, got hold of their guns, and then seized the shooters. One young man, I believe, on this occasion, was killed in trying to escape. The

chief of this band is Yani Katergi, or John the Postman, such having been his former pursuit. He is a Greek, and I fear some of his band are British Ionians. This state of siege of a large commercial community appears to me one of the most damning specimens I have yet heard of Turkish impotence; nevertheless, I find the general Frank opinion here is strongly in behalf of war with Russia. I am not sure that we were reckoned in entire safety during our walk to the hill fort; but the fat Armenian, and a very martial-looking young cavass of the consul's, had great confidence in their official safeguard. The fort itself was quite a ruin, and I was told, when I inquired, that it was built by the Genoese; they did build a great deal in these regions, but I remark that every old wall and tower are fathered upon them. The streets of Smyrna are narrow, not worse paved than those of Constantinople, and, I think, have a still more oriental appearance. I saw the process of packing the figs. The men and women employed had jars of water to wash their hands, and I did not think it seemed at all a dirtier operation than the ordinary culinary ones in any kitchen; so I think the descriptions that I have read in this, as in many other instances, much overcharged. There is a great dearth of merchant vessels to carry away the year's produce. The Greek population is as large as all the others, Turk, Armenian, Jew, and Frank, put together. They absorb the far greater part of the industrial pursuits of the country, including it seems that of robbing. There has been a considerable emigration here from the new kingdom of Greece; none of that which was anticipated after the establishment of the kingdom, from these quarters to Greece. Returned to the ship to dine.

*August 27th.*—Went on shore at eight; my friend,

the Armenian, who seems to have long served as interpreter to various British fleets and authorities, accompanied me, first in a caique and then in a kind of omnibus, to the very pretty village of Bournabat, six miles off, where many of the European merchants have their villas; we went into probably the best of these, Mr. Whittle's, a merchant of eminence here, with very distinguished manners; his garden was very well kept, and there are some beautiful old cypresses which I would have given a good deal to carry bodily away with me; but even here he is obliged to keep four or five Turkish guards, whom one sees strutting about, their ample girdles bristling with weapons; and he has received authentic intimations that the robbers entertain a design of carrying him or some of his grandchildren off, as they reckon that this would ensure an enormous ransom. On my return, I called on Mrs. Van Lennep, another very attractive daughter of the prolific house of Abbott. I took my coffee and narghilé in a coffee-house near the pier, which a short time ago was the scene of a shocking murder of a young Austrian naval officer, by some refugees; it happened in the wake of the Austrian and American quarrel about the Hungarian, Kosta, in which all parties seem to have acted wrong by turns.\* The spot commands a very lovely outline of

\* The conduct of Captain Ingraham, I think, was justifiable. The arrest of Kosta by the Austrians on a foreign territory was an outrage, which, on grounds of common humanity, called for interference. Add to this general consideration the fact that Kosta had been in the United States, and claimed protection as an American citizen, which there was at least *prima facie* evidence of his being, and Captain Ingraham not only had the right, but it was manifestly his duty, to interpose with the strong arm and protect Kosta until the case could be passed upon by the government. His action on the occasion received the general applause of the eastern world; and more than once I heard distinguished Englishmen speak of it as the "pluckiest" thing

bay and hill. Here I was unexpectedly joined by the two Eton masters and two officers whom I had met on the Bosphorus. I cannot say that I wished to stay longer at Smyrna, as there are no objects of interest, and no walks whatever near the town, even if there were no banditti; but its fine circle of mountain and bright stretch of gulf will leave a pleasant picture on the memory. Among the attractions, however, of Smyrna, I ought not to omit the Kassaba melon, beyond competition the finest fruit that I have ever tasted. Kassaba is a village about five miles inland. We weighed anchor shortly before sunset. To-night I played some rubbers of whist in the gun-room.

*August 28th.*—When I went on deck, this morning, the coast of Chios, “Scio’s rocky isle,” was receding from us; when our church service was finished, we were passing under the craggy Samos, which has fine forms, but all that meets the eye seems very uncultivated. The very deep blue of the Ægean, in profound calm except in its sparkles of golden sun-light, makes a lustrous setting to the gray, silvery Sporades. The more than mere classic Patmos has a very noticeable hill, with a convent on the top. The evening shades gathered round the heights of Cos.

*August 29th.*—With daylight we anchored before Rhodes. Mr. Newton, our vice-consul at Mitylene, but now acting for the consul here, came off to us while we were at breakfast, and accompanied us to the shore. His appointment among these classic isles does great credit to Lord Granville, who made it on recommendations from the British Museum, with which he had long been honor-

which had been done in our times, regretting that the credit of it did not belong to England.

F.

ably connected. His is one of those well furnished and tempered spirits, qualified to appreciate both the past and the present.\* As we rowed to the shore, the beauties of the outline of the city of Rhodes, with its triple harbor, and white towers, above the still, sapphire waves, were fully expanded before us. We took a very extensive walk, passing first across the very wide moat and under the feudal archways of the palace of the knights of St. John. The ruins are very stately, and, I imagine, exhibit a greater mixture of ornament with military architecture than could be commonly found. I have not seen Malta, to which there would be naturally the greatest resemblance; Mr. Newton conceives that the style here is considerably purer. I wished ardently that the ample knowledge and admirable taste of my friend, Mr. Salvin, could have been on the spot to derive and impart information. My reader must have discovered, before this, that, when I speak on any of the high topics of art or architecture, it is without the slightest knowledge of detail; I can only record the general impression upon eyes not insensible to their beauties. The effect now suggested was that of bits of Kenilworth, seen under cloudless skies, and topped by occasional palm-trees. From the palace we descended to the principal street, where are the hotels or inns (*auberges*) of the different nations; the armorial carvings upon the fronts of the houses are perfectly preserved, and still look most sharply chiselled. Here is the cardinal's hat of Emery D'Amboise, prior of the order, and many other shields, which I conceive must have great interest for a herald. We

\* Mr. Newton has been making very interesting archæological investigations in the islands, the results of which will no doubt be found of the greatest value.

came upon two representations of St. George and the Dragon, still surviving in fresco. The houses are all inhabited, but there is so little mid-day stir in Rhodes, that this street forcibly struck several of us as being like one in Pompeii. The town, as I hear is the case with its more modern derivative, Malta, is eminently clean, and the dwellings most substantial. Mr. Newton took me into the house of a Jew, which had a large carved wooden ceiling, like a manor-house in England. They served us, with great courtesy, to sweetmeats (*γλυκός*), coffee, and raki, the spirit of the island. We concluded our walk with the circuit of the ramparts, which is very extensive, and would move to envy the philanthropic soul of Mr. Slaney, as a public walk; but here we were obliged to take a cavass of the pasha's to gain admittance. The views are very beautiful, of dazzling white building, and calm blue sea, and gardens glossy with fig, orange and palm trees, and the deep-grooved Carian and Lycian hills on the opposite coast. In one of the intervals of our long walk, the captain of the ship, the consul and I, paid a visit to Ismael Pasha, who is at the head here of a very extensive pashalic, including a large proportion of the islands; he is a grandson of Ali Pasha, of Yanina, and seems to be one of the best conditioned and enlightened of the body. He received us with very distinguished courtesy. He expressed himself much pleased at seeing that I wore a fez. He bestowed great commendation on Mr. Newton, with whom he converses in Greek. Mr. Newton dined with us on board the ship.

*August 30th.* — At five, I started with a party of officers from the ship. We assembled at Mr. Newton's house, and there were all mounted on mules. We were about fifteen, which, with a number of Greek running

footmen, and one or two sumpter mules with provisions, made rather an imposing cavalcade. We rode first about eleven miles (but distance gives no adequate measure of mule-pace) to a very picturesque fountain near the ruins of Villa Nuova, which had been a mediæval fortress. It is the general halting-place of the muleteers. Here, under some very spreading plane-trees, our meal was prepared. The main article was a lamb, which was roasted whole on a large spit. The process had a very Homeric look. While it was going on, some of the officers attempted shooting, but found nothing, and it was intensely hot. We sat down first to a pilau, and then to the lamb, which was spread out upon the branches of trees. A pretty part of the meal was a large pannier of grapes, pomegranates, figs and water-melons, which had been procured in the neighboring village, and were put to cool under the fall of the sparkling fountain. Some of the Greeks danced and sung to us; it was not very unlike the Highland reel. In our way home we made a diversion, and climbed to the top of a very steep hill, most of us on foot, but one or two mules conquered the ascent. On the summit was formerly seated Ialyssus, one of the three Rhodian communities in the Trojan time,

*Λίνδον, Ἰηλυσσόν τε, καὶ ἀργινόεντα Κάμειρον.\**

B. 656.

Very few vestiges of a town now remain; but there is a picturesque ruin of one of the castles of the knights, and a nearly subterranean chapel of the Virgin, with frescoes quite apparent. The view over seas and shores is very striking, closed on the side of the interior by Mount Atabyrius, sacred to Jove.

\* "Jalissus, Lindus, and Camirus white."

*Pope.*

ὦ Ζεῦ πάτερ, νό-  
-τοισιν Ἀταβυρίου  
μεδέων.\* — *Pind. Ol. 7*

Our road passed through the village of Trianta, and I could not but be struck that, whereas, on the Bosphorus the palaces of the Sultan, pashas and ambassadors, are all built of wood, here the dwellings of the poorest cultivators have stone walls, of great thickness, and look like the peels, or towers of defence, in the northern counties of England. We got back at eight; and I must just put in here, that, though considerable portions of the day had been full of enjoyment, yet fifteen hours of unbroken pleasure-party would be too much even in Elysium, and we, most of us, returned in a state of immense physical fatigue. The ship's company went on board to steam away immediately. I have made a change of plan, and as, by keeping with the ship, I should have only anticipated future visits to Beyrout and Alexandria, and as the attraction of Mr. Newton's society, and the climate and beauty of this old island of the Sun-God, tempt me to enjoy more of them all, I shall remain here a few days. He kindly gives me a room in his house. There are besides, staying in it, his dragoman, Mr. Blunt, son of our consul at Salonica, and young Mr. Colnaghi, who is engaged in taking views with the Calotype.

*August 31st.* — If the expression could be used, the fatigue of yesterday has physically demoralized me, and I was good for nothing all day. My kind host is full of attention.

*September 1st.* — I had not improved, and I sent for

\* "O thou, who, high on Atabyrius throned,  
Seest from his summits all this happy isle."

*West.*

the Italian quarantine doctor, Signor Marinelli. He attributes my ailment to a perspiration driven back on the stomach, which may be a good cause or not. He ordered a mustard bath for my feet, and sent me to bed.

*September 19th.* — Here is indeed a long interval. I must have been thoroughly unwell when I made the last three entries, for the next day — the 2nd — an eruption appeared on my breast, and I acquiesced in the version that it was the reâction of the perspiration returning to the surface. However, it turned out to be an attack of small-pox, mitigated, I presume, by my having received vaccination in my childhood at no less illustrious hands, I believe, than those of Dr. Jenner, and once subsequently. I was not myself aware of the real nature of the disorder till it was subsiding. At first, I suffered considerably from depression and restlessness ; the nights seemed eternal. I have reason to think that I was treated, on the whole, with considerable skill and tact by the doctor, which he chiefly evinced by leaving as much to nature as possible. At one time, when I was confined to a diet of elder-flower tea and tamarind syrup, I had misgivings whether enough was done for my support. My kind host and my faithful servant naturally felt some uneasiness, which resulted in the appearance, on the 12th, of Dr. M'Craith, an Irish physician long settled at Smyrna, in high and just repute there ; and on the same afternoon of Dr. Rees, the excellent ship's doctor of the *Britannia*, whom the good admiral had sent down directly he heard of my attack. The last, finding that my convalescence had begun, and that the Smyrna doctor was able to stay on ten days with me, returned to his duties next day. Dr. M'Craith gradually promoted me to more generous

diet; first tea, then soup, then partridge, then a glass of sherry, and so on, from which, I imagine, the scrupulous caution of my original Italian leech would have debarred me for some time longer. Dr. M'C. had considerable resources in conversation as well as in art, and at all events he made me feel that my illness had not been altogether unprofitable, as he did an infinite deal of good among the poor natives of the island, especially in couching them for cataracts, there being no surgical assistance whatever in the island. But the zeal shown by my friends has not even ended yet; for, this morning, my own valued Dr. Sandwith has dropped in from Constantinople, and it is the first upon which I have felt any real consciousness of returning vigor. The ailment, indeed, has been a sorry check to my few allotted months of eastern travel, but it has been tempered by very many special calls for gratitude. It found me not in some lone Turkish village,—not in a confined steam-boat,—not in a tent amid the desert; but in a well-built, airy house, on an island reputed the healthiest of the Sporades, the windows of my own bed-room commanding the purple strait between us and the indented mountains of Asia; with a host to whom making exertions and sacrifices for others is the pleasurable exercise of his own bright nature, without any family to inspire fears of infection, with judicious advice on the spot to watch the early symptoms, and with the best medical skill of the Levant scouring about in steamers to speed my recovery. Be the praise where it is due! Be the impression what it should be!

*September 22nd.* — I shall not think of troubling the readers of this diary with the details of my convalescence, which goes on very smoothly. Dr. M'Craith returned

to Smyrna by the steamer this morning. I take pleasure in again recording my gratitude for his efficient services. Dr. Sandwith and Mr. Blunt (Mr. Newton's dragoman — an excellent youth) have been on a shooting expedition for two days in the hills. They saw many partridges, and looked for deer, but they have not abundantly replenished our larder. I am, however, well supplied with Rhodian partridges. The markets of the island are not very prolific. I believe the population is about twenty-eight thousand,—twenty thousand Greeks, six thousand eight hundred Turks, one thousand Jews, two hundred Franks. There seems to be very little of real distress among them; scarcely any beggars, except a few lepers. Their houses are, for the most part, well-built and clean; the people are very temperate in food, and live much on their water-melons, grapes, and olives. But then, while such is the general run of their self-sufficing existence, there is scarcely any money among them; so, when sickness comes, they can ill meet the expense of the requisite remedies. Hence the value they have justly placed on the disinterested attention exhibited by Dr. M'Craith during his ten days' sojourn among them. I find that the Greek girls marry at as early an age as twelve, and the Turkish women are said to do so still sooner. There is the same account here as everywhere of the shiftlessness and increasing poverty of the Turk, the industry and energy of the Greek. No Turkish girl is ever put out to service, which is one contributing cause to these results. The Turkish lad or youth is liable to be drafted off to the army, from which he, perhaps, most frequently never returns. Much natural complaint hence arises among the Turks themselves that the Rayahs, or non-Mussulman subjects of the Porte, are not made liable to

service in the army or navy. Could they, however, be trusted? This is one of the problems most pregnant with the future destinies of the Ottoman Empire.

*September 25th.* — Two Egyptian steamers passed by to-day, on their way to Beyrout to fetch more troops. This looks as if the complexion of affairs at Constantinople had become less pacific. It is now some time since we have received either papers or news from the continent. If I did not feel that I was losing precious opportunity of seeing countries that I am not likely to revisit, I should not grudge these hours of insular convalescence. The climate is very perfect. There is the sensual pleasure of satisfying the keenness of the recovering appetite. I have a sufficient command of books in old and modern languages; and I have the friendly society of two accomplished and noble-minded men, one of whom, Mr. Newton, has treated an acquaintance of yesterday, attacked in his house with a contagious disorder from which most men might have shrunk, with the watchfulness of a nurse and the tenderness of a brother; and the other, Dr. Sandwith, has, notwithstanding various and pressing avocations in the capital, made a long journey to this remote island, spontaneously and most disinterestedly, on the chance that his services might be useful, and even persevered in it after he learned, on his way, that any risk which there might have been was at an end.

*September 28th.* — My two friends have been for two nights in the interior on a partly sporting, partly exploring expedition. Of game they did not see much; but Mr. Newton was rewarded by finding several pieces of Greek pottery, precisely of the kind which appears so long to have been erroneously appropriated to the Etruscans. There were two vases or cups, of remarkably

pretty form; on one of them *Χαίρε καὶ πῖνε* is inscribed. They slept at a Greek village, and are much impressed both with the gayety and well-being of the inhabitants, though neither of them are by any means admirers of the Greek character in the higher ranges of society. The life of the peasantry here does appear, as I have already called it, a very self-sufficing one; besides raising their own food, they make their own clothing. They have not sufficient enterprise to manufacture oil out of their numerous olives. They appear to me to have very parallel dispositions to the French "Habitans" of Canada; but our ascendancy is clearly a much better one than that of the Turks. My progress goes on steadily in this most genial climate. I have had two walks, and two rides upon mules. Mr. Newton took me to the fountain of Symbole, a delicious spring, with all its accessories framing it round most worthily. It is difficult in such spots not to feel a wish to worship the presiding Naiad. We stretched ourselves under some gigantic planes, their broad, glossy leaves letting in the pure blue ether above, just on the brink of a romantic dell, in which the varying green of the olive, the palm and the plane, mingled most harmoniously, and an old gray aqueduct spanned the ravine at just the proper place. Climb a bit of rocky bank just above, and you see a very perfect view of the city of Rhodes, with its old battlements and high Christian tower rising above the expanse of gardens in which they are quite islanded, the blue Ægean expanse beyond, with the bold fringe of the Carian and Lycian mountains,

"Viridis Cragi."\* — *Hor.* l. 1, c. 21.

to enclose the picture.

\* "Or Cragus' ever verdant glade." — *Smart.*

*October 2nd.* — We have had three days of equinoctial gale and tempest. It is well to have been so comfortably housed during such rough weather, instead of being bound

“ Across the desert or before the gale.”

*Bride of Abydos.*

Dr. Sandwith left us this morning in the steamer for Constantinople. We shall miss him extremely, but we are glad that he should not be detained longer from the duties of the capital.

*October 3rd.* — This morning my old acquaintance, the Firebrand, arrived, which the admiral had kindly desired to call here again, during the progress of a second tour upon which it has been despatched among the islands, and to carry me with them up to the fleet. Besides the steamer there arrived a series of no less than twenty *Galignan*s, rather a formidable number for simultaneous digestion,—an arrear of letters from home, which gave me very great delight,—and, what is of most importance, intelligence from Constantinople, that, upon the receipt of the Russian refusal to accept the Turkish modifications of the Vienna note, the Ottoman Council have resolved on immediate war. So, to-morrow, I shall really leave Rhodes. I walked in the evening with Mr. Newton, and saw a farewell sunset of its patron God, which happened to be the finest I have observed in the Levant, where I should say that, on the whole, they are wanting in brilliancy and variety of tint. But I am glad to leave the island in its restored beauty of climate.

*October 4th.* — There could not, accordingly, have been a more perfect day. We did not start till the evening, and I closed my island residence as I had begun it, by an expedition on mules, with a large party of the same

ship's company ; we did not, however, go further than the fountain of Symbole, and had there a much less elaborate repast. On our return, we paid a second visit to the pasha, who had been extremely attentive in his inquiries during my illness, and I wished to express my thanks in person. I am assured that he gave me a very flattering reception, having a more than usual array of dragomans, cavasses, pipe-bearers. He believes in the certainty of war, and rather expects that it will be proclaimed to-day, which is the new-year's day of the Turks. All he said concerning England was very civil, but I heard that yesterday he expressed himself with some mistrust. As soon as our pipes were over, we took leave of his excellency, who, however, immediately followed us to the Firebrand, where he was received with yards manned, a guard of honor, &c. Thus we did our best to evince the unbroken amity of the two countries. Upon his departure, we weighed anchor, and saw the shores of Rhodes fade from our sight under the youngest crescent of the new moon. Mr. Newton comes with us as far as the island of Calimno, whither, I believe, he is bound rather more on antiquarian than on strictly consular business. It is a happy circumstance that our public servants should be able to employ any leisure from their official duties in pursuits which are likely not to be without direct benefit to the national stock of knowledge and taste. I trust I do not leave this fair island and hospitable roof-tree without fervent gratitude for all the mercies received there, of many of which my good friend has been empowered to be so active an instrument.

In a lighter strain, I may remark that it would have appeared somewhat ungrateful in this island to have given me a grave ; in proof of which I append two paraphrases

that I made very many years ago, of the beautiful legend of the birth of Rhodes in Pindar, Ol. 7.

“ Cum fati imperio, primâ sub origine mundi,  
 Eligerent proprium Dique Deæque larem,  
 Tum sibi Junonem dîtes cepere Mycenæ,  
 Cepit in umbrosis saltibus Ida Jovem ;  
 Tum Venus est sortita Paphon, tum celsa Cythera ;  
 Tum juga Cecropii casta Minerva soli ;  
 At Phœbo, rutili dextrâ dum fræna diei  
 Tenderet, haud Phœbo contigit ulla domus ;  
 Ille autem, liquidi mersam sub marmore ponti  
 Vidit adhuc parvam delituisse Rhodon,  
 Jamdudum e pelago crescentem, aurasque petentem  
 Vidit, et in cano prata virere salo ;  
 ‘ Hanc, Pater, hanc concede domum, tuque insula,’ clamat,  
 ‘ Ocyûs e vitreis exoriare vadis,  
 Exoriare, potens armis, atque ubere felix,  
 Magna parens ovium, magna futura virûm ;  
 Do tibi, tranquillo facilem parere colono,  
 Do tibi, natis imperitare fretis.’ ”

“ When at Creation’s radiant dawn uncurled,  
 Rolled the gray vapors from a new-made world,  
 Each bright Immortal chose a home below,  
 Which most his presence and his name should know.  
 Then Jove first trod his Ida’s forest bower,  
 Then Juno reared Mycenæ’s royal tower ;  
 Minerva sat on Sunium’s rocky throne,  
 And claimed the Attic olive for her own ;  
 While Venus shed the lustre of her smile  
 Round high Cythera, and her Paphian isle.  
 No Deity but owned some honored hill,  
 Some solemn grove, or consecrated rill.  
 Phœbus alone, as on th’ ethereal way  
 He sped the flaming coursers of the day,  
 Amid the conclave of the clouds forgot,  
 Upon the earth he gladdens found no lot.  
 When lo ! far down beneath the glassy tide  
 One hidden shore he viewed, then joyful cried :  
 ‘ Change not for me the allotments of the sky,  
 Naught can escape Apollo’s piercing eye ;

See, in the folds of Ocean's azure vest,  
A brighter, greener bower than all the rest.  
Rise, lovely Island, from the crystal flood,  
Rise, clothed with harvest, vintage, lawn and wood ;  
Rhodes be thy name ! With shoot elastic rise,  
Spurn the salt depths, and bask beneath the skies ;  
From thy moist surface heave the silvery spray,  
Spread thy young bosom to my golden ray ;  
On thee through all the year shall breathe and gleam  
My balmiest zephyr, and my brightest beam ;  
Cities and harbors shall adorn thy coast,  
War, commerce, art, shall be alike thy boast,  
Thy maids all beautiful, thy sons all brave,  
And thou the mistress of thy natal wave.' "

*October 5th.* — Sunrise found us in the bay of Calimno. It makes rather a complete picture in itself. A small smooth recess, among gray, rocky hills ; a small, white town, or Marina, on the shore ; a mile or two above, another white town, which has been comparatively deserted for the superior convenience of the beach ; and, close impending over the last, the ruins of a fortified wall and still older town, perched on its crag or eyrie, which I must not call inaccessible, as some of the officers scaled it, but which, at all events, looks as if it must have been completely impregnable by all old modes of warfare. This series of towns is according to a scale described by Plato, and shows the progressive wants of society,—defence on the summit, comparative facility of access on the slope, commerce and navigation on the shore. The great field of Calimniot commerce is the acquisition of sponges, in which these islanders are said to exhibit great activity and enterprise ; in the summer almost the whole male population leaves the island mainly on this quest. We walked as far as the middle town, where Mr. Newton was speedily surrounded by numbers of the Greek

natives, bringing coins for sale. We passed the ruins of two old temples. There is but one single Turk in the island, who acts as Mudir, or deputy-governor. We were told that the Greek population care very little for peace of war, or any political question, provided only that no one interferes with their quietly getting sponges. They are lightly taxed and industrious, and accordingly care little.

“ Quid bellicosus Scythes cogitet.” \*

I am bound to say, that, with the exception of occasional outrages and collisions, when the passions have been roused, and of some instances of extortion, where men in authority are remote from observation and from check, the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte is one of great practical freedom and ease. We left Mr. Newton alone among them, and sped our way onward; the sun sunk nearly behind the swelling mound of Patmos. I shall become well acquainted with the outlines of the Sporades.

*October 6th.*— There was great beauty in the sunrise gilding the long extent of the town of Scio, as we steamed in front of it this morning. We landed, and walked about with our vice-consul, Signor Vedova, a very hearty and intelligent Italian. The long line and successive terraces of town even yet exhibit an immense proportion of ruins, to attest the massacres perpetrated by the Turks during the Greek revolution in 1822 and 1826; almost the most complete and deplorable that ever occurred. Here, indeed, was one of the exceptional cases to which I have referred; but it cannot be denied, on the other hand, that the circumstances and provocations were also excep-

\* “ Cease to inquire what Scythian bands devise.”

*Smart.*

tional. The number slaughtered has been computed at from twenty-four thousand to thirty thousand, which exceeds the present population of the island. A large portion of the women and children were sold into slavery; almost every house burned, all the gardens, which had been the especial pride of Scio, destroyed.\* By a species

\* The massacre of Scio is properly characterized by Lord Carlisle, and it would have justified the Christian powers of Europe in driving the Turks back to Asia, whence they came. I subjoin a brief sketch of its horrors drawn from the most authentic sources.

“The most striking and terrible event of the year 1822 was the massacre of Scio. The inhabitants of this island had risen to a high degree of wealth and refinement. The population, before the revolution, was estimated at more than one hundred thousand. They took little or no part in the war until March, 1822, when an insurrection broke out, and the Turkish garrison was shut up in the citadel. The Capitan Pacha, or Turkish admiral, who was on his way to the Peloponnesus with a large fleet, changed his plan, and suddenly landed fifteen thousand men upon the island, resolved to strike terror into the people by an example of frightful severity. A massacre of the defenceless inhabitants at once commenced, such as the annals of warfare seldom record. Men, women, and children were tortured, and then put to death. Some fled to the mountains, and hid themselves in caverns; others succeeded in getting on board the foreign ships lying in the harbor; others made their escape to the neighboring islands; more than forty thousand were slain in the course of a month; thousands of the most refined and cultivated were carried off, and sold into slavery in the bazaars of Smyrna and Constantinople. Many were bought by Turks for the pleasure of torturing and putting them to death; and many — as eye-witnesses to these scenes have related — were redeemed by Europeans residing in Smyrna, who sacrificed their wealth in this work of Christian charity. From one hundred and twenty thousand the population was reduced to sixteen thousand souls, in one year; a terrible catastrophe, an unheard-of series of atrocities, for which our own age is responsible. The news of these events filled all Greece with sorrow and indignation. The Hydriotes, Spezziotes, and Ipsariotes sailed with a large fleet under the command of the illustrious naval hero, Andreas Miaoulēs, and on the 19th of May encountered the Turkish armament between Scio and the coast of Asia Minor, and a

of reaction, the children of many that escaped have been educated in Europe, and now constitute the most enterprising of the Greek houses in London, Manchester, and the Levant. The doomed island sustained a further loss a few winters ago, when the unusual cold entirely destroyed the orange, lemon, and mastic trees, which supplied a material share of its commerce. There now seems a considerable show of activity both in the town and harbor. The Greek population is about eighteen thousand to eight hundred Turks. There was considerable disappointment at first among the Greeks at not being assigned to the new kingdom of Greece, when it was originally constituted; but it is said now that there is no tendency to excitement among them. They are very industrious, but are reckoned extremely sharp in their dealings. This seems, indeed, the common attribute of the Greek character, and it is supposed to give them no little advantage over our English competition. We set off for Smyrna before noon, and carried thither the wife and daughter of the vice-consul. Madame Vedova has lived twenty-three years at Scio, and complains wofully of its blank and unre-

battle ensued. But it was not until June that deserved vengeance overtook the bloody Kara Ali,—the Capitan Pacha,—at the hands of another Greek hero, Canarēs, who with his countrymen had been watching at Ipsara an opportunity of striking a fatal blow at the hostile fleet. By a bold movement, he conducted some fire-ships within the Turkish lines, and, attaching one of them to the prow of the flag-ship, which was lying at anchor in the centre of the fleet, instantly set it on fire. Canarēs and his gallant crew escaped in a boat; the ship was burned; two thousand men perished. The Capitan Pacha, severely injured by the flames, leaped into a boat, but had scarcely seated himself when one of the masts fell, crushing him and capsizing the boat; and he was borne ashore by swimmers, bruised and burnt, and in a dying condition, and expired, in the midst of the most terrible sufferings, on the very scene of his unparalleled cruelties.”

F.

deemed solitude. We did not arrive at Smyrna till an hour after sunset, when we made an ineffectual attempt to induce the quarantine authorities to allow the ladies to land. It required some ingenuity to accommodate them for the night. As a sort of compensation to them, the ship's company got up an impromptu dance, with a solitary but very efficient fiddle; and any friends who may be anxious about my health would have been reassured, if they could have seen me leading off Sir Roger de Coverley, with the vice-consul's lady.

*September 7th.*—Several visitors came on board during breakfast, — my doctor, M'Craith, whom I was cordially glad to see again, his colleague, Dr. Wood, Mr. Turrell, the principal of a new school or college here, young Mr. Abbott. We find war actually proclaimed by Turkey, and many accompanying reports of all complexions. They have not yet taken their robber here, Yani Katergi, but there have been no very recent displays of his activity. Some one mentioned a trivial symptom of the manner in which the Greeks edge the Turks out of every species of industry; but it is characteristic of the universal procedure. Packing up figs in boxes is known to be the staple business of the place. The Turks formerly derived a large profit by packing the figs in round boxes; it occurred to some one that it would economize space to pack them in square boxes; the Greeks accordingly immediately took to the manufacture of the square; the Turks go on with the round. Some one asked why. "O," they said, "they had always made them round, and should go on doing so." The Greeks have accordingly got all the employment, and this is the epitome of the relations of the two races. Soon after breakfast, I went on shore with young Mr. Blunt, and

called on the consul, on Mr. Hanson, one of our most prominent merchants, Dr. M'Craith, and at Mr. Turrell's school. There are about fifty scholars, of all sizes, climes, and races, except the Mussulman. They were for the most part fine-looking youths; and Mr. Turrell seems full of zeal, good sense, and good nature. The institution, however, is not self-supporting, and has hitherto had partly to rely on the public spirit of a few of the English inhabitants. It would really appear that the object of training a number of well-taught and well-principled young men to fill the office of dragoman at the different diplomatic and consular stations, now often fearfully abused by the Greeks, Armenians, and other races who chiefly hold these posts, might justify some moderate national outlay. While I speak censoriously of other nations, I must not conceal the regret I have felt in perceiving that the English name, as connected with commercial and consular proceedings, does not universally hold the high place which it once did, and which one wishes for it. Of course there are very bright exceptions. A generous English education would go far to redress this degenerating tendency. Great responsibility attaches to the proper selection of consuls; and I hope the time is past when failure and insolvency in trade will be considered as the main qualification for a class of appointments which, in remote regions, and among anomalous populations, assumes a high degree of influence and importance. Mr. Turrell told me, that, since he had been here, he had begun to put faith in the prospect of Greek regeneration. Their quickness and aptitude in learning is beyond question; moral principle, and some love of truth, very generally remain to be acquired. I made one Greek youth read some Homer, to show me

their pronunciation. By the afternoon steamer I went to Bournabat once more ; on this occasion to spend the night at Dr. Wood's. He has a good house and pleasant little garden, with some of the beautiful cypresses that are the glory of the village. Mrs. Wood is sister of Mrs. Abbott, whom I had met with the Calverts. She is pleasant, and very accomplished. It is the fashion of the place for the neighboring families to sit for an hour after sunset before their respective gates, and receive visits. This is very luxurious in the cooled glow of the eastern autumn-even-tide. At eight we had a very substantial *thé-soupatoire*, the more acceptable to me as I had not dined ; and afterwards some of the previous visitors of the gate came in again. The circle comprised some pretty ladies and good musicians. Such is the easy life of the Levant.

*October 8th.*—At seven I started with some of the gentlemen, mercantile and medical, who go into Smyrna every morning for their respective duties. The gulf looked very lovely in still water, before the surface was rippled by the “Imbat” or gale which blows in shore, almost without fail, every day of the year, and refreshes the town. There is a good deal that recalls Naples in the outline of both bay and hill. At eleven I went to the pasha, having heard that he had expressed a wish to see me. Ismael Pasha was a Greek of the Morea by birth, early sold into slavery with the rest of his family. I am told that one of his brothers is doing well in America, another holds a good place in the Turkish army or navy, and he himself is here Pasha of Smyrna. He has been minister of commerce, has been in France and England, and talked very fluently to me in French. He seemed very anxious for the intervention of France and England. He gave me a very distinguished reception ;

each of my two pipes had two diamond rings round them (I mention this, as Mr. Blunt tells me that Levantine merchants have been known to bribe the pasha's officers to give them a finer pipe than their colleagues). He came into the outer room with me, and when I got down stairs, I found a white horse, with a resplendent saddle-cloth, on which, escorted by numerous attendants, I rode back through the streets and bazaars. I partook, between twelve and one, of Dr. M'Craith's very comfortable morning meal, which was, in fact, a dinner. He took me afterwards to see a very spacious and rather handsome church in the process of building by the Armenians; a part of the ways and means was furnished by robbing a passing Armenian merchant of five thousand pounds. Some of the modern Armenian and Greek houses look very luxurious, with vestibules full of orange-trees and occasional fountains. We left Smyrna about eight o'clock; a large party of the officers had made a very dashing cavalry excursion, under the guidance of young Blunt, who is most justly an universal favorite, and had much enjoyed their evolutions, notwithstanding sundry falls.

*October 9th.*—We anchored early off the town of Mitylene. The neighborhood, covered with olive groves, had a very luxuriant look, as seen from the ship. After service, which is most creditably performed by the young chaplain, Mr. Rogers, we landed, mounted on mules, and rode over a steep ridge of the island, through a continuous grove of olive, mixed with oleander and poplar, and broken by views of the sapphire sea and pale blue mountains of Asia, to Port Oliviero, or Iero, a beautiful inland basin, where navies may anchor, and even manœuvre, and which is one of the possible destinations of our fleet this winter. There is one point, with a double view of sea on each

side, which is most transcendent. I have not generally been very enthusiastic about the beauty of the Ægean islands, there is such a sad deficiency of verdure, and of relief to the gray barren crag; but this old Lesbos is clearly the first in beauty of those which I have as yet seen. We halted at the house of a proprietor in a Greek village; he was a very courteous old man, who told us that he should be very happy, but was in fact made miserable by having six daughters, as, when they married, he was obliged to give each of them a dower of four thousand dollars, a town house and a country house. Some of our officers thought they could not do better than to propose on the spot. An impromptu luncheon was served to us with great nicety and cleanliness. I give its components,—poached eggs, an excellent salad of sage and anchovy, olives, pomegranates, melons, water-melons, with, of course, coffee and sweetmeats. We thought there was a good deal of beauty among the islanders,—extant specimens of Sapphos and Phaons. We left our friend Blunt on the shore, to assume the duties of vice-consul in Mr. Newton's absence. Every one was very sorry to part with him.

*October 10th.*—One more night's steaming brought us, on the brightest of mornings, to the fleet at Besika Bay. The sight derived additional animation from some two hundred merchantmen, with all their sails up, reflected on the motionless water, to catch the faintest indications of the breeze that might come. I left the Firebrand, which has given me such pleasant conveyance, and transferred myself to my old hospitable quarters in the Britannia; where, I need hardly add, I had the most cordial reception from the kind admiral and his officers. All are waiting with the greatest anxiety for the next

directions from England, or summons from Constantinople. They had to-day been just four months in Besika Bay, which they have thought far more than sufficient. There has been a good deal of fever in some ships; not many deaths. Mr. Blunt, the Master in Chancery, uncle to our young friend, Lord Edward Russell, and Lord John Hay, dined with us.

*October 11th.* — We all felt considerable excitement this morning as letters from Constantinople made us think it possible that the fleets might be ordered up there immediately. It would have been almost too good fortune to have arrived just in time for such an epoch and such a spectacle. However, the more probable opinion is that the summons will not arrive at soonest before the answer comes from the Russian head-quarters to the Turkish demand for the evacuation of the Principalities within fifteen days. The young prince of Leiningen, nephew to the Queen, who is serving on board this ship as a midshipman, dined with the admiral to-day. He is very highly spoken of as entirely unassuming, and most attentive to his duties.

*October 12th.* — It is the most perfect weather, — cloudless days and moonlights, which makes us grudge all the more not going up to the Golden Horn. The French admiral, Barbière de Tinan, and a large party dined here; he has distinguished manners. There was also an abbé from the French flag-ship, of whom all our officers are fond. Our admiral's table is abundantly served. To-day we had turtle from Alexandria, venison from Tunis, partridges from Imbros, grapes from Lesbos.

*October 13th.* — The Inflexible steamer came from Constantinople. It appears that the fleets are hardly likely to be summoned thither till there is overt war

between Russia and Turkey. The Sultan, however, has decidedly applied for their presence. We had another large banquet to-day, including the other two French admirals, and, what is a greater rarity in the squadron, a woman, the Vicomtesse de Chabannes, wife of the captain of the *Charlemagne*. She is English by birth, and a very cheerful lady.

*October 14th.* — Admirals Dundas and Hamelin had a conference, this morning, about their respective places of anchorage, if they proceed upwards. It seems to be provisionally settled that the English squadron will be at the town of the Dardanelles, and the French off Gallipoli or Lampsacus. I am afraid we shall lose the sight of the combined fleet entering the Golden Horn together, which would have been a very signal exhibition. We dined on board the *Charlemagne*, where the reception was very kind, and the fare very good. I like the captain, M. de Chabannes, extremely. After dinner, the abbé of the ship went out to say some short prayers to the crew. One should like much to copy this practice.

*October 15th.* — After breakfast, I left the ship with Mr. Calvert, and rode with him to his village dwelling of Eren-keuy. We took a road I had not seen, leaving on our left the mounds that bear the names of Peneleus, Antilochus, Achilles and Patroclus; and we went up to the tomb of Ajax, which has received a more decided confirmation from a temple having been built there, called the Aianteion. The mound itself has been opened at some period. There are some remains apparently of Roman architecture on the spot. This ride of fourteen miles made me feel sufficiently stiff after my recent weakening; but I got a walk after an early dinner. For an eastern evening it was rather overcast; but the conical

form of Mount Athos was most distinct at a distance of ninety miles.

*October 16th.* — A most peaceable Sunday. Mr. Calvert read the service. He told me they had prayed for me during my illness; so to-day I begged him to return thanks for my recovery. Many sick persons come to him for advice, and even for the simpler surgical operations. We took a pretty walk with the ladies after dinner, through lanes and vineyards, which, at spring-time, must be very attractive in their fresh green.

*October 17th.* — At seven we mounted. Rode first to Mr. Calvert's Asiatic farm. Some new machinery was putting up, and it seemed singular to find implements from Croskill of Beverley, and Garrett of Saxmundham, on the plains of Troy. I went to see the mound which has been lately opened, and which contains the layer of calcined human bones, assumed to be the remains of the Trojans buried during the truce, of which I have already spoken. The neighboring ground, to a large extent, has been used as a burying-place, but for a far later generation. Any number of large earthen-ware jars or coffins may be dug up, in which bones are found, and one or more very small earthen-ware jars, or lachrymatories. I carried away one of these, which was dug up during an excavation Mr. Calvert had ordered while we were there. The fabric is supposed to be of about the time of Philip or Alexander. After an acceptable luncheon on the farm premises, crowned by some Kaimak, an excellent kind of clotted cream procured from the Turcoman shepherds, we rode on to Bounar-bachi, and the summit of Troy. I found that I had seen this glorious sight very superficially during my former hurried visit. We drank from those beautiful springs of the Scamander which gush up amidst

its soft cradle of verdure,—the gem of the wide, bare plain, and a fit home for every Naiad. On turning the mound of *Æsyetes*, in our way back, we came upon the view of the combined fleets, still quietly riding on their anchors, and unsummoned to more busy waters. I reached the admiral's ship just in time for his dinner at sunset, and I find that, though it had been a longer ride than the last, either practice or the classic breezes had prevented me from feeling it so much. In the evening, the French steamer *Chaptal* arrived with orders from the ambassadors at Constantinople to the admirals to send two ships of the line and four or five steamers to the Bosphorus, as soon as the Sultan's firman for their passage should arrive.

*October 18th.* — The admirals had a long conference to arrange their respective stations in the Dardanelles. I had pleasant letters from home, showing that the anxiety about my illness had been mercifully lightened. I dined with Captain Graham on board his fine ship, the *Rodney*.

*October 19th.* — It blew almost a gale from the southwest, which is the most critical quarter for this station, but one hardly perceives it on board this large ship. One of the lieutenants, Mr. Glynn, a very fine fellow, has just taken advantage of a few days' leave to go up to Varna and Schumla. He gives an interesting account of the camp. On the whole, he found the aspect of things there much better than he had expected; all immediately at head-quarters about Omer Pasha in very good order, especially the artillery and the Albanian cavalry. On the road and in the outlying parts he saw some very wild and irregular bodies,—Kurds, actually armed with bows and arrows, and no fire-arms. Some captains dined with the admiral. The gale subsided into beautiful moonlight.

*October 20th.* — I never knew a finer day; summer heat relieved by the freshness of the recent gale. The summons from Constantinople tarries. I dined with Captain Greville on board his immense ship, the *Trafalgar*. There were three French and three English captains, who keep excellent fellowship. As I rowed there, just after the unclouded sunset, there was every hue on the confines of sea and sky, and Mount Athos, eighty-four miles off, looked less than ten.

*October 21st.* — In the afternoon, Captain Drummond arrived from the Bosphorus in the *Retribution* steamer, having brought the Turkish officers with the Sultan's firman for the passage of the Dardanelles. The order of progress was then finally arranged. The small squadron detached to the Bosphorus consists of the English ships *Albion*, Captain Lushington, towed by the *Samson*, Captain Jones; and the *Vengeance*, Lord Edward Russell, towed by the *Retribution*, Captain Drummond. Of the French ships,—the *Jupiter*, towed by the *Gomer*, carrying Rear-Admiral Barbière de Tinan, and the *Henri Quatre*, towed by the *Sané*. The remainder of the fleets will wait in the Dardanelles. The admiral and I dined in the ward-room of the *Britannia*; not a small party, as it amounted to twenty-eight. It is a most well-conditioned mess in all respects and senses.\* After dinner, I went on board the *Vengeance*, to

“Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale”

of the first entry into Constantinople. Lord Edward lodges me very comfortably.

\* As a proof of even our scrupulous good neighborhood, I may mention that, on this anniversary of the battle of *Trafalgar*, in the flagship of a British fleet, no allusive toast was allowed to be given.

*October 22nd.* — As yet it is only the gale I have to partake. I got up to see the start of the detached squadron at two in the morning, which was a pretty sight, with the waning moon and the lights of the vessels on the perfectly still waters. When I got up again, between six and seven, we had entered the Dardanelles, but a smart breeze from the north was springing up. This made our course very leisurely. We were nearly abreast of the French ship *Jupiter*, when the magnificent screw-steamer *Napoleon*, towing the *Ville de Paris*, the flag-ship of Admiral Hamelin, rapidly and proudly passed between us. We rather rail at our government for not sending one of the fine new screws for the English squadron here; it being the country of all others where outward appearances tell most. At noon, all but the *Ville de Paris* and another French ship, the *Jena*, which had passed on to their stations, were brought to their anchors under the adverse influences of the Hellespontic breeze and current. We are about two miles below the town of the Dardanelles, and its river, the *Rhodes*, which is broader than either *Scamander* or *Simois*. I landed in the afternoon, walked up there, found Mr. Calvert at his town house, and rode back with him to our boat. Captain Drummond dined with us on board the *Vengeance*. There is but one voice respecting the admirable tact and discretion with which he has discharged the duties of his quasi-diplomatic station in the Bosphorus, during nearly the whole summer.

*October 23rd.* — The gale is still fresher, and there is no speedy prospect of our moving. Altogether, it rather shakes one's idea of the omnipotence of steam, at least in its paddle-box application. I suppose the days are not distant when every ship will be a screw. Lord Edward

read the church service, there being no chaplain on board at present. The singing was pleasingly done by the crew.

*October 24th.* — The gale still fresh. Lord Edward and Captain Drummond try shooting on shore, but with very scant success.

*October 25th.* — No change. We dined on board the *Retribution*. All there is singularly well-ordered.

*October 26th.* — A much finer day, but the wind still obstinate. I walked to the town, and saw the consul. In my way back, I threaded a very pretty dell with fine pines, worthy of growing among the distant spurs of Ida. My rendezvous on the shore with the shooters was at sunset, and, as they were not quite punctual, I got up a foot-race of the boat's crew for a small prize.

*October 27th.* — Weather the same. Lord Edward and I dined in the ward-room. I am always struck with the good fellowship and good manners that prevail among all classes of our naval officers. Some impart their griefs to me about the tardiness of promotion. They tell me that they are not a long-lived class, and that the sailors are very apt to die off at about the age of forty-five. I believe that on the whole their comforts in these days are very well looked after; but the continuous exposure and broken rest tell upon the human frame. This evening, Captain Lushington, of the *Albion*, who is the senior officer of our detached squadron, sent for the *Retribution* to assist in towing him up to Gallipoli, intending to send it back, with his adjunct, the *Samson*, to do the same for us afterwards.

*October 28th.* — Wind still high, and no progress in either squadron. Lord Edward has almost always four of his officers to dine, which gives a pleasant variety.

*October 29th.* — To-day the Dardanelles assumed a new aspect of animation; it had become comparatively calm. At sunrise, the Albion approached and passed us with her two steamers. Before noon our admiral arrived, and anchored close to us. Various other ships of both squadrons were in motion. I grieve to say that one of ours — the Arethusa — got aground; so that, instead of being, as in Virgil,

“Ante alias Arethusa sorores,”

and as she is very apt to be with her brilliant captain, she will be the latest arrival. As it had been settled before that the Vengeance was not to set out till the morning, I walked once more to the town, and took my last leave of excellent Mr. Calvert. We dined on board the Britannia, and met our steam-captains, who had returned from depositing the Albion safe at Gallipoli. On this my last day in the Hellespont I finished what I had begun on the first day of my visit to the Trojan waters, my reperusal of the Iliad in the original. I should hope that under any circumstances my maturer judgment, since the days of my boyish acquaintance with it, would have led to a more vivid appreciation of its undying beauties; but I can as little doubt that the actual neighborhood of almost every one of the scenes described, only known before in the music of their names,—the bodily presentment of the broad Hellespont, and sylvan Samothrace, and craggy Imbros, and many-fountained Ida,—gave fresh zest and charm even to that mighty and universal lay.\*

\* The scenes and objects, so well described by Lord Carlisle, form the best commentary on the Iliad. I venture to say that no unprejudiced scholar can read the Iliad on the Plain of Troy, with the long reaches of the sounding Hellespontine shore in sight and hearing, and

*October 30th.* — At daybreak we started, the Samson and Retribution towing us. We reached Gallipoli at twelve, when Captain Lushington signalled to us to take on the steamboats for forty miles, and then take to our sails, and send the steamers back to him. We accordingly parted company with them at eleven at night, when we were clear of the island of Marmora, and hoisted sails.

*October 31st.* — It was not an unpleasant variety to have a day's sailing in beautiful weather, and with the turns of wind not wholly unpropitious. Before evening we came in sight of San Stefano, the appointed place of rendezvous, and of the two French men-of-war lying there, which have thus far won the race. We could not, however, get up to them before dark, and had to tack much about during the evening and night. I stayed for some time on deck listening to the seamen of the watch singing a succession of songs under the still and starlight sky. I am bound to say that in none that I heard here was there any impropriety; in one or two a considerable degree of humor.

*November 1st.* — The morning found us still tacking in front of the imperial city. The admiral, who had been suddenly summoned up, soon passed in the Tiger steamer.\* He telegraphed to us that hostilities had commenced between the Russians and Turks. Then the Albion passed with her two steamers; then the French vessels set out, and left us to our solitary track; so my visions of enter-

the swelling mountains in the background, without having his admiration for its "undying beauties" increased, and any doubts which German sceptical criticism, from Wolf down, may have raised in his mind as to the individual personality of Homer, forever dissipated. An hour on the Hellespont is worth years of study in the close air and perhaps tobacco smoke of a professor's library. F.

\* Alas! her destinies were not confined to peaceful seas.

ing the Bosphorus in processional array are quite baffled. We came to an anchor about half way between the Seven Towers and Seraglio Point at two o'clock. The French ships had also anchored. Our two steamers returned for us, but too late for a daylight ascent of the Bosphorus. We hear that the Turks have already had a successful skirmish on the north of the Danube. I had plenty of leisure for contemplating the southern range of the city, and its now familiar cupolas. No part of this landscape can ever pall upon any one. In the evening, I went down to the midshipmen, who gave me good punch and good songs. They are a fine set of youths, generally speaking. Altogether it seems a highly vocal ship, and the crew at Christmas intend to act — what does my reader guess? — Macbeth!

*November 2nd.* — We started at daylight, and I was ready on deck to miss no portion of the transcendent passage. The morning was squally and dingy, and we were four hours and a half accomplishing the eleven or twelve miles to Beikos Bay. However, bright lights are more necessary for first impressions than when one knows where to find each successive beauty. I landed in the afternoon, and was in some dismay at first to find that the hotel at Therapia was still quite full. I hardly liked to recur to my late quarters in the village, where I probably caught my small-pox; but I finally got a room at the hotel, through a kind arrangement of the American minister's. I was happy in the evening to see Dr. Sandwith and the Skenes once again.

*November 3rd.* — Called on Lord Stratford; found him most cordial and friendly, and not, apparently, at all the worse for the wear and tear of the long summer diplomacy. Rumors are very rife from the seat of war,

—for war there actually is, both on the European and Asiatic frontiers,—and the Turks appear to have been successful in skirmishes on both points. Our admiral and his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robartes, are staying at the hotel, and we lead the life of a pleasant country-house.

*November 4th.* — We organized a ride with a party of twelve, comprising three ladies — Mrs. Robartes and two of the Miss Sarrells. Captain Borlase was our principal leader. As his business is to instruct the Turks in gunnery, their Sabbath — Friday — always gives him a holiday. He is a very honest and single-hearted man. Our ride was very beautiful and successful. We reached the Black Sea at Kelos, scampered along the sands, stopped for our luncheon at the “valley of pigs,” or, perhaps we may call it, “wild boars.” We were stretched for an hour on the grass, which speaks well for what a fine November day may be on the Bosphorus. Our way back led us through the steep slants and chestnut glades of the Forest of Belgrade, and we particularly noticed the house where Lady Mary Wortley had lived. I, with the admiral’s party, dined at the embassy.

*November 5th.* — I would not lose one of these unclouded days, and I also felt uncertain how many more I should have for seeing anything I had yet omitted; so I took again the excellent horse I got at M. Lapierre’s hotel. The usual guide was not in the way, so I had to pick up another to convoy me to Justinian’s Aqueduct, who was not perfectly competent for the office, as we lost our way twice in the outskirts of Belgrade; but we arrived in due time at the village of Pyrgo, from the brow of which there is a view of a valley, which looked as green as if it was in a cleft of Skiddaw or Helvellyn, and on either

side were large aqueducts. That of Justinian is a noble span, but its look of antiquity has been ruthlessly impaired by a thorough white-washing. As we rode through one of the villages from which the Turkish inhabitants have disappeared, my companion chimed in with the universal view of the rapid decay of their numbers. He gives them from twenty-five to forty years before, without the help of war or violence, they would entirely vanish from the land. He portrayed their demoralization in very emphatic terms.\* The day was thoroughly lovely. After dinner I visited the admiral, who has transferred himself to the Furious steamer, and Mrs. Sarrell. A new note of pacification has arrived from England. It is apprehended that it may be rather late in the day.

*November 6th.* — I set off, at half-past six, in the

\* There is no doubt that Turkey is undergoing a rapid process of decay ; and the causes of this decay in wealth and population are not difficult to ascertain. A society whose religion is an imposture, — whose institutions rest upon polygamy, concubinage and slavery, — whose indescribable indolence, ignorance, licentiousness and corruption, have almost turned the garden of the world into a desert, — which still practises infanticide on an extensive scale, — cannot maintain itself in the midst of the Christian civilization of this age. Reforms were vigorously attempted by the late Sultan and embodied in the Tanzimat promulgated in his reign. Similar reforms have been urged forward by the government of Abdul Medjid. In 1839, the reigning monarch, only three months after ascending the throne, promulgated a new system of fundamental laws, called the Hatti-Scheriff, or Constitution of Gul-hané (the Valley of Roses, the name of the gardens where the ceremony of proclamation took place). This is, in many respects, an admirable document, embodying liberal and enlightened political ideas, and has had some effect in changing the relations between the rayas, or Christian populations, and the Mahomedan subjects of the empire. But the fatal weakness of the Sultan's administration is the seemingly impassable gulf that separates the making of laws and treaties from the carrying them into execution, beyond the capital and the central portions of the empire.

F.

steamer for Constantinople. I was anxious not to miss the first opportunity of taking the sacrament since my recovery. The excellent chaplain, Mr. Blakiston, agreed to come with me to Jerusalem. The Bosphorus looked very radiant, both by sunrise and sunset. From some distance off the shore, there is almost a danger of admiring the palaces and kiosks of sultans and pashas too much; they seem so light and glittering. But near the land, they rather look as if built of cards. There is a very conspicuous one of stone, with a garden and a kiosk, which has been for some time building for Reschid Pasha, adjoining his present residence. This house and strip of land, I am told, the Sultan has just bought from him for two hundred thousand pounds sterling, and immediately afterwards he bestowed it upon Reschid's son, who is about to marry one of the Sultanas. This, with us, would be reckoned a curious transaction between the sovereign and foreign secretary of state, and even here, at a time when money is so grievously wanted to supply the expenses of the campaign, excites very censorious comment. I dined with the admiral on board the *Furious*; there were the French admiral, some of our captains, and Mr. and Mrs. Robartes. Drank tea with the Skenes.

*November 7th.* — At ten, I accompanied the admiral on his visit to the captain pasha. We went rather in state with five barges, and I wore, for the first time on this journey, my lord-lieutenant's uniform. The captain pasha received us on board his immense flag-ship, the *Mahmudieh*. We had all the usual courtesies of pipes, coffee and sweetmeats; but nothing in the world resembles another so much as a visit to pashas. The other two Turkish admirals joined us; but we observed

that, though pipes were handed to them, they did not venture to smoke them, I suppose, without being asked by the captain pasha. He is a large, full-blown-looking man, as if very capable of being a sort of Blue-beard. The crew exhibited the working of the guns, and our naval men thought they went through it admirably,— with so much activity and quiet. Captain Borlase says he found it the most difficult point of all to enforce silence. I walked in the Sultan's garden with a large party of Sarrells. The pines and cypresses are very beautiful. The place belonged formerly to one of the Soutsos. I hear that in the mosques last Friday a firman was read giving to the Sultan the title of Gazi, which is assigned to all those sultans who make war against the infidel. Abdul Medjid has announced his intention of going to Adrianople to take the field himself — in the spring, which sounds rather a long adjournment of his Gazi-hood. The remainder of the English and French squadrons are to come up immediately.

*November 8th.* — I went to Constantinople by the morning steamer; had a Turkish bath at Galata, luncheon with Dr. Sandwith. I met Mr. Berkeley there; I think him a most intelligent and pleasing person. He gives a good account of the Black Sea coal mines he is working for the Turkish government; but just now he is engaged upon a matter of still more public moment, though it is one of private speculation; that is, a project of connecting the Danube and the Black Sea over the narrowest neck of the intervening land, where the distance would only be about thirty-six miles, and would be accomplished by a railway of about twelve miles, and a channel through some natural lakes for the remainder. A canal for the whole distance has been often projected, and has been

falsely assumed to have been executed by Trajan. It is said that the making of the canal has hitherto been arrested by copious disbursements from Russia; but I believe that the difference of level between the sea and river would interpose more permanent obstacles. It is impossible not to feel hearty good wishes for the success of this project. It would almost totally supersede the difficulty about the Sulina mouth of the Danube, which must always exist even if perfect fair play was observed; and few matters can have more direct bearings upon the general interests of European commerce. It is an important point for our consideration at the present moment, that the largest portion of our direct importations into the Turkish dominions are consumed in the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. I returned on a very crowded steamboat; dined at the Embassy. I thought Lord Stratford seemed to contemplate the possibility of a pacific solution more hopefully than usual. The weather for the last day or two has become cold again. Calling to-day on Madame Baltazzi, I found her with the first fire I had seen since I left England.

*November 9th.* — I paid another state visit with the admiral to the other Turkish admirals, Achmet and Mustapha Pashas, whom I had visited during my previous residence here. As the day was fine, the departure of our barges from the ships, under salutes loudly echoed from the craggy shores, with the bands on deck playing "God save the Queen," makes a spectacle both pretty and suggestive. I walked to the fine view of the Bosphorus from the Pera road. Mr. and Mrs. Robartes and I dined on board the Albion. Two miles by water is a long way to go to dinner, but we had a smooth surface and moonlight.

*November 10th.* — At nine, I accompanied the admiral and Mr. and Mrs. Robartes on board the Spitfire steamer, which is employed on the service of the nautical survey of these seas under Captain Spratt, a very intelligent officer. The wind had changed to the south, which was most propitious for the arrival of the fleets. We proceeded as far as the Seraglio Point, and met the Britannia and Bellerophon in the Bosphorus, and had a distant view of the Trafalgar; they had a very majestic appearance, with their attendant steamers. We then turned and went as far as the entrance of the Black Sea. I see plainly that at the entrance of the Bosphorus from the north the country is far from being pretty; so I do not wonder at the slight feeling of disappointment upon my first arrival. The change of wind brought rain. I dined with the admiral and a quiet party on board the Furious.

*November 11th.* — The weather has become very cold, and we are particularly susceptible to it in our loose-windowed hotel, without stoves or fire-places. We do as best we may with brasiers of charcoal. The afternoon was clear, and I walked to the kiosk in the Valley of Gulhanè, or Valley of Roses, above Buyukdère. It gave its name to the famous Hatti Scheriff.\* It is a rich, alluvial strip between picturesque hills, with fine glimpses of the Bosphorus. It contains the Chestnut Fountain, so called from its encircling trees. I dined again on board the Furious.

*November 12th.* — The French and English fleets continue to arrive by instalments. It was too gusty to walk; still I went to dine on board the Britannia, two

\* See ante, p. 136, note.

miles off in the Bosphorus. The admiral has transferred himself thither, and re-hoisted his flag. I was to have waited for the chance of one of his steamers calling at Athens ; but, as they may be wanted for some Black Sea service, I shall go by the less precarious conveyance of the Austrian packet on Monday. The row back to shore in very smart rain helped to make me think it was time to get nearer to southern suns.

*November 13th.* — Once more on the *Britannia* for service, and probably I shall not be soon again in that ocean home of mine. What excessive kindness I have experienced within its stout old timbers ! Mr. Fox, the chaplain, gave for my closing impression an excellent sermon. On my return, I walked in the gardens of the Palace of France, which are very handsome, particularly a terrace under spreading pines, with a commanding view of the Bosphorus, now studded with the combined ships of four noble squadrons, the Turkish, Egyptian, French and English,—about twenty-seven sail of the line, with numerous steamers. The English and French fleets have all arrived. At present the French have nine, we only seven sail of the line ; but we expect some powerful reinforcements. Some one proposed that, for the amusement of the inhabitants of Therapia, the two fleets should vary the long period of suspense by an engagement with each other. The lengthened line of their peaceful array is very imposing. I dined at the hotel, after a long disuse, and went to take another last leave of the Skenes.

*November 14th.* — Went down the Bosphorus in the *Furious* as far as Constantinople. After the chilly squalls of the last few days, I was glad that to my parting glance the gay shores glittered in sunshine. I called on Lord Stratford at his house in Pera, whither he has come for

a few days. M. Lacour has just been recalled, to give place to General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who, it is said, is to be accompanied by a train of twenty-seven officers. I saw some letters from Englishmen, eye-witnesses of the recent combat at Oltenitza. Both sides had fought very hard; the Turks had displayed great gallantry. They were about three thousand against twelve thousand Russians, whom they entirely drove off. It is true that the Turks were behind intrenchments; they have, however, undoubtedly opened the campaign very successfully. Several very faithful friends accompanied me to the steamer *Imperatrice*. We have very few passengers. My acquaintance Mr. and Mrs. Epaminondas Baltazzi are among the number.

*November 15th.*—At daylight off Gallipoli. The Dardanelles, the shores of the Chersonese and Troad, have become nearly as familiar to me as the avenues of Castle Howard. It seemed unnatural to see Besika Bay without a ship in its roads, or a booth upon its shores. All was gone but the tomb of Aesyetes and the peak of Ida :—

“ All, save immortal dreams that could beguile  
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.”

*Bride of Abydos.*

Neptune's old seat at Samothrace was covered with snow. We had a moonlight view of the little harbor of Mitylene, which hardly let us distinguish its layers of olive groves. The weather was so changed that I found it very agreeable to stand or sit on deck during our passage up the Gulf of Smyrna, till we cast anchor before the town at one in the morning.

*November 16th.*—I feel that it is a sort of fatality which is constantly bringing me to Smyrna. I had be-

come familiar enough with some of its hospitable residents to pay five visits and eat two luncheons. I did not avail myself of an invitation from Black John, the Armenian dragoman, to visit Yani Katergi, who has been captured at last. Some of the Greeks are said to exhibit great sympathy with him; people seem to be allowed to visit and converse with him; and there is no expectation of his meeting with the capital punishment which he so amply deserves. The weather was quite warm, but ice had been seen even here a few days ago.

We set off at sunset; and I am now, for a time at least, leaving the Turkish waters. I am tempted to throw back a momentary glance on the remarkable empire which they bathe, at this portentous moment of its fortunes. Even independently of the direct alliance which now unites it with our own country and with the civilization of Europe, and which makes their quarrel one, we must necessarily admire the high and even heroic spirit with which the Turkish rulers and people have now thrown themselves upon the issue with that enormous power, which, reckoned sufficiently colossal by the rest of Europe, must have tenfold threatening proportions for them. Moreover, in this fearful struggle which they have thus not shrunk from encountering, it is impossible not to admit that the justice of the cause is wholly on their side. In giving this opinion I do not so much allude to the actual propositions of Prince Mentchikoff, for which in the outset some plausible and even some substantial grounds might be alleged. On the contrary, I do not think it well for any Christian state to leave its co-religionists to the uncovenanted forbearance of Mussulman rulers; but the just condemnation of Russia lies here, that in the course of the long subsequent negoti-

ations and proceedings, both Turkey and Europe have given, and are still giving her abundant opportunities for preserving, with honor and advantage to herself, the peace of the world; but which, in the obstinacy of her pride, she has slighted and set at naught. At the same time, while our sympathy, our admiration, and our conscience are thus coënlisted on the side of Turkey, I think that no calm observer should be misled either respecting her present condition or her probable prospects; and this, not with the view to what may be required of us in immediate action, but in order to make us cautious in calculating upon remote results, or in entering into new and inapplicable guarantees.

Among the lower orders of the people there is considerable simplicity and loyalty of character, and a fair disposition to be obliging and friendly. Among those who emerge from the mass, and have the opportunities of helping themselves to the good things of the world, the exceptions from thorough-paced corruption and extortion are most rare; and in the whole conduct of public business and routine of official life, under much apparent courtesy and undeviating good-breeding, a spirit of servility, detraction and vindictiveness, appears constantly at work. The bulk of the people is incredibly uninformed and ignorant. I am told that now they fully believe that the French and English fleets have come in the pay of the Sultan; and when the Austrian special mission of Count Leiningen arrived in the early part of this year, and led, by the way, to much of what has since occurred, they were persuaded that its object was to obtain the permission of the Sultan for the young emperor to wear his crown. Upon the state of morals I debar myself from entering. Perhaps the most fatal,

if not the most faulty, bar to national progress, is the incurable indolence which pervades every class alike, from the pasha, puffing his perfumed narghilé in his latticed kiosk on the Bosphorus, to the man in the ragged turban who sits cross-legged, with his unadorned tchibouque, in front of a mouldy coffee-shop in the meanest village. In fact, the conversation of every man whom I meet, who is well-informed on the state of the population, with very few exceptions, might be taken down as an illustration, often very unconsciously on their part, of the sense usually assigned to the prediction in the Apocalypse of the waters of the Euphrates being dried up. On the continent, in the islands, it is the Greek peasant who works and rises; the Turk reclines, smokes his pipe, and decays. The Greek village increases its population, and teems with children; in the Turkish village you find roofless walls and crumbling mosques. Statesmen who do not see these matters with their own eyes if told of the rotten state of the Ottoman Empire, are apt to say they do not at all perceive that. This Prussian general inspected their army the other day, and was highly pleased with its efficiency; this English captain went on board their fleet, and saw them work their guns, and said that it could not be better done in any English ship. Their military hospitals are perfect models of arrangement and good order. I believe all this to be true, and I can well conceive that in one or two campaigns, on a first great outburst, the Turks might be victorious over their Russian opponents; but when you leave the partial splendors of the capital and the great state establishments, what is it you find over the broad surface of a land which nature and climate have favored beyond all others, once the home of all art and all civil-

ization? Look yourself,—ask those who live there,—deserted villages, uncultivated plains, banditti-haunted mountains, torpid laws, a corrupt administration, a disappearing people.

*November 17th.*—We anchored early at Syra, in the dominions of Otho. Here we remained twelve hours in quarantine, which, with the subsequent night voyage, discharges us from any at Athens. It is always tantalizing not to be allowed to land at a new place, though there may not be very much to invite it. Here is a well-shaped conical hill, capped with a church, and a separate portion of the town, belonging to the Roman Catholic Greeks, between whom and those of the regular or orthodox Greek Church, forming of course by far the large majority, there is so much reciprocal aversion that they try to live as separately as possible. Two Austrian, two English, one Turkish steamer, were in the small port. At the beginning of the Greek revolution there were three houses here; it is now a populous, clean, and busy-looking town, and possesses fifteen hundred merchant brigs. All around are “the clustering Cyclades.” One of the most unpretending in appearance is Delos. In some respects the sight of these bare, insignificant, rocky patches, lowers the achievements of the old Grecian history to a series of paltry squabbles among jealous neighbors; but in others it raises the idea of the race who have clothed their craggy surfaces and occasional shreds of verdure with all the associations of unsurpassed heroism and immortal song.

*November 18th.*—I came twice on the deck out of my berth to hail the point of Sunium, or Cape Colonna, like the Greek sailors of old.

γενοίμαν  
 ἔν' ἔλθεν ἔπεστι πόντου  
 πρόβλημα' ἀλίχλυστον, ἄκραν  
 ὑπὸ πλάκα Σουνίου,  
 τὰς ἱερὰς ὅπως προσεί-  
 -ποιμ' ἂν Ἀθῆνας.

*Alas, 1217—1222.\**

However, the Dalmatian sailors do not observe the same ceremony, and I could neither make them understand me, nor point out the right headland. Still, I saw the sun rise bright and clear upon the Piræus; the water was blue and still; and the whole renowned panorama clear and vivid in the young, warm ray. Salamis just beyond the azure stripe of the sea, then Mount Parnes, then Pentelicus, then Hymettus, with the Acropolis just visible beneath. We were set free from our quarantine at ten, and I drove up to Athens, having contrived to

\* “O, could I climb the woody steep,  
 That hangs incumbent o’er the deep,  
 From Sunium’s cliff by waves forever beat !  
 Thence should my eye the lovely prospect greet,  
 And smile on sacred Athens rising at my feet.”

*Franklin.*

I do not know which is the worst, the geography or the poetry.\*

\* Both geography and poetry are better in Dale, though he, too, is faulty.

“O that I stood on that proud steep  
 Which beetles o’er the maddening deep,  
 Where Sunium rears its lofty shore !  
 Then, sacred Athens, might I pour  
 To thee a livelier lay.”

But the literal rendering is better for geographical, if not poetical, purposes :  
 “Would that I were where the wooded, sea-washed foreland overhangs the deep,  
 under the topmost height of Sunium, that I might salute the sacred Athens.”

The chorus in the play express their longing to return to Athens. In doubling the cape they would pass, as Lord Carlisle did, *under* the Sunian promontory,—  
 ἄκραν ὑπὸ πλάκα Σουνίου,—and neither “climb the woody steep” with Franklin, nor “stand on that proud steep” with Dale. F.

have no one with me, which I always consider very essential for first approaches. I was first struck with the civilization of the road. I had not seen such an one since England. There was a more complete disjunction between the port and capital than I had been prepared for; the distance is about six miles, which I ought to have known. I suppose that the ever-running parallel which is kept up between Athens and Edinburgh, and of which the main features are evident at a glance, had put Leith Road into my head. The general surface of the country has certainly a very arid aspect; but one passes through some olives and vines. The new town looks rather like a large village after Constantinople, but there are side pavements, and European-looking uniforms. I called on our minister, my old friend Mr. Wyse, who laid friendly force on me, and made me promise to come to take up my abode in his house to-morrow. I thought one night was due to the expectation I must have excited at the Hotel d'Angleterre. I took a long walk with Mr. Wyse, and even Athens could not require a more accomplished Cicerone; which is no mean panegyric.\* We first went over some of the modern

\* I cannot deny myself the pleasure of adding a few words to what Lord Carlisle says of Mr. Wyse. I was indebted to a letter of introduction, offered me by my excellent and distinguished friend, the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, for my acquaintance with this gentleman. During my whole stay in Athens, I was welcomed to the genial hospitalities of his house, where were often assembled the most cultivated and liberal-minded Athenian gentlemen, and the most interesting Athenian ladies, as well as the foreign residents in Athens. No one, who has ever had the happiness of listening to Mr. Wyse, can forget the charm of his instructive conversation; and I look back to those reunions, presided over with elegance and dignity by the high-bred niece of the minister, who spoke English, French, Italian, German, Greek, with the many-tongued society gathered

town, which, with its wide spaces for streets, and scattered white houses, put me much in mind of one of the new cities in the United States. Much building is now going on, but the greater portion of the funds are sent from abroad. The Emperor of Russia makes consider-

around her, — reunions almost within the shadow of the Parthenon, — as true Attic nights, — *Noctes Atticæ*, — in the best sense of the phrase. Mr. Wyse is one of the ablest and most accomplished persons I had the pleasure of meeting in Europe. His knowledge of ancient literature and art is so extensive and accurate that, when he converses upon them, it seems as if no other subject can have occupied his life; but he possesses an equal familiarity with the literature of modern Europe, and speaks the principal languages with fluency and elegance. A Greek lady (Elizabeth of Crete) illustrated the universality of his acquirements by a proverb of her native island: “Whatever stone you turn over you find him under it.” He cherishes a generous sympathy with American principles of liberty, and looks forward with hope to the future achievements of America in science and the arts. When Mr. Webster visited England, Mr. Wyse, then a member of the House of Commons and of her Majesty’s government, was among the foremost to do honor to our illustrious statesman and orator. With his exquisite culture, Mr. Wyse has always been — what many scholars in the Old World and the New have failed to be — an earnest friend of popular education. The best and most eloquent book ever written on that subject in the English language has been written by Mr. Wyse. The best college in the British dominions, of an unsectarian character, and the one which has the most comprehensive and liberal system of scientific and literary training, is the college founded chiefly by his exertions in Ireland, of which he is still a visitor. And Mr. Wyse is a Catholic. I think it not out of place to call up such facts as these, at a time when many Americans (themselves all of foreign descent) seem to have forgotten that our country achieved her independence by the aid of a Catholic alliance, — that among the signers of the Declaration of Independence stands conspicuously the name of a Catholic gentleman who perilled not only the largest fortune in the colonies, but his life, for a cause which we are accustomed to celebrate with annual festivities as sacred, — and, finally, that the friend most entitled to our gratitude, next to Washington, for services rendered at our utmost need, and too great to be repaid, was a foreigner, a nobleman, a Catholic.

F.

able contributions to the churches, and there is a tendency among many of the Greek name to treat Athens as a sort of Mecca, and help to adorn it. This is a feeling one approves. The town of the Turkish times resembles other Turkish towns, with its narrow alleys and jutting angles; and, since the revolution, a number of Albanian settlers have been allowed to encumber in a very unsightly manner the bases of the Acropolis. There seems to be a laudable affluence of academic institutions, and the new university has a very creditable appearance. The king's new palace is a most staring, ugly, browless-looking building. It is a blessed transition to the ruins of antiquity. We passed in succession Hadrian's arch, the temple of the Olympian Jupiter, the fountain of Callirhoe, the bed of the Ilissus, the choragic monument of Lysicrates, the site of the theatre of Bacchus, the portico of the Furies,\* the theatre of Herodes Atticus,

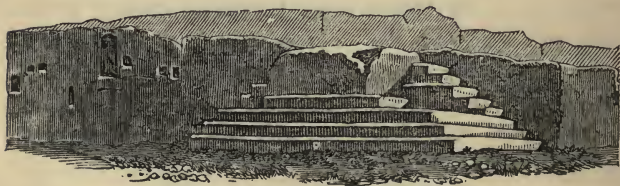
\* By "the portico of the Furies," Lord Carlisle refers to a line of arches running west from the Dionysiac Theatre towards the Odeon of Herodes Atticus. The name, however, is derived, not from the Eumenides, — *the Furies*, — as his lordship's language seems to imply, but from *Eumenes*, one of the Macedonian kings, who is supposed to have built it. But though this structure is commonly represented as the Stoa or Portico of Eumenes, or, at least, as occupying its place, it is rather singular that the language of Vitruvius, the only ancient author who mentions the portico at all, is quite inconsistent with this supposition. In his chapter on theatres, the Roman architect speaks of the necessity of connecting with the structures porticos or covered walks, to which the people may retire when the performances are interrupted by sudden showers; and illustrates what he means by adding, "*Uti sunt porticus Pompeianæ, itemque Athenis porticus Eumenia.*" But the position of these porticos is behind the stage, — *post scenam porticus sunt constituendæ*. This would be south of the theatre at Athens, while the so-called Stoa of Eumenes is west of it. I have no doubt that the line of arches to which antiquaries have given this name is of late Roman construction, — even later than the Odeon of

the Areopagus, the temple of Theseus,—reserving the Parthenon for ampler leisure, and a brighter, though it could not easily be a softer sky. I have threaded all these pregnant names together, as the object of the day was rather to make a general survey than a more special study of separate beauties and glories. What is admirable and wonderful is the harmonious blending of every detached feature with each other,—with the solemn mountains, the lucid atmosphere, the eternal sea,—all wearing the same unchanged aspect as when the ships of Xerxes were shivered on that Colian cape beneath; as when the slope of the Acropolis was covered with its Athenian audience to listen under this open sky to Æschylus and Sophocles, to the Agamemnon or the Œdipus; as when St. Paul stood on the topmost stone of yon Hill of Mars, and, while summit above and plain below bristled with idols, proclaimed, with the words of a power to which not even Pericles could ever have attained, the counsel of the true God. Let me just remark, that even the impressive declaration of the Apostle, that “God dwelleth not in temples made with hands,” may seem to grow in effect when we remember that the buildings to which he must have almost inevitably pointed at that very moment were the most perfect that the hands of man have ever reared, and must have comprised the Theseum below and the Parthenon above him. It seems to have been well that “art and man’s device” should be reduced to their proper level, on the very spot of their highest development and glory.

Herodes, — since Pausanias, who mentions this, does not mention the portico; and that the Eumenian portico, with the other buildings and colonnaded walks, which occupied the rear of the theatre, has entirely disappeared.

F.

*November 19th.* — I left the hotel, which is a well-built and well-placed house, and transferred myself to most comfortable quarters with Mr. Wyse. His house is excellent, and has a very pretty marble staircase. Mr. Finlay called upon me. The appropriation of his garden was one of our long-pending Greek controversies. He says that the modern Greeks wholly ignore (I beg pardon for the use of the word) the whole period from Alexander the Great to Lord Palmerston, which is an appropriate complaint from a historian of mediæval Greece. I walked to-day with Mr. Wyse; first, to inspect the collection of fragments of sculpture collected in the interior of the temple of Theseus. Some have interest, and many of them beauty. Among the former there is especially a very curious representation of a warrior, in rather flat relief, of the size of life, discovered not long ago near Marathon, which has the most striking resemblance to the Assyrian figures from Nineveh. The cut of the beard is the same; the features of the face have rather more of a Grecian cast. We then went to the site of the Pnyx, or, at least, its generally reputed



The Bema of the Pnyx, at Athens.

site; for Stuart thought it was a theatre, and Welcker recently contends for its being a temple, and assigns the spot supposed to be the *Βήμα*, or tribune, where the

orator stood, for an altar.\* It seems, however, to answer all the conditions of the classical hustings, with the Agora, where it was known to have been placed, beneath it; a sufficient platform for the audience, and a com-

\* The place which for many years has been held to be the Pnyx, on what appear to be satisfactory grounds, was supposed by De la Guiliotiére to be the theatre of Bacchus; by others, the Odeon; by others, the Areopagus. Chandler, who visited Athens in the last century, was, I believe, the first who pronounced it to be the Pnyx. This opinion remained undisturbed until Professor Ulrichs began to throw doubts upon it, finding that the features of the spot did not correspond to the expressions of the ancients. In 1852, Professor Welcker, the distinguished scholar and archæologist at Bonn, published in the *Abhandlungen der Kön. Academie der Wissenschaften*, at Berlin, a most learned and elaborate dissertation, in which he undertakes to prove that the Bema is a very ancient altar to Zeus Hypsistos, or Jove the Highest, and that the levelled space, with the old supporting wall, is the ancient *Pelasgicon*. The wall is undoubtedly one of the oldest constructions in Greece, and belongs to the period of the Cyclopean walls of Mycenæ and Tiryns. The hewn face of the rock, in the centre of which the supposed Bema stands, was cut into its present form in a very primitive period; and the Bema itself is coëval with the wall. Such being the case, the entire structure goes back to a period long anterior to the historical democracy of Athens, — long anterior to the earliest orators who are supposed to have addressed the Athenian people there. The Thirty Tyrants can have had nothing to do with making it what it now appears; nor can they have changed the position of the Bema, if the Bema be the stone platform which is usually taken for it.

But the place is well suited for an assembly of the people, and the supposed Bema for an orator's stand, whatever may have been its original purpose. I do not remember any example of an altar so constructed. Altars were built with all sides free. This has only three sides free, the fourth remaining unseparated from the mass in the rear. On the 21st of December, 1853, a Greek of some note in the literary world, Mr. Menoides Mēnas, delivered a discourse in ancient Greek from the Bema, to an audience of about two thousand persons, standing in the Pnyx. Though his voice was feeble, he was heard with perfect distinctness, and might have been heard by twice or thrice the number. I listened with great curiosity and interest, standing a part of the

manding station for the speaker ; with the Propylæa of the Acropolis just opposite for Demosthenes to address.\* It is said that the old place of assembly was on a still higher ridge, from which the sea and Salamis were visible, but was removed lower down in the time of the Thirty Tyrants, to prevent the appeals which were constantly made to the scenes of past glories. We then went to the height on which the monument to Philopappus stands, in which a more Romanizing architecture becomes visible, and returned under the rock of the Acropolis. We had still desisted from entering it, as the day, though warm and soft, was dark and lowering. The thermometer was at 65°, which is pretty well for a cloudy November day. Mr. Hill dined with us, the English chaplain here, and an American by birth, which cannot be a common combination. He and his wife have effected great good in

time within the crowd, and a part of the time on the outskirts of the assembly ; but I did not lose a word. This incident settled the question of the possibility of an orator being heard there by a large number.

It is not easy to refute all the arguments of Ulrichs and Welcker ; yet as we stand on the Bema, Demosthenes in hand, and look upon the objects around us, we feel instinctively and unanswerably that *this is the place*. F.

\* He twice couples the Propylæa with the Parthenon, as if pointing to them. Προπύλαια ταῦτα ὁ παρθενῶν, — “ These Propylæa or vestibules, the Parthenon,” &c.

It is a fine passage, and a noble characteristic of the people of Athens. In the oration against Androton, § Κβ, the orator thus speaks: Καὶ οὐδ' ἐκεῖνο οἶδεν ὅτι πρὸς μὲν χρημάτων κτήσιν, οὐδὲ πώποτε ὁ δῆμος ἐσπώνδασε • πρὸς δὲ δόξης, ὥς οὐδὲ πρὸς ἐν τῶν ἄλλων • τεκμήριον δέ • χρήματα μὲν γὰρ πλεῖστα τῶν Ἑλλήνων ποτὲ σχῶν, τὰ πάντ' ὑπὲρ φιλοτιμίας ἀνέλωσεν • ἐισφέρων δ' ἐκ τῶν ἰδίων, οὐδένα κίνδυνον ὑπὲρ δόξης ἐξέστη, ἅψ' ὧν κτήματα ἀθάνατα αὐτῷ περίεστι, τὰ μὲν τῶν ἔργων ἢ μνήμη, τὰ δὲ τῶν ἀναθημάτων τῶν ἐπ' ἐκείνοις ἀνατεθέντων τὸ κάλλος. Προπύλαια ταῦτα, ὁ Παρθενῶν, Στοαί, Νεώσοικοι. All these objects, except the last, stood within sight, and a gesture pointing to the Peiræus readily brought the ship-houses before the mind's eye. F.

the education of girls. His conversation is very pleasant and intelligent. We had also a very well-conditioned attaché to the legation, a son of Dr. Locock.

*November 20th.* — I went to the English church. It is of rather a bald Gothic. I think it must have inevitably suggested itself to the accomplished architect, Mr. Cockerell, whether it would not have been more in keeping to have adopted a Grecian, or, at least, a Byzantine form. The interior is very pleasing, and the service was agreeably performed by Mr. Hill. My walk in the afternoon, with Mr. Wyse, comprised, first, the new Greek cathedral, which is now in progress of erection. It will be a handsome and stately building, after good Byzantine models. The decorative portions and columns are either in Pentelic, Hymettian, or Parian marble. The old cathedral stands hard by, a very lowly and modest tenement, of probably the tenth or eleventh century. Several old Greek fragments and bas-reliefs are inserted in the walls. Great exertions are being made, on every side, in the erection or repair of churches. We went on to the



The Wind Boreas, from the Horologium of Andronicus Cyrrhestes at Athens.

temple of the Winds,—the sculpture is but coarse; then to the gate of the new Agora, of rather graceful Doric, in

the time of Augustus; and to the portico of Hadrian, where there is another collection of ancient fragments. Nothing can exceed the neglected and squalid condition of these interesting buildings: the temple of the Winds was undergoing a systematic pelting from the ingenuous boyhood of Athens. It can hardly have been worse in Turkish times; and it certainly continues to afford the best justification to Lord Elgin. Here has been another day without seeing the Parthenon; but the sky has been very dingy. Two English officers, from Corfu, dined with us.

*November 21st.* — I called on Mr. and Mrs. Hill, who showed me over their school. They have now about three hundred girls. The larger portion belong to the poorer classes; but there are some of the wealthier, who are taught French and English, as well as Greek. Almost all seemed intelligent and lively; and their eagerness for instruction is described as most remarkable. Formerly the same number of boys were admitted; but after the opening of several excellent schools by the government, the Hills thought that they should act most usefully in confining themselves to girls. Mrs. Hill appeared to be a person of as much single and fresh-minded benevolence as I have ever met. They came to Athens in 1830. At that period there were not a thousand inhabitants, and not a single dwelling which could be called a house; yet in a few days they had about ninety scholars, and have gone on ever since.\* The population is now about

\* Mr. and Mrs. Hill are among the greatest benefactors of the country. They have devoted their lives to the education of the children of Greece, commencing five and twenty years ago, when the country was at the lowest point of depression. Steadily and prudently they have persevered in this Heaven-sanctioned task, and the influence of their wise and well-directed labors is now apparent upon the second generation of their

twenty-eight thousand, and even the modern town is, on the whole, fair to view. I do not wish to form premature judgments, but there seems to be much in the body of the people themselves to encourage hope for the future, if they could have fair play and good government. Mr. Hill has a comparatively favorable opinion of the Greek church: they give direct encouragement to the reading of the Scriptures, and he knows some of their bishops to be both excellent and highly-learned men. He especially mentioned the Archbishop of Patras, who is designated to be Archbishop of Athens, and Metropolitan of Greece.\*

pupils. Connected with Mr. and Mrs. Hill are two excellent ladies, sisters, from Virginia,—Miss Baldwin, who has been engaged in the work about twenty years, and Mrs. Hay, who went to Athens only a few years ago. Most of the teachers in the school are Greek ladies, who have been educated by Mr. and Mrs. Hill; and a considerable number of the pupils are the daughters of those who were members of the school at the period of its establishment.

There are two departments, however, one for the daughters of the wealthier classes, who are sent, not from Athens alone, but from the Ionian Islands, and the Greek population of Turkey, to be educated according to their station, in the branches of useful knowledge, and the elegant accomplishments. These are, of course, paying scholars, and the income derived from this source contributes to support the other and far more numerous school, in which the poor children receive gratuitous instruction in all the common branches of education, the use of the needle, and other practical branches of great importance everywhere, but of greater importance to the poor in Greece than in most other countries. I had the pleasure of visiting both schools; not only of witnessing the success of these admirable missionaries in bringing up respectably so many children of poverty, but of listening to the performances of young Hellenic ladies, who read Xenophon in the original and expounded him in their mother tongue, scarcely inferior in purity to the Xenophontean Greek. In this department professors are employed to give lessons, some of whom belong to the corps of public instructors.

F.

\* The Archbishop of Patræ is the venerable and excellent Misaël, one of the most eminent of the Greek clergy. He is a man of kindly

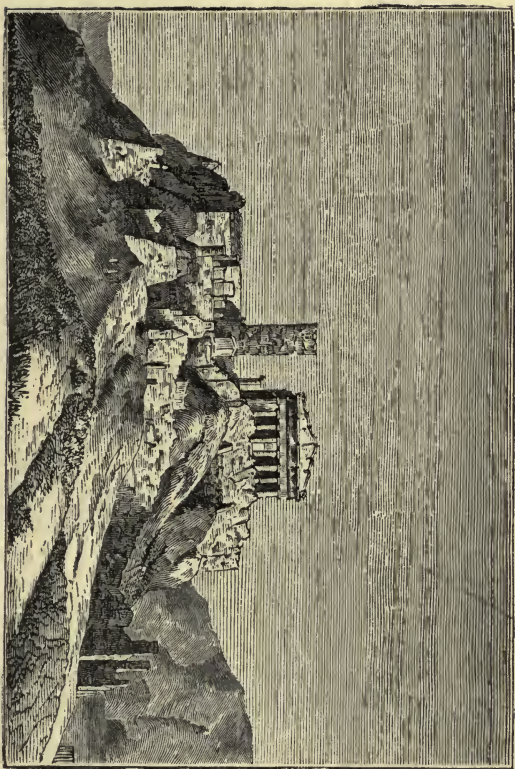
They have never been molested in their proceedings but once, when the ultra-Russian party raised a cry against them for attempting to proselytize. A commission of Greek bishops was appointed, at Mr. Hill's own request, to inquire into the charge, which was completely disproved. I called on Mr. Finlay, who has a very good library. He gave an interesting account of Lord Byron, with whom he had lived much just before his last illness. It was an afternoon of confirmed rain, and I appropriately devoted it to the Clouds of Aristophanes, the *Παρθένου ἀμβροφόγοι*.<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Finlay dined with us. He and Mr. Wyse flow congenially together, on topics of history and art.<sup>\*</sup>

feelings, and of uncommon literary acquirements. I not only heard him perform the services of the Greek Church, which he did in a remarkably impressive manner, having a fine voice and a commanding person, but I had the pleasure of conversing with him, at Dr. Hill's house, on subjects connected with Greek literature, especially on the pronunciation of the Greek language, and found his discourse learned and instructive in a high degree. F.

<sup>\*</sup> Shower-laden maids.

† Mr. Finlay is a Scotch gentleman, who, in the ardor of youth, enlisted in the cause of Greek independence, and was closely associated with our countryman, Dr. S. G. Howe. Since the war he has resided in Greece, and of late years has occupied himself with historical composition. His History of Greece under the Romans, of Mediæval Greece and Trebizond, of the Byzantine and Greek Empires, fill a chasm in the literature of the age; and for deep reflection, extensive research, and vigorous style, compare with the best productions in that department of letters. He is now engaged in a work which will bring the History of Greece down from the Turkish conquest to the Constitution of 1843; a work especially needed by all who are interested in the fortunes of the Hellenic race.

Mr. Finlay's house — one of the pleasantest in Athens — is within a stone's throw of the Acropolis. He has a collection of marble fragments of much interest, and a very valuable series of coins, especially of those that illustrate the Byzantine periods. His library is comprehensive and well selected, and is, of course, particularly rich in works of Greek literature, archaeology, and history. All travellers, properly



THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS IN ITS PRESENT STATE.



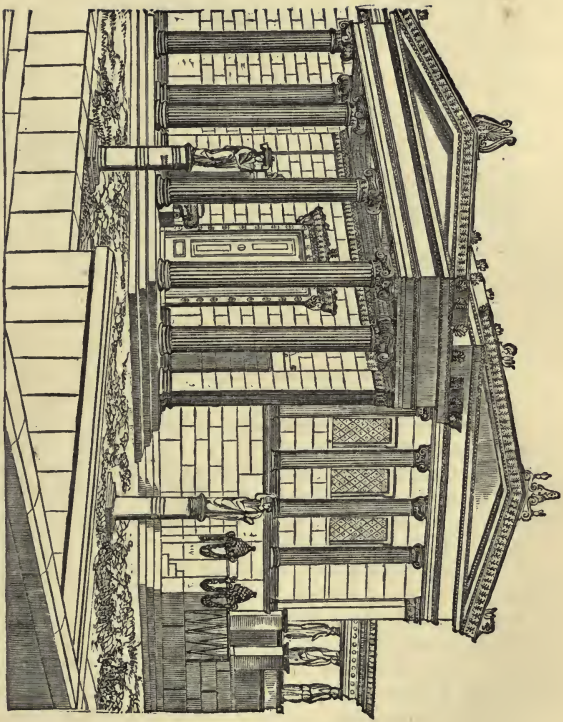
*November 22nd.*—I at last accomplished the Acropolis. Mr. Wyse could not come with me, but consigned me to the charge of M. Pittakys, the director of antiquities, who showed and explained the whole sacred site, in the most obliging and thoroughly competent manner. One sees, indeed, that it is a labor of love with him; he spends part of every day on the spot, and he has done very much in clearing the ground, and classifying the fragments. It does not rest with him that a great deal more is not done, and he is very intent on having some unostentatious building erected for a museum on the spot. To him, among many other things, are due the opening of the way under the Propylæa, and the absolute discovery of the temple of Victory “without wings.” A gateway immediately opposite to the centre of the Propylæa has recently been brought to light by the excavations made by a French gentleman, but this is confidently set down to four hundred years after Christ. Concerning the general effect of the whole, with which I alone pretend to deal, everything is most imposing, everything most beautiful. The approach through the five-fold depth of the columns of the Propylæa is august in the highest degree; the triple divisions of the Erectheum are full of the most delicate grace; the temple of the unwinged Victory is exquisitely small; but, of course, all emotion and glory are concentrated in the Parthenon. This is the building in which no human being has yet been able to discover a fault, but in which, on the contrary, every new year is discovering unsuspected wonders of skill and harmonies

introduced, know with what liberality these treasures are placed at their disposal, and with what hospitality they are themselves welcomed to that attractive house. On all questions of Greek topography, art and antiquity, there is no higher authority living than Mr. Finlay. F.

of combination. Into these, as I need not again intimate, I dare not enter. How the spans of the shaft and how the spaces of the intercolumniation differ in order to produce the effect of agreement; how the predominance of convex lines makes the whole building look larger than it really is, from distant points of view, while the non-observance of the same laws at the Bavarian Walhalla, make it, and all other copies of the original, look smaller than they really are. But here you have the temple of Pericles and his Phidias, shattered, defaced, stripped,—by Goth, by Venetian, by Turk, by earthquake, by time, by Lord Elgin,—still serene in its indestructible beauty; still giving the model and the law to every clime and every age.\* Then from the front of this faultless edifice

\*The Parthenon was the most exquisite building ever constructed by the genius of architecture. In its ruins it is the most pathetic and imposingly beautiful monument of the past. The impression it makes is that of perfect harmony which moves the mind to a certain solemn delight. It seems simple, as all great works of classical genius do, and yet the minutest scientific investigation has not even now exhausted its endless beauties and refinements. The combination of architectural proportions with sculptural compositions, and the variety of these compositions, different in character and size, according to their position, and on different subjects, but all relating to a central idea, which combines and harmonizes them; the groups in the tympana, those in the triglyphs, and the long-drawn and infinitely varied Panathenaic Procession on the Naos; then, the great statue, by Pheidias, in the inner sanctuary; all these must have wrought an indescribable effect upon the spectator when the temple stood in its fresh glory under the sky of Attica.

But the most delicate observation and the most profound science contributed to the absolute perfection of this wondrous poem in Pentelic marble. Vitruvius speaks of the curved lines of the base, and Cicero alludes to the inclination of the columns, in temples; and it is surprising that the facts to which the language of both these writers refers should not have been noticed until comparatively recent times. Pennethorne, an English traveller, mentioned his observations to Dr. Hill, in Athens, in 1837, and afterwards published a pamphlet. Hofer and



THE ERECHTHEUM RESTORED, VIEWED FROM THE SOUTH-WEST ANGLE.



comes in Lord Byron's sunset view, which, as I am sure I could not improve upon, I leave alone ; I think it, per-



The Parthenon, restored.

haps, the most glorious passage of his many-chorded lyre. I had not yet the advantage of seeing the spot under its

Schubert, two German architects, communicated to the world their observations in 1838. They were followed by Paccard, Burnouf, and others. Mr. Penrose, an accomplished English scholar and architect (a nephew of the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby), visited Athens in 1845, and addressed a letter to the trustees of the British Museum, on the curvature of the supposed horizontal lines and the inclination of the columns; stating that he "had himself observed some remarkable varieties in the size of the capitals in the different parts of the same building," and had detected great mathematical knowledge in the forms of the mouldings, and especially in the hyperbolic entasis of the columns.

Mr. Penrose was sent in 1846, by the Dilettanti Society, to complete his investigations. He arrived in October, 1846, and remained till May, 1847. The Parthenon was the special subject of his inquiries, though he extended them to the Propylæa, the Theseum, the Temple of Olympian Zeus; and the beautiful and scientific volume in folio, entitled "An Investigation of the Principles of Athenian Architecture, London, 1851," contains in great detail the result of his labors. The lines, which in ordinary architecture are straight, are proved by the

appropriate and customary sky and sunshine; it was a brown mild day of English autumn. Ever since I have looked at the Acropolis, I have wished for the removal of the high square tower, the mediæval work of one of its Italian rulers. I found M. Pittakys quite concurred

most exact measurements to be delicate curves. The edges of the steps and the lines of the entablatures are convex curves, lying in vertical planes, the entablatures being nearly parallel; and the curves are mathematical lines, belonging to the class of conic sections, and their laws are demonstrated. The middle of the stylobate at the sides is several inches higher than the extremities; the same is true, in a different degree, of the fronts. The external lines of the columns are curved, forming the hyperbolic entasis referred to. The axes of the columns incline inward towards the body of the temple, so that opposite pairs, if produced sufficiently far upward, would meet, giving in reality a pyramidal shape to the structure. The spaces of the intercolumniations and the size of the capitals vary according to their positions, but these variations and curves, though not singly perceptible from the usual points of view, produce by their combination the effect of perfect harmony and regularity, and the absence of them is undoubtedly the cause of the universal failure of modern buildings supposed to be constructed according to the most rigid principles of Hellenic art.

The theory of these variations is not yet perfectly established. Mr. Penrose contents himself for the most part with a statement of the facts, but he also suggests that the object of these deviations from the rectilinear construction is to correct certain optical illusions arising from the influence produced upon one another by lines which have different directions, and by contrasting masses of light and shade. Without these the lines of the stylobate would appear depressed in the centre, and the columns to incline outward. This defect is observable in the Madeleine at Paris, one of the most celebrated modern reproductions of the antique. It seems as if the middle portion of the building would crush the foundations, which appear almost as if they were beginning to give way under the too great pressure of the mass above.

M. Beulé, a French writer, has treated the same subject very happily in his learned work entitled, "*L'Acropole d'Athènes*, Paris," 1853-55, tome II., chap. I. His theoretical explanations differ from those of Mr. Penrose, being less practical, but perhaps more poetical and imaginative. See tome II., pp. 21-26. Mr. Penrose has been employed to

in this wish. Mr. Wyse does not, as he thinks the shape picturesque in itself, and that all monuments of progressive history are interesting.\* I should subscribe to this last view, as touching most sites, but not the sacred hill. Mr. Wyse's sister-in-law and niece returned from a tour in the Ionian Islands, with another lady, Miss Murray. They add much to the attractions of his luxurious home.

*November 23rd.* — I walked, after breakfast, to the top of Mount Anchesmus, as I mean to call it; with the sanction of M. Pittakys, and not Mount Lycabettus.† This is what, in the parallel with Edinburgh, answers to Arthur's Seat, but here the Scottish hill has the advantage. I descended to the Ilissus, walked some way in

construct a Greek front in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, upon the principles so ably illustrated in his volume. The subject of *polychrome* is also discussed by both these authors, but as the results are less conclusive, I abstain from adding anything upon this topic. F.

\* The tower, seen to the right of the view of the Acropolis, was probably connected with the palace of the Dukes of Athens, which was built near or over the Propylæa. I concur in Mr. Wyse's opinion, and should much regret its removal. F.

† The name Anchesmus occurs in no author before Pausanias. Lycabettus is a much earlier name, and the hill is spoken of by Plato in *Critias* as being opposite the Pnyx, at the other extremity of the city. The height in question is the only one which corresponds with this description. I believe Wordsworth was the first to apply this passage, which appears to me quite conclusive. He thinks Anchesmus may have been a later name for the same hill. Pausanias calls Anchesmus *ὄρος οὐ μέγα*, a mountain of no great size. It is not, certainly, of great size, as compared with Pentelicus; but it is one of the most striking and conspicuous objects that meet the eye of the visitor at Athens. In the *Frogs* of Aristophanes, Euripides, hitting off the high-sounding tragic style of Æschylus, says, *if you talk Lycabettuses to us*; and the allusion was, doubtless, made more pungent by the actor's pointing to the height of Lycabettus, in full sight from the theatre.

Mitchell, by the by, makes a huge blunder in describing Lycabettus as "a mountain of Attica, situated near the confines of Boeotia."

F.

its bed, which, even after some copious rains, was a perfectly dry channel, and returned by Callirhoe. We attempted to ride after luncheon with the ladies, but the rain drove us back. General Church dined with us. He is a chivalrous old soldier, and mourns over the spoiled fortunes of Greece. He thinks well, on the whole, of the people themselves, if they had been allowed fair play. Mrs. Wyse amused me by telling how seriously she had affronted a gentleman of Cephalonia, by imagining that his island had belonged to Ulysses in common with Ithaca. No; Ulysses had taken charge of the troops at Troy, but the island was entirely independent of his government.

*November 24th.* — We had a better sun to-day than I had yet seen. I walked in the morning to the hill of Philopappus. We all rode in the afternoon to Daphne, six miles on the Sacred Way to Eleusis. It was the site of temples to Apollo and Venus. There is now a curious church, in which the Greek and Latin architecture are blended. There is a gigantic head of our Saviour in mosaic within the roof of the cupola; and on one of the sides there are the tombs of some Dukes of Athens, of the family of Delaroche.\* The views were very lovely, but we contrived to miss the sunset on the Acropolis. The Prussian, Austrian and Turkish ministers dined with us, and a few people came after dinner. I thought one or two of the Greek ladies pretty, and quite unaffected in manner. Those who wish to be well with the court do not come to our minister's house.

*November 25th.* — We had destined to-day for Eleu-

\* Not tombs, but stone coffins, or sarcophagi thrown into a dusty room, and only recognized by the fleur de lys carved on their side.

sis, but it rained almost continually. I believe I have arrived for the one rainy week of the year at Athens.\*

*November 26th.* — We accomplished Eleusis to-day. We set off soon after ten, and divided the distance of twelve miles between riding and driving. The descent on the Bay of Eleusis and the Thriasian plain is very striking. I was glad to find that the description of the site I had given a long time ago in my Oxford prize poem was remarkably accurate. There are few actual remains, except some large fragments of broken columns; and it is a peculiarity of those on the precise spot of the temple of Ceres that they belong to both the Doric and Ionic orders. There must be much interesting scope for excavation here. The rocky hill of the Acropolis immediately adjoining must probably have many subterranean facilities for the processes of initiation. Our luncheon was put out on the broad base of a marble pillar; and during that unmystic ceremony, we were surrounded by a large portion of the youth of Eleusis. They are mainly of Albanian descent. This cradle of agriculture did not seem more carefully cultivated than most other portions of the Greek territory. The day was not positively bad, but dingy and gray, and did not show off Mounts Cithæron and Geranion in their best lights. In the evening, I went with the ladies and Mr. Wyse to the opera. The king and queen, who go on most nights, were in the opposite box. He wears the Greek dress. She is very well-looking,—has become rather large of late. The house was pretty full, with a good many officers in the

\* Lord Carlisle's first visit to Athens unluckily fell upon the rainy season. Conversing with Dr. Hill one day, when Showery Jove was in the ascendant, he said, with pleasant humor, "Can't you let me have one bright day at Athens? We have this sort of thing in England."

stalls. The piece was the "Attila" of Verdi; the artists tolerable.

*November 27th.* — Went to church. Mr. Blakiston, the chaplain at Constantinople, preached. In the afternoon there is a sort of parade, where a military band plays, and there is some gathering of people; and the king and queen come on horseback, and ride once or twice round the ring, which I thought they did very gracefully. She is famous for her hard riding, and has been known to kill her horses in some of her long expeditions. I walked with Mr. Wyse to Colonus, and we stood at twilight on its modest hill. The wild thyme smelt as sweet as any of the gaudier flowers which Sophocles describes as adorning the spot in the most engaging of his choruses.\* The vineyards and olive grounds immediately below formed

"The olive grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement." — *Paradise Regained*.

*November 28th.* — We made an expedition to Marathon; Mr. and Miss Wyse, Miss Murray, Mr. Locock, and I. We started a little before seven; drove to Kephisia, a village rather prettily placed among olive gardens near the source of the Cephissus, ten miles off. There we all mounted horses, and rode the twelve miles further to Marathon. The descent upon Vrana, the village which is generally thought to be the ancient Marathon, and not the modern Marathona, is most striking, both from actual beauty of scenery as well as from preciousness of recollections. There is a sudden turn among the spurs of Pentelicus, which gives you the sea, the long and varied

\* Œd. Col. 668.

line of Eubœa, some tributary isles beyond, some well-formed pine-clad slopes in the foreground, and at your feet the immortal plain. Topographers like Colonel Leake and Mr. Finlay have so well described the site, and Dr. Johnson has so condensed the sentiment of the scene, that there is nothing left to be said by others. The ground completely explains and illustrates the battle.\* It is now thought that there was not the amazing disparity of force which some accounts have claimed; probably



Plain of Marathon.

about twenty-two thousand Greeks to forty-six thousand Persians. The main cause which has made the victory such a turning-point in the history of the world was the previous awe attached to the Persian power and prowess. It was, on a larger scale, what Maida was in the last French war. Before Marathon, the Persians had conquered the Greeks in Ionia; if it had not been for Mara-

\* This is perfectly true; and it is true of all the great historical places in Greece. Marathon, Salamis, Thermopylæ, Plataea, perfectly illustrate the great events which have made them immortal. F.

thon, there would have been, probably, no Thermopylæ, Salamis, or Plataea. Persia was, in fact, the Russia of that day, looming so formidably in the distance, and found so brittle in the actual shock. The term *Μαγαθονομάχαι* in Aristophanes shows the peculiar emphasis which was subsequently attached to this battle. It seems to have been used much as we might now talk of Peninsular veterans, —

. . . . σιπιτοὶ γίγοντες, πρίννοι,  
Ἀτεράμονες, Μαγαθονομάχαι, σφειδάμννοι.\*

*Achar.* 181, 182.

We had our luncheon — for one must eat even at Marathon — under some olives; then rode to the mound which was the tomb of the one hundred and ninety-two Greeks, near the sea, in the centre of the fight, and returned by the Marathona road. Our horses did noble duty, for some of the ascents and descents, both ways, are precipitous, and increase the admiration for the rapid march home of the Athenians, after the battle. We reached Kephisia at six, after some quick galloping in the dark, and Athens just before eight.

*November 29th.* — A post came from England. I had some sorrowful family intelligence, and was glad to take a solitary walk about the Acropolis. The skies are still uninterruptedly gray, and thus far I cannot confirm the accounts of all the modern residents of Athens, as well as Euripides,

\* “Chips of the holm oak, or the sturdy maple,  
Fit subjects for a fight at Marathon.” — *Mitchell*.

Frere is better :

“Case-hardened, old, inveterate, hard-handed  
Veterans of Marathon, hearts of oak and iron,  
Slingers, and smiters.” — *F.*

. . . . αἰεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου  
βαίνοντες ἄβρῶς αἰθέρος.\*

*Medea.*

But no hues can come amiss to the Parthenon or Propylæa.

*November 30th.*—We set off at eight on an expedition to Phylé, going five miles in a carriage to the foot of the hills, and riding the other nine. We first halted at the convent under the most precipitous rocks of the pass, where Mr. and Miss Wyse sketched. We found



Pass of Phylé.

here two or three friars, and a shaggy-looking man, whom our guide, the popular Yani, knew to be a brigand. He

\* “The purest air delighted breathe,  
The clearest skies beneath.” — *Potter.*

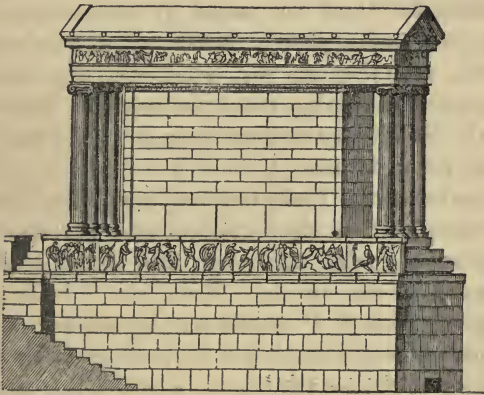
had come there to confess, and, I believe, to induce the friars to obtain his pardon from the government. We then went on to the fortress of great renown, where Thrasybulus and his seventy, held out against all the power of the Thirty Tyrants. The masonry springing out of the clefted rocks is still admirable; the position on its steep eyrie above the converging gorges most striking; the distant view of the Acropolis, the islands, and the sea, ought also to have looked beautiful, but the persevering moist gray atmosphere is still as faithful a transcript of Scotland as the other features of the scenery. I am every day more impressed with this resemblance. You have only to substitute the olive for the birch, and the arbutus, oleander, and cystus, for the heather; but in these respects Scotland would hardly be the gainer by the change, with a view to picturesque effects. After taking our luncheon under the shelter of the fort, which was very necessary for us against the chilly breeze, we returned by a different road, still eminently picturesque, to our carriage, and reached Athens by five.

*December 1st.*—Violent rain all day. The Prussian and French legations, the Greek minister of war and his wife (Soutsos), and one or two more dined here, and more came in the evening; there was a little music. Among the Greeks, M. Pericles Argyropoulos\* and M. Dragoumi seem very intelligent and enlightened men.

*December 2nd.*—The day nearly as bad. It makes me get on better with Aristophanes than I should have done otherwise. I am now reading the Acharnians. General Church came in the evening.

\*Professor of the Law in the University of Athens, and now the Minister of the King's Household and of Foreign Affairs;—a man of talent, large acquirements, and high honor. F.

*December 3d.* — After luncheon it no longer rained, and I went with Mr. Wyse to the Acropolis. It was the first time that I had done so in his companionship, and no one can know or appreciate its beauties better. We dwelt particularly to-day on the figure of the winged Victory taking off her sandal, which is now placed in the temple of Victory "without wings;" but this and many other precious fragments ought to be under some cover. It is plain, from the small holes made in the marble, that there were formerly many gold decorations connected with the drapery of the statues, as there were also clearly gilt or bronze ornaments, and colored patterns, in each soffit or panel of the roof of the temples generally. We heard



Temple of Niké Apteros.

in the evening of the arrival of the Wasp screw-ship, Captain Lord John Hay, from the Bosphorus, who will give me a lift as far as Alexandria.

*December 4th.* — At ten I went with Miss Murray, for an hour before our service, to the Russian church,

where M. and Madame Persiany admitted us to their tribune. It is a small edifice, neatly fitted up; and the singing, for which we mainly went, is carefully and impressively executed. There is a more constant crossing of themselves by the priests than in the Latin ritual. The Emperor sends frequent assistance to the Greek churches. In the afternoon we went again to the parade, and afterwards walked in the queen's garden, which is laid out with considerable care and taste, and must be very enjoyable. Few, indeed, must be the royal or imperial gardens which can boast of such a view. The columns of Jupiter Olympius look as if they belonged to it; the rock of the Acropolis rises in front; and the sea and Hymettus bound the horizon. I do not wonder that Mr. Finlay thought that he ought to be properly paid for his portion of such a site; or that the queen is reported to have said, when the king was on the verge of abdication, in preference to signing the constitution, in 1843, that she could not give up such a palace and garden. Lord John Hay and General Church dined with us. Lord John represents the Turks as being in high spirits at the judicious manner in which Omer Pasha has conducted their short campaign, and very little disposed for any present accommodation.

*December 5th.* — Prepared for departure. I have accomplished the *Clouds* and *Acharnians* of Aristophanes during my Athenian residence. Perhaps it is rather a wholesome corrective for the undue admiration that might be inspired by the Propylæa and Parthenon, to see the coarse buffoonery which such a people relished, and to which such a genius stooped. One is frequently reminded of Molière. In the afternoon we took a home-ride by the three old harbors of Athens. The skies have not yet

become clear, but there was a grand sunset effect of concentrated light on the Acropolis, against a very dark background. Professor Felton, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, came in during the evening. He had been making a tour of some extent in the interior, but had been very much impeded by the unusual rains. He had, however, been greatly delighted. We were in entire sympathy about the unparalleled associations clustered at Athens. The Athenian Senate has shown a rather unsuspected symptom of independence in refusing to elect the court candidates for the office of vice-presidents.

*December 6th.*—This was my last day, during this present visit at least. I cannot resign the hope of renewing it, for a short time, in the more genial days of spring. We spent this last day not unworthily. Our ladies, Mr. Wyse, Lord John, and I, rode by Daphne, turned off the Eleusis road, and threaded the coast opposite Salamis, back to the Piræus. What names to gather into a morning ride! We, of course, were on the whole track of the Persian battle. When we had selected a sheltered corner from the wind, we had a bright warm sun for our luncheon on the rock; and I was glad to feel how pleasantly one could bask during an Athenian December. After dinner Lord John and I left the more than hospitable and social fireside of our excellent and accomplished minister, and embarked on board the Wasp at midnight.

I have barely adverted to the politics of modern Greece. During one fortnight, at least, ancient Hellas repels all other intrusion, and, truth to say, there is but little attraction in the modern competitor for notice. I should also shrink from any direct references to those with whom I have conversed. I may, however, most truthfully sum up, from all that I have seen, or read, or heard among

persons of different nations, stations and principles, that the present government of Greece seems to be about the most inefficient, corrupt, and, above all, contemptible, with which a nation was ever cursed. The constitution is so worked as to be constantly and flagrantly evaded or violated; the liberty of election is shamefully infringed; and where no overt bribery or intimidation is employed, — charges from which we Englishmen can, I fear, by no means make out an exemption, — the absence of the voters, who regard the whole process as a mockery, is compensated by the electoral boxes being filled with voting-papers by the gens d'armes, — a height of impudence to which we have not yet soared. Persons the most discredited by their characters and antecedents are forced on the reluctant constituencies, and even occasionally advanced to places of high trust and dignity.\* The absence of legislative checks is not atoned for by the vigor of the executive in promoting public improvements. Agriculture stagnates; manufactures do not exist; the communications, except in the immediate neighborhood of the capital, where they are good, are deplorable; the provinces — and here I can hardly except the neighborhood of the capital — teem with robbers. The navy, for which the aptitude of the people is remarkable, consists of one vessel. The public debt is not paid. An offer by a company of respectable individuals to institute a steam navigation, for which the seas and shores of Greece offer such innumerable facilities, was declined at the very period of my visit, because it was apprehended that it would be unpalatable to Austria. Bitter, indeed, is the disappointment of those who formed bright auguries for

\* Not absolutely without parallel elsewhere. — F.

the future career of regenerate Greece, and made generous sacrifices in her once august and honored cause. Yet the feeling so natural to them, so difficult to avoid for us all, should still stop far short of despair.\* When it is

\* This severe criticism on the Greek government has been generally quoted by the British press, without adding (as in fairness should have been done) the paragraphs immediately following, in which Lord Carlisle does eloquent justice to the Greek nation. I notice that Dr. Prime, in his entertaining travels just published, quotes the same passage (probably taking it from the London Athenæum) as the opinion of a recent English writer, evidently unconscious that he was doing equal injustice to Lord Carlisle and to the Greeks. I venture to add, for the sake of further illustrating the political condition of the Greeks, and perhaps of throwing a little light among the dark shades of the picture, the following brief sketch of the state of Greece, the constitution, and the present system of education, substantially, as drawn up and published by me elsewhere.

The constitution embodies all the securities which were incorporated into the earlier forms, with such other principles as the actual state of the country made necessary. The settlement of Otho and his family on the throne is confirmed. The Oriental church is the established religion, but all other religions are tolerated. Proselytizing, and attacks upon the established religion, are forbidden. No man can be arrested or imprisoned without a judicial order or warrant, stating the cause, which must be communicated at the moment of arrest or imprisonment. All Greeks are declared equal in the eye of the law. They contribute to the public burthens in proportion to their property. Every man's house is his castle. No house can be searched except by due process of law, and personal liberty is inviolable. No man can be pursued, arrested, thrown into prison, or otherwise restrained of his liberty, except at the time and in the manner prescribed by law. No titles of nobility are to be created. It is declared that in Greece man is not bought and sold. A serf or a slave, whatever may be his nationality or his religion, is free from the moment that he sets foot on Hellenic ground. The press is free, and a censorship cannot be established. Public instruction is at the charge of the state; torture and confiscation cannot be introduced, and the secrecy of letters is inviolable. The legislative power is divided between the king, the chamber of deputies, called *Boule*, and the senate, or *Gerousia*; but all money bills must originate with the deputies. The king has the usual powers, under the

remembered that, about twenty-three years ago, the only building at the Piræus was a small convent, and that, at

usual restrictions of a constitutional monarch. His person is inviolable, but his ministers may be impeached for mal-administration. He is the chief executive magistrate. In case of the failure of heirs, and a vacancy of the throne, provision is made for the appointment of a regent, and then for the election of a king by vote of the Assembly. The deputies, *Βουλευταί*, are elected for three years. No one can be elected who has not reached the age of thirty. The number of deputies is in proportion to the population, as regulated by law, but never to be less than eighty. The senators, *Γερουσιασταί*, are appointed by the king, for life. A considerable number of conditions and qualifications are prescribed. The legal age is forty. The minimum number of senators is twenty-seven ; but the king may, when he sees fit, raise it to one half the number of the deputies. The members of the *Βουλή* receive two hundred and fifty drachmas, or forty-two dollars, a month ; the members of the Senate five hundred drachmas, or eighty-four dollars, a month, during the sessions. The princes of the blood and the heir presumptive of the crown are senators, by right, as soon as they shall have completed their eighteenth year ; but they are to have no voice in the deliberations until they have completed their twenty-fifth year. The ministers are appointed by the king, with the usual responsibilities. Justice is administered by judges, appointed by the king for life. Arguments before the tribunals are to be public, unless such publicity be deemed by the court dangerous to morals and public order. A judge can accept no salaried employment, except that of professor in the University. The trial by jury, in civil cases, and in cases of political crimes and offences of the press, where those offences relate to private life, is preserved. No oath can be exacted without a law which prescribes and determines its form. All conflicting jurisdiction shall be reviewed and decided by the Areopagus, which is the supreme court, or court of final appeal.

Greece has been under a constitutional government about eleven years ; but the condition of the country is not yet such as its friends hoped and desired. Agriculture is still imperfect and rude. Roads are neglected, the public domain is badly administered, and the population has but slowly increased. Manufacturing industry has made some progress, but only in the larger towns, such as Athens, Argos, and Nauplia. The people are generally poor ; but few, if any, beggars are to be seen. A large accession of capital is needed ; but the country is loaded with debt, and the system of taxation is at once oppressive and

the same time, there was not a single entire roof in Athens; and that we now find, at the harbor, noble

wasteful. It must be remembered, however, that scarcely a quarter of a century has passed since the country emerged from a most destructive war, which left not a village standing, and reduced the people to a state of destitution almost unparalleled in the history of the world.

Slow as the progress of Greece is thought to have been in material civilization, her zeal for education and literature is not surpassed by the most enlightened nations in the world. One of the most efficient preparations for the revolution was a rapid improvement in the schools, and a large increase of their number. During the war the provisional governments never lost sight of this subject, and Count Capo D'Istria gave to it much of his attention. The regency of Otho organized the system of public education more thoroughly than had previously been done. The Greeks also raised large sums by private subscriptions and by local taxes. Prince Demetrius Ypselantēs left his whole fortune to found a school in Nauplia, which annually educates several hundred scholars. Many schools for girls have been established in different parts of Greece. There are two or three in Athens; one under the charge of Madame Mano, a sister of Alexander Mavrocordatos; another, the justly-famous missionary school of our countryman, Dr. Hill, which has been of incalculable service to the women of Greece. Private schools flourish in the principal towns; but doubtless the most characteristic feature is the scheme of public education, as it now exists in the system of the public schools. Under this system are, 1. The Demotic, or schools of mutual instruction, in which are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, with the elements of history, geography, natural philosophy, &c., to both boys and girls. 2. The Hellenic schools, in which are taught, in addition to the further study of the above-enumerated branches, the elements of the ancient Greek grammar, and translations from ancient into modern Greek, and the Latin and French languages. 3. The Gymnasia, in which the Latin and Greek are continued, with philosophy, logic, ethics, physics, general history, mathematical geography, and the French, German, and English languages. 4. The University of Otho, which is organized with four departments or faculties, — philosophy, theology, medicine, and law. In the year 1853, more than forty thousand children were taught in the Demotic schools; in the Hellenic schools, more than five thousand; in the Gymnasia, two thousand; in the University, above six hundred; in all amounting to about fifty thousand. If we add the scholars of the numerous private

wharves and substantial streets, and at the base of the Acropolis, not indeed a renewal of its elder glories, but what would be thought anywhere a fresh and comely city; — it would be impossible to deny either the possibility or presence of progress. It is of deeper importance, that, as I believe, there undoubtedly are solid materials for advance and improvement among the bulk of the Greek people themselves. Their high intelligence no detractor could think of denying. They seem capable of patient and persevering industry. The zeal for education pierces to the very lowest ranks. Many instances are known of young men and women coming to Athens, as I before had occasion to remark, and engaging in service for no other wages than the permission or opportunity to attend some place of instruction. And when an exception is made of the classes most exposed to contact with the abuses of government, and the frivolities of a society hurriedly forced into a premature and imperfect refinement; there is much of homely simplicity, cheerful tem-

schools, this number will be considerably increased. There were, in that year, three hundred and ten schools of mutual instruction, eighty-five Hellenic schools, and seven Gymnasia. Besides these, there is a teacher's school, a naval school, an agricultural school, and a polytechnic school. The University, organized in 1836, has a corps of nearly forty professors, and an excellent library of eighty thousand volumes. Among the professors are men who would do honor to any European university. The venerable Asopios expounds Homer with the vivacity of a Nestor. The lectures of Philippos Johannis, on moral philosophy, are admirable for purity of style and clearness of method. Rangabēs expounds the fine arts with learning and taste. Manousēs lectures eloquently on history. Pericles Argyropoulos, now the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is a most able professor of the law. Professor Kontogonēs is profoundly versed in Biblical literature, and expounds the Hebrew Scriptures to numerous and attentive classes. Many others might be mentioned in terms of great and just commendation. F.

perance and hearty good-will, amidst the main body of the country population. The most essential element in thus forecasting the destinies of a people is their religion. It is notorious that the religion of the modern Greeks is encumbered with very much both of ignorance and superstition. I believe that, in instituting a fair comparison of the Greek church with her Latin sister, she must be acknowledged to lag behind her in the activity and zeal which constitute the missionary character of a church, and in the spirit of association for purposes of benevolence. But she possesses a superiority in two points, full of value and pregnant with promise ; she has more tolerance towards other religious communities, and she encourages the perusal of the Holy Scriptures.\*

*December 7th.* — With day came something of a swell, which I felt more than anything since my landing at Calais. We passed Paros and Naxos under a gloomy sky, but with a fair wind, which is so far fortunate, as the captains of screws are under strict orders from the Admiralty not to use their coals unless in case of danger

\* These remarks are very significant, and worthy of all attention. The testimony of the American missionaries, who have often received the coöperation of the Greek priests in circulating the Scriptures, is generally to the same effect. In Greece alone three or four translations of the Scriptures of the New Testament into modern Greek have been largely distributed, besides thousands of copies of the original, with the sanction of the church.

It should also be added, that while the Scriptures are read, and the liturgy performed, in the Greek language, among the Greeks, yet among the other races belonging to the Greek church, the liturgy is translated into the languages of the respective nations. The Moldavians, Wallachians and Russians, have the liturgy in their own tongues.

The rite of the Greek church includes about seventy million souls ; but they are held together by a dogmatic, not an outward unity. The Greeks of Turkey and the Ionian Islands acknowledge the supremacy

or emergency. Lord John's cabin is rather limited, but he makes me most comfortable.

*December 8th.* — We had to-day a bright, soft sky, but scarcely any wind, so that we barely made two knots an hour. We came within sight of Asia, and of my old friend Rhodes, whither we are first bound to deliver a letter from the ambassador to Mr. Newton.

*December 9th.* — We landed in the morning at Rhodes, but the sea-born island of the Sun-God had but a sorry appearance, as it rained in torrents. What I minded more, Mr. Newton was away, having gone into the interior upon one of his usual antiquarian forays. My popular young friend, Blunt, received us very cordially, and I went with him and Lord John to pay a visit to the pasha; it was my third. He is certainly the most thoroughly pleasing and well-bred of all the 'Turks whom I have seen, and they are generally the reverse of de-

of the Patriarch of Constantinople. The church in Russia is governed by a synod, of which the emperor is the political head. The church of the Hellenic Kingdom is governed by a small body of bishops and archbishops, all of them periodically appointed, except the Metropolitan of Athens, who is, *ex-officio*, the president. The king, himself a Catholic, is through his minister of religion and instruction, the political or secular head. The influence of the University at Athens, and the Rizarian Theological School, is already favorably felt in diffusing a liberal and enlightened spirit among the younger clergy educated there.

A writer in a late number of the *Spectateur de l'Orient* says, pointedly :

"If one of the holy fathers of the Council of Nicæa — if St. John Chrysostom or St. Basil should return to life on earth, in what part of the world, except here, would he find the Christian church of their times? At the mass, at the ceremonies of baptism, of marriage, &c., they would acknowledge that not an iota has been changed; that they find in their places even the sacerdotal vestments, even the sacred psalmody, as if more than fifteen centuries had not rolled away since their time."

F.

ficient in these attributes. He was very full of the surprise of a portion of the Turkish fleet by a superior Russian naval force at Sinope, and he gave us an account of a Turkish steamer having forced her way through the Russian ships in order to carry the intelligence to Constantinople. Her captain had declined to make the attempt, upon which the crew bound him, and the second in command occupied his place. We started again before dark, and had an extremely rough night. I believe there was even some little anxiety about our weathering the coast of Rhodes, on one of our tacks. Lord John is very indefatigable on deck. He is, in all respects, one of the finest fellows imaginable.\*

*December 10th.* — We were all day coasting the Lycian shore. It presents the usual front of gray precipice so universal in these seas, with occasionally a higher chain peering up behind. We must have passed the mouth of the Xanthus and the sacred steep of Apollo at Patara (Patareus Apollo), but we were not near enough to distinguish minute features.

*December 11th.* — Our progress was very slow during the night; wind contrary, and the working of the screw affected by the badness of the coal procured at Athens.

\* Captain Lord John Hay is a nephew of the Lord John Hay who was known in the United States as the commander of the ship of war which brought Lord Ashburton on the mission of peace to this country. The Treaty of Washington, which adjusted long-standing difficulties, and removed dangerous causes of irritation between two great and kindred nations, was the result of this mission. Lord John Hay, Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster, are no more; but the Treaty of Washington, we may hope, will prove to be a link in the chain that shall bind England and America in a union never to be broken. Such is the aspiration of the best minds in England, and I am sure the sound sentiment of the United States cordially responds to it.

F.

Prayers were read by the purser, who had been in the habit of doing it before Lord John came to the ship. After sunset, we anchored in front of Adalia, on the shore of Pamphylia. Our vice-consul, Mr. Purdie, came off to us. The ship had been directed to put in here, as it is almost the only spot in the Turkish dominions (except some parts of Syria) where any disturbance has been heard of recently. Here it has arisen from the rise in the price of grain, and some attacks have been consequently made on the corn-merchants, of whom the vice-consul is one; and he had at one time been laid hold of, and had found it necessary to leave the place for some little time. Another proof, this, how ill-assorted together are the consular and mercantile functions. However, unless the salaries of vice-consuls should be raised, it would be clearly impossible to find any competent and disinterested person willing to spend his days at Adalia, without any society whatever, with milk only to be had occasionally, and with no flesh for the table but that of goats. This seemed to be the epitome of "Life in Adalia." Some two hundred Turkish troops had been landed two days before our arrival, who, it was hoped, would completely restore tranquillity.

*December 12th.* — I went twice on shore in the morning, — the first time to take a walk before breakfast. The position of the place is very good. The line of travertine marble mountain that comes down to the western brink of the gulf, with the snow top of Mount Climax rising behind, is extremely beautiful. The town itself is highly picturesque, with different layers of old walls, fragments of marbles and columns imbedded in them, Roman-looking arches surmounted by Turkish ciphers; tumble-down houses, streets excessively steep, and worse-

paved even than the usual Turkish type; streams of the purest water running through and over each of them; and, what is the most pleasant feature, a multitude of gardens, singularly ill-kept indeed, but blending the ilex, and fig, and vine, and orange, and sweet-lemon, in the softest and richest verdure. Such is the soil for a large circuit round, up to the base of the marble amphitheatre of mountains which branch from the great Taurus chain; and large quantities of grain are, and of course much larger might be, produced. There are remains of large substructions for an harbor, and one might easily be re-constituted, which would be of singular benefit to the commerce of the region. The town has about fourteen thousand inhabitants. In short, Adalia might be a paradise, worthy of changing one letter of its name with its opposite neighbor in Cyprus, and becoming an Idalia; it is what has been already epitomized as "Life in Adalia." After we had given the vice-consul breakfast on board, I accompanied him, Lord John and some of the officers, in a procession, on some very well-looking horses, up the precipitous and irriguous streets to the konak, or residence of the governor. We found him with a commissioner just arrived from Constantinople to inquire into the recent disorders; and Lord John was able to intimate sufficient confidence in their energy and judgment to render it unnecessary for his ship to stay any longer. The commissioner seemed to have a great wish for a ship to go away in himself. We also paid a visit to two judges, one of whom, a very intelligent man, had been Turkish commissioner to the Great Exhibition in London. What seemed to have impressed him most was having dined with Lord Palmerston. We paid a third visit to the

military commander. We left the Pamphylian shore in the afternoon ; the climate appeared delicious.

*December 13th.* — To-day was cloudy, with a moderate breeze in our favor. We had a very beautiful sunset, approaching more nearly to the richness and variety of the American sunsets than almost any I have yet seen in the East. Above, were those thin streaks of cloud, too bright to be called rosy, too mellow to be called golden. Below these was that clear space of green, so pale, so pure, so tender, as to make it, I think, the most peculiar tint of the whole heaven ; and below this, again, that lustrous saffron haze which is nearest to the chambers of the parting orb. I hope to be excused ; I will not be prodigal in sunsets in future. All these glories were followed by an awfully rolling sea at night, without much provocation from wind.

*December 14th.* — We went well along, on a fine, clear, breezy day, with Cyprus on our right and Cilicia on our left. It appears to me that the whole intermediate range of Pamphylian and Cilician coast, from the mouth of the Eurymedon — the scene of Cimon's victory — on to Tarsus, the "no mean city," is very deficient both in classical and historical associations. We have now the brilliancy of the full moon during the early part of the evening, but clouds and rain are apt to come on later ; they hindered us to-night from making out the anchorage of Scanderoon, otherwise called Alexandretta.

*December 15th.* — The morning continued so hazy that they were unable to discover any town at all, and we first anchored opposite a fort about eight miles higher up in the gulf. We found afterwards that it was inhabited by a Turkish governor, who is himself at the head of the principal robbers by which the district is infested.

The afternoon was extremely wet, and we did not land. Our vice-consul, Mr. Murphy, came to the ship. He has not been above two months at his post, which he looks upon — not apparently without reason — as the worst in the world. It is surrounded on all sides by a very unwholesome marsh, and there is no human being he can consort with. The place has only five hundred inhabitants, but there is a very considerable amount of traffic, as it is the only real port on the whole coast of Syria, and is on the direct line from Aleppo to Smyrna and the rest of the world. A large export of grain takes place, especially to France. The troops are now entirely withdrawn, and there seems no reason why the robbers should not have the entire command of the country. Much alarm seems to be felt at Aleppo, which is a day's journey in the interior.

*December 16th.* — Mr. Murphy breakfasted with us, and we went on shore with him. There are four or five stone houses, of which his is the best; and the ruins of an extensive English factory, standing naked in the midst of an oozy marsh. There are picturesque hills round the gulf, but we saw them under low and dingy skies. The only compensation for such a residence is the regular arrival of the French and Austrian steamers. We paid a visit to the captain of a Turkish brig in the bay. He had the straightforward courtesy which is so common among Turkish authorities. He gave us tea, which I had never seen done before, besides the usual coffee, pipe, and sweetmeat. We set off in the afternoon.

*December 17th.* — Bright, soft day, along the Syrian coast. I must make this a rhymed entry.

Blow, gentle airs ! but on your balmy wing  
I ask no flowery tribute of the spring,

No spicy buds in Antioch's vale that bloom,  
 No silken stores from rich Aleppo's loom,  
 Nor all the wealth that down Orontés' tide  
 With Syrian softness hardier climes supplied.\*  
 Blow, gentle airs ! on this fair eastern eve,  
 With breath as holy as the land ye leave ;  
 From Lebanon's peaks, from blue Gennesareth's shore,  
 On the worn heart divine refreshment pour ;  
 From Nazareth's slope, from high Capernaum's crest,  
 Shed heavenly healing on the sinful breast ;  
 And in the calm and brightness mirrored here  
 Waft the blest presage of a purer sphere.

*December 18th.* — At noon we anchored off Tripoli. It is well backed by one of the northern offshoots of the Lebanon range ; the summits are now covered with snow. There is a smaller town, or Marina, close to the beach, at which we landed. The place was formerly a kind of triple colony, as its name denotes, from Tyre, Sidon, and Aradus. It acquired its chief prominence in the time of the Crusaders, and there are around a number of scattered forts of their period ; though I fear they signalized themselves here rather by a genius for destruction than construction, as they are said to have burned the largest and most valuable collection of manuscripts in the East. We walked up to the main town, about a mile and a half off, much to the astonishment of our vice-consul, a native of the place, who scarcely seemed able to imagine that we could prefer it to riding. We found it built with very narrow, picturesque streets, and strong-built stone houses, projecting and crenelated, and altogether of what we should consider a very mediæval cast. There were perfect thickets of orange and lemon trees in the gardens and suburbs. We called at the vice-consul's,

\* "Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes." — JUV. III. 62.

who lives in a house which was once the palace of a pasha; and I thought his reception-room almost the prettiest I had seen in the East, with a floor of variegated marble, porcelain walls, and a fountain in the centre. His wife only talked Arabic. They express great apprehension of some outburst of the Mussulmans against the Greek or Maronite Christians, especially if there should be any serious reverse of the Ottoman arms. All the troops have here, as everywhere else, been sent out of the country. I am told that generally there has not been much sympathy between the Arabs and Turks, but recent events have produced it. The women here entirely cover their faces, which is certainly far from being the case in Turkey; and the fashion extends even to the Christian women. We walked up to an old castle of the Count of Toulouse, well-placed above the Kadesha, a mountain stream from the Lebanon. We got under way again at sunset.

*December 19th.* — At ten we arrived at Beyrout. I apprehended that I should find Lamartine's description much over-colored, but I think the position very lovely. The weather, which they say had been very bad here of late, is now perfect. The high points of the Lebanon range look dazzlingly white under the clear blue sky, and all the length of base, which is singularly picturesque from its many indentations and crevices, has a positive golden hue. All this, with the long line of calm, bright, purple sea, and the green of the many villas and gardens with which the slopes above the town are profusely studded, is both beautiful and very gay. It has the further and higher recommendation of being the only place I have yet seen in the Ottoman dominions which exhibits the genuine signs of positive progress. Nothing

is so difficult to arrive at as trustworthy eastern statistics; the answers to any such inquiries show the widest flights of divergence; but I was told, by persons of apparent competence, that five years ago there were not above twelve thousand inhabitants, and that there are now little short of fifty thousand. Trade and steamboats have of course mainly effected this rapid rise, although the roadstead is by no means an eligible one. There seem to be no antiquities of interest, though the ancient Berytus was the seat of a flourishing school of jurisprudence under the Roman Empire. In the absence of our consul, I found a brother of my friend Mr. Calvert acting as a substitute. He gave the information, which he had just received from Colonel Rawlinson at Bagdad, that the Persians have declared war against the Turks at the urgent solicitation of Russia. Here is another complication of the eastern question. I called on Dr. Suguet, a French physician of reputation, whom I wished to consult on a matter of health. He is one of four medical men whom the French keep at different stations to report on the sanitary condition of the annexed districts, with a view to the regulation of their quarantine. Surely this is a wise and considerate provision. In his wife's room I found a print of my friend Lady Lilford.

*December 20th.* — I landed early upon a lovely morning, and took a walk by myself. I found some delightful views, but missed the way to a pine grove described by Lamartine. I always like to escape a guide if possible. I breakfasted at the hotel near the landing-place, which appeared to me a very pleasant one. We set off in the afternoon, and slowly receded under a very slight breeze from the beautiful shore. We here took in Abra-

ham Pappi, a dragoman, much recommended to me for eastern travel, and who has been waiting for me during nearly the whole period of my small-pox and convalescence.

*December 21st.* — The wind was favorable, but very light. I am afraid it was rather a disappointment to me, upon going on deck in the morning, to find the peaks of Lebanon, and even Mount Carmel further down to the south, still in view. Some of the officers dined with the captain;—there are some agreeable men. As an indication of the warmer latitudes we are now in, the grate and chimney were removed from the cabin. The shortest day of the year seems a singular one for this proceeding. The sun set at a quarter before five. Both nights and days are very perfect, and we sit out late on deck, without great-coat or cloak, listening to the very good fiddler and the songs of the crew. I feel sure that the stars have a much brighter look.

*December 22nd.* — This day seemed precisely like the last; and as we were now quite beyond the sight of any land there is nothing to record. I find much time for reading, and Lord John has a very well-chosen library. I have chiefly read in Rousseau, Mosheim, and Chalmers, and hope that the last two have been at least good counterpoises.

*December 23rd.* — The wind grew still lighter, and we did not get in sight of the African shore before dark, as we had rather expected. We had the remainder of the officers at dinner. Many songs from the crew at night.

*December 24th.* — The morning found us near the shore, but presented the novelty of a thick mist. Such was not, I imagine, that robe of the Nile with which

Virgil so sublimely enwraps him (for, in defiance of many high opinions, I think Virgil often could be sublime, as well as almost always perfect), when he represents him summoning back the scattered fleet of Actium into the folds of all his azure streams,

. . . . . "totâ veste vocantem  
Cœruleum in gremium, latebrosa que flumina victos."\*

*Æn.* VIII.

Can any reader translate *latebrosa* by a single word? However, soon after we had taken up our Arab pilot the mist gradually melted into a day of the most transparent sunshine, and we steamed gently through the narrow channels of the harbor. The defences which line it appear very complete, and there was a look of much activity, from the number of ships and the scale of the establishments on shore. We are here, under that most absurd and besotted of all systems, put into quarantine for five days. The consul, Mr. Green, came off to the ship in his boat, and gave us hopes that, under a recent precedent with a French steamer, he could get us "pratique" very speedily. The attempt, however, failed. I believe we were thereby much wronged; for, though the French ship had touched at Cyprus in the interval, yet her bill of health, like ours, was from Beyrout. It is tantalizing to lose precious time; but I feel I scarcely ought to repine, with such a summer sky over me on

\* . . . . . "Sad Nilus opens wide  
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,  
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,  
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host."

*Dryden.*

Christmas Eve, and with the still greater blessing of having found very delightful accounts from home.

*Christmas Day.* — Our service was held on the upper deck. At all events I might feel that I was celebrating this hallowed anniversary on Christian ground. I gave a turkey to each mess of twelve; but I fear the size of Egyptian poultry did not make this go far. Not a single case of drunkenness was reported; which is, I believe, very rare, and, I am sure, very creditable. It was a symptom of our present latitude that the ship's company reverted to white trousers to-day.

*December 26th.* — Lord John and I met the consul at the Parlatorio, or aperture at the Quarantine Station where conversation may be carried on. The English engineer of an Egyptian steamer, which has been captured and taken into Sebastopol, writes word that the Russians feed him very well. Another Egyptian steamer was blown up by its crew at Sinope, to avoid capture; so I suppose the aforesaid English engineer must think the less glorious destiny by far the pleasanter. There was some little rain in the evening, to prove that there is such a thing in Egypt.

*December 27th.* — Another day of quarantine, but happily the last. We can only look at a beautiful yacht steamer just opposite to us, built in the Thames for the pasha. It has been rather a dear purchase so far, as it cost about one hundred thousand pounds, and he has not been aboard of her yet. Two steamers went off to-day, with still more troops for Constantinople. More officers dined with us. One of the sailors afterwards repeated a whole play. They say he is son of a scene-shifter at the Victoria Theatre.

*December 28th.* — Our quarantine having happily

come to an end, I left the Wasp with Lord John at ten. Kind and hospitable as my treatment has been on board of all her Majesty's ships, my experience would certainly incline me to advise any one who wished to travel with speed to rely upon the ordinary passage steamers. We found the consul's carriage at the landing-place, and drove through a long street in the Turkish or Arab native quarter, with a smoother level, however, than in any eastern town I have yet seen, and then emerged in the large Frank Square, which is really very handsome, and might belong to one of the large country towns of France or Germany. In size and shape it rather resembles the Hippodrome of Constantinople. We stopped at the Hotel de l'Europe, where they have given me the best apartment I have yet had during all my travels. We went on to the consul, whose house is a very fine one, with a large marble staircase. He pays two hundred and fifty pounds a year for this, and justifies the splendor of his abode by the necessity of finding ample space for the large staff which the great and increasing business of the consulate requires, and the great dearness of even the smallest premises in that part of the town where business is transacted. Everything here has become extremely dear; and this has been a marked consequence of the immense amount of exportation of every sort of article since the period of our free trade. The increase of trade, population and building, here is most rapid. They compute that the inhabitants must amount to one hundred and thirty thousand, of whom from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand may be Frank. This population is said to be double what it was ten years ago. At one time it is supposed to have fallen to

six thousand. It appears to me that it is the greatest resurrection of a place, once most conspicuous and afterwards completely obscured, of which I can at this moment recall an example. In this instance it would seem to have been primarily due to the vigorous though self-engrossed energy of one ruler, Mahomed Ali, and to be now sustained by the more solid and enduring influences of steamboats and the overland route. Egypt generally has materially advanced since the abolition of monopoly, and the virtual establishment of free trade by Lord Ponsonby's convention with the Porte; but, of course, this very advance contracts the pasha's own power of competing advantageously with the merchants. Hence has probably arisen the recent prohibition to export grain; for so far is it from there being any real scarcity here, that the pasha is supposed to hold the consumption of two or three years in his own stores. We drove to the Mahmudieh Canal, the capital work of Mahomed Ali, the usefulness of which even the railway which the present viceroy, Abbas Pasha, has happily allowed to be constructed, will not supersede. This railway ought to have been opened this month; but the Russian war, and the rise of Lake Mareotis two feet higher than was ever remembered, have delayed the completion. The sailors now sent to Constantinople were mainly employed on the railroad. The rules of labor seem reversed here; the men knit, the women and children build the houses and make the embankments. Our engineers brought out tools for their use, but found they got on much better by scraping with their hands. The dress of the women is singular. The hood or yashmak, over the lower half of the face, is connected with the part above by a long straight brass clasp, showing less of the

whole face than at Constantinople, more than in Syria. The Frank or east end of Alexandria, which corresponds with the west end of London, looks almost offensively European. We met in our drive a great number of carriages and phaëtons. There is a vast amount of speculation, especially among Greeks and Jews, and very expensive habits are indulged in. I believe the great proportion of the English merchants, who are not very numerous, go on at a steady jog-trot for the most part. We went into two gardens, which were well cared for and pretty. One, especially, belonging to Mr. Larkin, has many of the East Indian shrubs and trees, and there was a well-grown banyan, palms and bananas in abundance, roses in full bloom. There is a very striking kind of euphorbea, with the extreme cluster of leaves on each branch of the brightest red, while the rest of the tree is a vivid green. Egypt more than supplies itself with sugar. The princes of Mahomed Ali's family are the principal cultivators of it; but the pasha, who is supposed to view all the cognate branches with true Moslem jealousy, has this year sent away most of the laborers to join the Sultan's army. Truly, Prince Mentchikoff's note has much to answer for; and commerce, like Pope's immortal spider,

“Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.”

Lord John and I dined at the consul's, and were most kindly and hospitably entertained.

*December 29th.*—Before breakfast I walked to Cleopatra's Needles. The one that is still standing is very imposing; the other, which is British property, I had great difficulty in even discovering, so imbedded is it in

the sandy soil. In this plight it is impossible to discover how far it is unbroken, or how perfect the hieroglyphics may be ; but my impression is that it probably would be found nearly as perfect as the sister pillar, and that we clearly ought to have it. I was in hopes that the directors of the Crystal Palace had decided upon its removal. At eleven I went with the consul's family to a kind of regatta or picnic, which had been got up by some of the residents here on board the *Ariadne*, once one of her majesty's frigates, but now used as a coal-depôt for the Peninsular and Oriental Company. It was made smart with flags and boughs, and the Arab boatmen had rowing and sailing matches, and we had eating and dancing, and even I thought that I might once again join in the latter with the consul's wife, being a grandmother herself. Some of the Alexandrine ladies seemed gay and pleasant ; at the same time our pleasure was a little long. It had two breaks, however. We first went off in a boat to see Mahomed Ali's palace, where he used to live much, and sit on the balcony, which commands a noble view of the harbor, and converse with the Frank merchants, and see his cotton sailing out. The present pasha seems to exhibit great indifference to all matters of civilization and progress. However, he has allowed the railroad to be made, for which civilization and progress are much indebted to him. He has a superstitious dread of Alexandria, from its having been foretold to him, as it is said, by some dervish, that he should die there ; and, accordingly, nothing would induce him to spend a night here. The palace has large rooms, with handsome French furniture ; the inlaid floors, or parquets, are extremely pretty. A little later in the day we went on board the steam-packet built for the pasha by the Peninsular and Oriental

Company (I had better henceforward adopt the convenient current abbreviation, and call it the P. and O. Company). She is a model of space and luxury, with a deck three hundred and twenty feet long, and eight hundred and fifty horse-power. It is needless to say that, lying in these waters, she has never been seen by the pasha. I never knew greater perfection of weather than during these Christmas days — so bright, so soft, so cloudless; yet the Greens hold that the sky is incomparably more blue at Athens, where they had long lived. Such certainly was not my shorter experience. The officers of the Wasp came to dine with me at the hotel, and I will not deny that the French cook gave us a very good repast. The consul's cavass came to attend them beyond the walls. I rather fancy that the night before some of them had forced the patrol.

*December 30th.*—Went with Lord John to Pompey's Pillar. It was, I believe, in fact, erected in honor of Diocletian; however, it has a splendid shaft of the beautiful granite of the country, so well set off by the blue depths of sky above. In our way back, we looked at the huge substructions of what it is supposed must have been the famous library; they are at present bared for new buildings, but it is a pity that the whole place is not regularly excavated. We found, on our return, a large arrival of passengers by the French steamer, and the marvellous news of Lord Palmerston's resignation. We dined at the table d'hôte, which was thickly filled by the new comers, English and American. We went afterwards to Mr. Peel's, who has a branch here of the family establishment at Leghorn; there was a lively variety of whist, singing, charades, and dancing. The Alexandrians appear extremely sociable; and, as far as my

superficial survey enables me to judge, there is a more active and better moral tone of society than in most of the Levant.

*December 31st.*—I had just written the preceding entry, when, on proceeding to go down stairs to set off by the steamer to Cairo — my luggage having been already sent to the port of embarkation — I felt so unwell that I sent for Dr. Ogilvie, who took twenty ounces of blood from me, besides other discipline. I was much relieved, and walked a little in the afternoon.

*January 1st.*—I definitively resolved to give up my tour in Egypt and Syria. It is a considerable sacrifice; but I must not give my family the risk of a second anxiety about my health. I will not enter into the daily medical details. I should hardly thus choose to open the new year; but I trust that I may be enabled ever to feel —

“Thine are the times and ways, all-ruling Lord !  
Thy will be done, acknowledged, and adored.”

I was well enough to go to the consul's new-year family dinner, though I abstain from all meat and wine.

*January 2nd.*—The Colombo steamer arrived, and I took places for Malta. I part with regret from Abraham Pappi, my purposed dragoman; there certainly seems to have been a destiny against our being together. The crossing of the passengers to and from India, with heaps of children, black nurses, &c., gives much animation to this hotel; and the donkey drivers make really fierce contentions in the street, so that it is almost perilous to get into the mêlée. I walked to Cleopatra's Needle, and drank tea with the consul.

*January 3rd.*—I drove with young Mr. Green to

Cæsar's Camp, where there are remains of a large entrenchment, with fragments of walls and towers; this was the scene of a later struggle for the empire of the earth between the English and French. It is pleasant to think that, if we should be doomed again to the blighting curse of war, these two powerful flags are likely to wave, not in enmity, but most friendly unison. We passed between enclosures of fig-trees and sugar-canes, and it is truly a land worth possessing. I have seen Mr. Robert Stephenson, who has arrived in his yacht, the graceful *Titania*, to superintend the progress of his railway. He is satisfied, on the whole, with the conduct of the pasha throughout the transaction. In the afternoon, with strong regret, I turned my back upon the southern sun, and embarked on board the P. and O. Company's steamer, the *Colombo*, Captain Brook, for Malta.

*January 4th — 6th.*— I condense the entries of our voyage, which was most prosperous, but uneventful. Owing to the immense quantity of cargo to be taken in, we did not start till daylight on the 4th. We had about seventy adult passengers, seventeen children, and two lions. The children roared a great deal, but not the lions. We had a most competent captain, excellent fare, and a very pleasing and intelligent doctor, which was a great object for me. I made a point of walking about ten miles a day on the long deck, of some three hundred feet. I read, for the first time, and was much pleased with, Hare's "Guesses at Truth," from the ship's library, and we had a whist party in the evening. Except one Moor, two or three travellers from the Nile, and the couple of lions (a present to the Queen), the whole of the passengers were from India, and I thought favorable

specimens of that class of my fellow-subjects. The accounts I heard of the prevalence of dysentery and ophthalmia on the Nile this year rather tended to reconcile me to my abandonment of that venerable stream. On our second day the coast of Africa in the domain of Tripoli was for some time in sight. Our weather was most enjoyable. The accommodations of the ship are very good; she was rather given to pitching, but did her duty admirably, as, though the wind was for the most part directly against us, we averaged nearly twelve knots an hour, which certainly appeared a great contrast to the Wasp. The whole run was seventy-six hours.

*January 7th.* — At noon we had anchored in the Quarantine harbor of Malta. I was much pleased with the approach; the town rises gay and lightsome from the smooth blue sea; the narrow entrance and the impending fortifications strongly recall the Havana to me. I before received the kindest invitation from the governor, Sir William Reid, to be his guest while here; and I proceeded on landing to his residence, the old palace of the Grand Masters of the knights of St. John. It is full of spacious airy chambers and broad high corridors, painted with arabesques and battle-pieces, and hung with pictures of the Grand Masters, beginning in armor, and ending in black robes and tie-wigs; I fear, however, that the garb of wisdom was reserved for the days of profligacy and degeneracy. I am very well lodged; it is not precisely a good house for family accommodation, but must be admirably suited to the summer warmth of the climate. At present, I confess, I was very glad to find good coal fires, though there is a most brilliant sun and sky.

In the afternoon I walked about the streets and bastions. It would not be easy to exhaust the merits of the

town. It combines qualities not often found in unison; for it is eminently clean, and eminently picturesque; eminently English, and eminently southern. You read the Saxon names of saddlers and shoemakers, and above you look up at the rich tracery of latticed oriels. You meet the familiar red uniform and the blue-jackets, and you catch occasional tufts of aloes, and orange-trees loaded with fruit. There is great beauty in the vista of each right-angled street, ending with the smooth blue water either of the full sea, or of one of the two many-creeked, long-winding harbors. The great feature is the prodigality of decorated stone-work, in the soft, warm, creamy stone of the island, lavished on house, and church, and barrack, and store-house, and gateway. I traced much of the military architecture of Rhodes, which, grave and severe there, has here both swelled into great amplitude and blossomed into copious efflorescence. It is much the same relation as Henry VII.'s chapel bears to a bit of Durham Cathedral. Rhodes has now one superior point of interest. The arms of the knights in this their earlier residence, captured and still possessed by their Mahometan conquerors, retain their fresh, sharp appearance, as if they had been chiselled yesterday. At Valletta, the French, during their brief possession, made it their special business to erase all the armorial bearings of the knights, and accordingly you only see defaced and gaping shields. I fear that in this *armilegious* wantonness they were at one time partially seconded by the English; but the considerate care of the present governor is endeavoring gradually to restore these historic reminiscences. He justly thinks that it is the policy of our country to secure by all legitimate methods the confidence and goodwill of the native population. It is so, indeed, both in

its lowest as well as its highest aims ; for, in the case of future attack, the hearty coöperation of the inhabitants might stand in the stead of several regiments ; but he who wishes either to gratify or elevate a people, will never desire to sever any of its honorable associations with the past. At dinner I had the pleasure of again seeing Mr. Marsh, the late American minister at Constantinople, on his way thence. Sir William Reid was struck, as every one must be, with the fulness of his knowledge, and his easy and simple manner of communicating it.

*January 8th.* — We went to the new church here, built by Queen Adelaide. I am told the estimate was for eight thousand pounds, which ought to have gone far where stone is so cheap and easily worked ; but, with the usual fate of architectural results all over the world, the actual cost was double, all of which she generously defrayed. It is a spacious and handsome building, but to the Greek body rather an incongruous spire is appended. In the afternoon I made a circuit of the town and fortifications with the governor, and had a very instructive lecture upon military defences. The lines are generally too far extended, but much is now doing to make them more efficient. To unlearned eyes they exhibit a most complete and noble presence. Many monuments are scattered about to worthies connected with the government of the island, and our two great services, who have been buried here ; Sir Alexander Ball, Lord Hastings, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, Sir Robert Spencer. It is singular that the only undecorated grave is that of Sir Thomas Maitland ; I had always thought “ King Tom ” had filled so large a space in the Mediterranean world. The profuse command of stone gives a grandiose air to almost everything that is erected. Among the

older buildings, the Hotel of Castile appears to me the handsomest. Sir William gives a good report both of the industry and general conduct of the Maltese; they seem to behave better at home than abroad. The islands have about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, of which nearly half are in the capital, and they increase rapidly. The popular admiral, Houston Stewart, dined with us. Lady Reid is a great invalid. My readers would not guess the only place where I have yet met her — on the roof of the house.

*January 9th.* — I was taken to a very good club, where many newspapers are taken in. Strangers are introduced by any member gratuitously for the first week of their residence. It was a sirocco wind to-day, which makes the pavement very damp, but at this time of the year there is scarcely any other unpleasant effect. What people talk with horror of is the Gregale, or north-east, which, when very violent, drives ships and batters walls. I went to the great church of St. John, which has imposing size and gorgeous emblazonment. The pavement is entirely composed of the grave-stones of the knights, with inscriptions and devices in the most variegated marbles. In the side chapels there is a profusion of gold arabesque work, and many costly monuments. I thought it rather a painful contrast between the splendor of their tombs and the tenuity of their fame. Among them there is a simpler and rather touching statue of the Count of Beaujolais, who died here in 1808, put up by his brother Louis Philippe, not long before his own deposition, — a still greater fall than that of the Grand Masters of St. John. General Fergusson, now in command here, the Maltese crown advocate, and one or two Sardinian gentlemen, dined with us. The governor speaks in the highest

terms of the general. The crown advocate seems highly intelligent. He confirms what I had heard from others, that the religious belief of the bulk of the inhabitants is very genuine. The Sardinians are anxious to establish intercourse and trade between the islands, which at present do not exist. Sardinia appears to me the portion of Europe least known or spoken about. It would be desirable to diminish the exclusiveness of the dependence of Malta upon Sicily.

*January 10th.*—I rode with the general and his staff to attend the weekly parade or review of the garrison. They have a good piece of ground, which has been lately put in order, and serves also for cricket, though it has no turf. The appearance of our troops impresses one much after eastern armies. It is satisfactory to hear how little complaint of drunkenness there is. Last year, I believe, was the first in which the practice of confining them to their barracks during the Carnival was discontinued, and the result was quite satisfactory. In the afternoon I drove with the governor first to San Antonio, where the grand masters had, and now, consequently, the governors have, their principal villa. There is a fine garden, principally of orange-trees, very handsomely and pleasantly laid out. Sir William Reid, however, does not find this residence a sufficient relief during the heats of summer, and has restored for himself a roomy kind of tower on the heights above, to which we proceeded afterwards. It was chiefly built by Verdala, grand master and cardinal, whose history is painted on the walls. I thought it a very attractive spot, though the inscription on the outside would not appear so to English wants,—“On Mount Verdala are dews and showers.” There is a fine view of the island, capital,

and sea ; a succession of terraces which expressly invite a garden, and a narrow cleft at their feet full of orange-trees three hundred years old. We also went to Citta Vecchia, or Notabile, the original capital of the island, occupying, according to primitive custom, its highest ground. Here is the cathedral, which is a really stately building, highly decorated ; among other things, it has the crosier brought from Rhodes, a picture of St. Paul, after the Greek fashion, with the face painted, and the body in silver. What, however, I find most striking here is the sumptuous architecture of the villages. It reminds me at every turn of my own Sir John Vanbrugh. The whole island consists of quarries of stone, churches, arcades, balustrades, and orange-trees. There is not such a thing as a poor-looking dwelling-house, and scarcely a sign of any actual distress, though the livelihood of many is extremely scanty. Old women spin all day long, and the day's work only brings them a penny. The roads, which are as smooth as those of Bedfordshire, present a forcible contrast to the Ottoman isles and continents. We are told that when L'Isle Adam and his brave companions first landed on this shore, their spirits sank within them at the contrast its dry and barren surface presented to their delicious lost Rhodes. I have qualified myself for adjudging that, in most respects, the tables are now turned between the two islands, and they certainly afford a very decisive criterion of the results of Turkish and Christian dominion. We had pleasant society at dinner,—Mr. Marsh and his niece, Lord and Lady William Compton.

*January 11th.*—I went over the dockyard, stores, biscuit manufactory, all of which seem on a large and efficient scale, combining the architectural roominess of

the old knights with the appliances of modern resource. Some military and naval officers dined with us. After they were gone, the governor gave me, most agreeably, some recollections of his old Peninsular campaigns; among others, a striking account of the evening in the theatre at Bourdeaux, when the Duke of Wellington suddenly appeared, with a white cockade in his cocked hat, amidst immense plaudits, and the mayor announced from the stage that peace had been concluded. The singular modesty of the narrator much enhanced the attraction of the narrations. He is one of the best and most unpretending of men. Lady Reid's health confines her almost entirely to her own apartment, which is the more to be lamented as, besides appearing thoroughly excellent, she has so much originality and shrewdness of understanding, as to render her society most agreeable.

*January 12th.* — This morning was made memorable by my parting with my beard, the venerable growth of four months.\* This I reckon the formal act of return to western civilization. I walked with the governor over the long lines of fortification on the other side of the Great Harbor. The works are in the course of being strengthened and condensed. It may give some notion of the whole fortified extent to mention that there are fifty-three gates into the town. Our dinner included the bishop of Gibraltar, the French consul, and the colonel of the Malta regiment of Fencibles.

*January 13th.* — The roof of the palace is a very

\* I can bear witness to the venerable character of Lord Carlisle's beard. When I saw him in Athens, I was struck with the singular effect of a beard that would have done no discredit to an Arab sheik, and yet could not conceal the pleasant, genial expression of the English nobleman.

agreeable place to carry one's books to, with the bright winter sun above, and the military band playing below. I drove, with the governor, to St. Julian's College, which comprises an establishment for training missionaries for the eastern countries, and a school for boys. There are now about twenty-five of the first, and forty-five of the last. There is an interesting mixture of all races, — Greek, Italian, Jewish, Turkish, Arabian. Some of the boys have not yet decidedly professed either Protestantism or Christianity. All attend family prayers, and those that have other places of worship frequent them. The institution has now been founded seven years. Its extrinsic support is mainly derived from the evangelical party in England. It naturally sustained some injury from its brief connection with Dr. Achilli. The post of principal is now vacant, and I apprehend that much of the future efficiency of the institution will depend upon the manner in which it is filled up. We dined at General Fergusson's. There was dancing afterwards. The news arrived, by the French packet, of the fleets having definitively entered the Black Sea.

*January 14th.* — An officer of distinction in the Indian cavalry came in at breakfast, in his way from Constantinople. He gave very interesting accounts of what he had seen there. I walked with the governor, and went over the "Ospizio," or poor-house for old people. It has above seven hundred, who seem well looked after. They have a pleasant basking-place, with seats both for sun and shade. When another, now in progress, is completed, it is calculated that mendicancy may be altogether prohibited. We went also over the civil hospital. All the buildings here are singularly spacious and airy. The hospital is much less filled than formerly, owing mainly

to the establishment of dispensaries in all the island districts, which was one of many enlightened improvements accomplished by my old friend, More O'Ferrall. He is thought by some to have bestowed his fostering care on other objects not quite so innoxious. We also walked through some very pretty garden grounds upon the outer ramparts. The admiral and the captain of a French steamer dined with us. The latter is on his way to Constantinople. He holds the language, which I understand is not confined to him, of extreme distaste for the expedition into the Black Sea. It is considered extremely dangerous. If it was to fight the Russians, well and good; but now, if they meet them, they are only to say, "Good-day! how do you do?" In the evening we attended a meeting of the Malta Literary and Philosophical Society, which takes place once a fortnight, to hear lectures and papers. On this occasion a paper was read, which had been sent by Mr. Finlay, the Athenian, on the origin of the Ottoman Empire. I shortly addressed the company, afterwards, by request. As we returned, the bugle band of the sixty-eighth regiment were playing in the full, bright, soft full-moon light in front of the palace. The moon is eminently becoming to this town, with its jutting balconies and traceries. One is more sensible to the charms of climate, upon reading the accounts of excessive cold which arrived this day from England.

*January 15th.* — There was an ordination of one priest and two deacons at morning service. I had never happened to assist at this rite before, and I thought it impressive. The bishop preached a judicious sermon. Mrs. Greville and her pretty daughters dined with us.

*January 16th.* — The bishop took me in his carriage to Crendi, to see the curious ruins there. There are two

sets of them, about a quarter of a mile from each other. They are probably those of some Phœnician place of worship, consisting of very large stones, of which the lower are upright, and what may be termed Druidical. Above these are four or five horizontal layers, a portion of them being as if it were tattooed with a small circular pattern. There is no vestige of any roof. The chambers are of different size, with low apertures, and large seats around the outer thresholds. Two or three altars seem to be in their places, and one of them has a very long, flat slab of stone, which might have served for human sacrifice. Near another, an opening communicates with a second chamber, large enough to admit the body of a man, which again might have served for oracular responses. The bishop makes an excellent cicerone for these old monuments. The governor and his family joined us, and we had a gentle luncheon among the old stones. We were nearly on the brink of the southern coast, which is bold and rocky; not unlike the south of the Isle of Wight. We also stopped to look at a remarkable circular sinking or land-slip, to the depth of some one hundred and fifty feet of rock, the bottom of which has been converted into a rough kind of garden, with some fine carroba trees. The tradition is, that a wicked village was engulfed there. I dined with Lord and Lady William Compton. They gave us some amusing charades in the evening.

*January 17th.* — Saw the armory and public library, with both of which the palace communicates. They are of noble dimensions. The library has about thirty-five thousand volumes, chiefly composed of the successive books of the grand masters; and has only of late received modern accessions. There is a museum attached, with a small collection of island antiquities, Phœnician, Greek,

and Roman. We dined with Admiral Stewart, where all is sure of being hospitable and pleasant. We crossed the harbor in a closed boat, and, there being an approach to a gale, some of the ladies found it rather trying.

*January 18th.* — Sirocco wind, and hard rain nearly all day. I made the circuit of the town. The waves quite dashed above some of the fortresses; still it was not the redoubtable Gregale. The captain of another French war-steamer, the *Cacique*, the military secretary, and some engineer officers, dined with us.

*January 19th.* — I drove with the intelligent private secretary, and son-in-law of the governor, Lieutenant Hore,\* to St. Paul's Bay. It is a pretty, rocky little gulf, and the best geographical and nautical researches, which have been lately condensed in an able volume, by Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill, near Glasgow, seem abundantly to make out, in addition to the unvarying local tradition, that it is the actual scene of the shipwreck; and consequently to disprove the counter-claim of Meleda in the Adriatic. To such difficulties as have been suggested — the applications of the word "Adria" to the sea, of "barbarous people" to an island successively colonized by Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans, and the alleged absence of snakes from Malta — the answers seem sufficient that it was, in fact, frequently termed the Adrian Sea, that it was natural for St. Paul to call barbarous all persons not understanding Greek, and that there are still serpents, though the more venomous sorts may have disappeared during the long inhabitaney of the island.† We also stopped to see a church

\* Now commander of the Conflict in the Baltic fleet.

† For a very learned and satisfactory discussion of this whole subject, the reader is referred to Prof. Hackett's Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, especially chapters xxvii. and xxviii. F.

at Musta, which has been for years in progress, and is remarkable from its imposing dimensions, inclosing the old church, where service is still held until its successor is finished ; and still more so from its being built by voluntary labor. Almost all the workmen take their turn, and, I believe, think themselves repaid by securing a certain period of indulgences. There are many promises of these before images and stations quite recently erected in many quarters ; and figures of persons in the flames of purgatory are very frequent. We dined at a large party at the bishop's. I sat by the newly-ordained priest, a German by birth, who had been for seven years a missionary among the Jews in Persia and Assyria. He thinks most is to be accomplished through the education of their children, to which he has not found them much averse. I went afterwards to the opera, for the first time. It is rather a pretty little theatre, and the number of uniforms adds to its look of gayety. Some officers acted a farce, for the benefit of one of the singers.

*January 20th.* — I walked to the Corradino heights. I find in Malta monuments to two cousins in the military and naval services, Sir Frederick Ponsonby and Sir Robert Spencer. Quiet dinner at the palace.

*January 21st.* — Wind and rain. Letters arrived from the admirals at Sinope. I hear the quantity of wreck and human bodies still make a very frightful spectacle. Both the English and French officers who have been to Sebastopol, concur in thinking it impregnable to a naval attack. Dined with Admiral Elliot.

*January 22nd.* — Attended service in the military chapel. The soldiers, however, were kept away by the weather. I find even these latitudes have their bad moments. Evening service at St. Paul's church. Dr. and

Mrs. Collins dined with us. He does not think the English language gains much in the island. The Refugee question is one of much delicacy here, though it does not present any difficulty at the present moment. A quiet and prudent humanity is the proper temper for dealing with it. Some one said not long ago, before some Russian naval officers, that we had lately been strengthening Malta; upon which one of them said, "Ah! then we are just too late." They will scarcely be able to revive in earnest the Grand-Mastership of the Emperor Paul. I have been reading the history of the order by Sutherland. It produced some very considerable men, especially L'Isle Adam, and De la Valette, and among those who did much for this island, Vignacourt and Cottonera.

*January 23rd.* — Chose a pretty vase at one of the stone manufacturers'. Called on Lady Hamilton Chichester, who is in deep sorrow for her husband's recent loss. She kindly thought I should like to see the garden made by Mr. Frere during his island life. It is full of taste and beauty, rising up a hill, with a series of balustraded terraces, where he used to bask in the bright sun, look at the blue waters, and meditate his translations.\* There

\* John Hookham Frere was a contemporary and friend of Canning. He was born in 1769; educated at Eton, where he was one of the contributors to the *Microcosm*; afterwards studied at Caius College, Cambridge, where he took his degree. In 1796, he was returned to Parliament as member for West Lowe, and, in 1799, became under secretary for foreign affairs. In 1800, he was sent to Portugal as envoy extraordinary, whence, in 1802, he was transferred to Madrid. In 1804, he returned to England, and was made privy councillor. In 1807, he was sent as minister to Prussia, and, in the following year, was sent again to Madrid, whence he was recalled in 1809, and retired to private life. In 1816, he married the Countess Dowager of Errol, and, some years later, left England on account of his health, and, establishing himself at Malta, lived there until his death, which took place Jan. 7, 1846, at the age of seventy-seven.

was a small ball in the evening at the palace. The noble ball-room looked well, though there were hardly enough to fill it.

*January 24th.* — Delicious southern day after the late gale. I attended part of a rehearsal of some amateur

Mr. Frere was one of the principal writers in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and contributed many able and learned articles to the *Classical Journal* and the *London Quarterly Review*. He was the first to introduce into English literature the Ariosto style of the chivalrous epic, by the poem of the *Whistlecrafts*, which Byron, having read it in manuscript, imitated in his *Beppo*.

But his most considerable literary works are his translations. While a school-boy at Eton he made a translation of an Anglo-Saxon ballad of the tenth century, which received the emphatic praise of Sir James Mackintosh. While he was minister in Spain his attention was called by the Marquis de la Romana to the old Spanish heroic poem, the *Poema del Cid*, — the most characteristic passages of which he afterwards translated with wonderful spirit and poetic life. They were published by Southey in the appendix to his chronicle of the *Cid*. At a later period it was important to send a secret agent to the marquis, in command of the Spanish troops near the Baltic; and, as it was dangerous to give him written credentials, which might have been intercepted by the enemy, Mr. Frere made him commit to memory a line of the *Cid*, with an amendment by himself which he had communicated only to the marquis, — perhaps the only instance of a conjectural reading in an old poem proving of importance in the transaction of political affairs.

Mr. Frere was an accomplished Greek scholar, and, during his retirement at Malta, prepared and published translations of the *Acharnians*, *Knights*, *Birds* and *Frogs*, of *Aristophanes*, in which the wit, satire, humor and vigorous characterization, as well as lyrical grandeur, of these extraordinary pieces are reproduced with a power, an insight, a felicity of expression and a command of rhythm, almost equal to the original. These were followed by a translation of the *Fragments of Theognis*, from which he endeavored to reconstruct the old poet's biography, — a very ingenious thought, and executed with much scholarly taste and talent.

It is strange that the English have not yet made a collection of the writings of this distinguished man. They are well worthy of a place in English literature.

F.

theatricals among the officers of the garrison,—The Rivals, and The Tipperary Legacy; tolerably promising. I then took a long walk on the Sliena road. There was a fine variety of blue tint in the waters within and without the harbor. Some Maltese dignitaries dined with us. The Marseilles packet arrived, and the Banshee, with engineers for Constantinople; she is also to carry out some sappers and miners. This looks as if serious work was expected.

*January 25th.* — Walked the circuit of the ramparts. Listened to the excellent band of the 41st on parade. In the evening went to the theatre for the amateur play, which went off well. There was especially an excellent Mrs. Malaprop.

*January 26th.* — I saw Captain Peel, who has just arrived in the Diamond. He very kindly offers me a passage to Corfu. Drove with Mrs. Hore to San Antonio, and gathered oranges. Quiet dinner, which I always much appreciate.

*January 27th.* — Went to the dépôt of the Bible Society, which is well stored with versions in all the Levantine languages. Went on board the Diamond; then to Fort Manuel to visit Col. Straubenzie. He showed the barrack to me. It is very pleasing to find schools going on both for children and adults. The bishop, the officers of the Diamond, Col. and Mrs. Floyd, dined with us. I found in her a daughter of the late Recorder of Dublin, Shaw, my old parliamentary opponent, whom I very much respected and liked.

*January 28th.* — Called on some officers at the old Auberge de Castile, now their quarters. It is a very noble building, both without and within. Walked to Birchicara. Passed the archbishop (titular Archbishop of

Rhodes and Bishop of Malta) in his carriage. He looks like one of the most meek and humble spirit, and he is said to be full of piety and benevolence. Whether these — by far the most essential qualities of a Christian prelate — are accompanied by a high degree of enlightenment, might be called into some question by those who have had the opportunity of reading an address or re-script, which he put forth on the occasion of transferring the chief patronage of Malta from St. Paul to the Virgin. Dined with Admiral Stewart, which is always agreeable. There were military and naval officers, ladies, and a retired admiral, — Sir Lucius Curtis, — who gave us some pleasant recollections of Lord Nelson. Captain Peel showed intimate acquaintance with all his proceedings. He always appeared on deck at six in the morning, with his star and white small clothes, and no officer came on deck in his ship after eight without a cocked hat, which is very different to modern habits. The day has felt almost piercingly cold, but, on inquiry, the glass was not lower than  $53^{\circ}$  in the shade.

*January 29th.* — Military chapel in the morning; St. Paul's in the evening. A very good sermon from Mr. Innes, a clergyman staying with the bishop. The *Vectis* brought Galignan to the 25th. All looks very warlike. Day still cold.

*January 30th.* — To-day restored us to blue and brilliant skies. Herbert of Muckruss called on me. He is on his way to Constantinople; left London very warlike. The steamer did not ply at Lyons, — prevented by icy fog. I went with Mr. and Mrs. Hore to see the giant steamer (the *Himalaya*) enter the harbor. We went on board of her. Superb deck and accommodations. She is of three thousand five hundred and fifty tons; had bad

weather at first, but came from Gibraltar in seventy-seven hours, which is thirteen and one tenth knots an hour. Dined at the bishop's; company composed of army, navy, and church. Went afterwards to take leave of the agreeable Elliots.

*January 31st.* — After cordial farewells to the excellent Reids, I left the hospitable sojourn of the palace, and went on board the Diamond. This is her first commission. She has twenty-eight guns, and is a very comely ship. Great breadth of deck in comparison with the Wasp. Captain Peel has given me his spacious after-cabin, which I found full of comforts and elegances, though all is in comparatively new condition on board. The wind would not allow us to leave the harbor. We went to lunch with Admiral Stewart. Shortly before sunset, Captain Peel resolved to attempt getting out. I always shrink from being technical in my naval entries, but I believe that beating out of Malta harbor against a wind almost directly contrary is reckoned something of a feat, especially with a very fresh crew. We accomplished it in two tacks. They both looked enough of a shave to make it quite exciting, especially when our captain, during the last off Fort Ricasoli, shouted three times to the master, "Shall we weather it?" and the answer came three times, "No, sir." However, weather it we did, and all in the ship seemed relieved and proud. The ramparts of the town were lined with spectators. We found a considerable swell outside, and I must own to not having spent the evening pleasantly, notwithstanding the signal provision made for my comfort.

*February 1st, 2nd, 3rd.* — Through these days our voyage has sped most smoothly on, with light breezes, smooth seas, summer skies. There is a very happy selec-

tion of officers, and the captain appears to me full of eminent qualities not unworthy of his name. I remark a disposition to praise the crew when they do anything well, which I am sure must have a happy effect. Our hours are earlier than I have found them elsewhere. We breakfast at eight, and dine at half-past three. I keep up my practice of listening to the songs of the men during the first night-watch.

*February 4th.*—The day was transcendent, but it was so much of a calm that we could only make slowly up the channel between Corfu and the Albanian coast. The outlines of the hills are very fine, with cloud-capped summits, but they have the usual gray ruggedness of Greece. The weather, the society, and the absence of any great cause of hurry, have prevented any feeling of impatience. During this voyage, I have read Arthur Stanley's excellent book on the Apostolical Age, and a history of the last naval war, translated from Captain De La Graviere. Captain Peel told me his father had been much struck with it, and it is full of high interest and of, on the whole, admirable impartiality; which is surely much from a French officer describing the career of Nelson. All the officers of the ship have dined in turn with the captain during my stay on board. When the half-moon went down at the stillest midnight, we were within two miles of the light-house of Corfu; but, as I was told that it was quite uncertain whether we could get in during so calm a night, I went down to bed.

*February 5th.*—The morning found us anchored. It was a fair scene around. There were the gay, white town with the picturesque double-peaked citadel, the near green promontories of the island, the smooth, gleaming channel, and the triple tier of the Albanian mountains

beyond,—the furthest entirely faced with snow. There is a smart little flotilla in the roadstead,—the Wasp, the Modeste and the Shere-water,—which now all come under the command of the Diamond. I was very glad to see my old commander, Lord John Hay. After service on board, I went with Captain Peel to the palace, where I found my old friend and colleague, Sir Henry Ward, by whom I am now most kindly and comfortably lodged. It is a most commodious mansion, without so much august space as that of Malta, but with more gayety, mainly, owing to its charming views, in which the other is quite deficient. We went to evening service in the garrison chapel, and then took a beautiful walk, first over the large esplanade, where a military band was playing, and a great number of people walking, then by the shore to the casino of the lord high commissioner; where, besides the delicious view, you find the truly English novelties of a hay-stack and cow-sheds. The garden has very fine orange-trees, but is not now kept up in its full trim. Old olive trees are scattered everywhere. It has been a most abundant crop this year, but the Corfiotes are too indolent to pursue the proper methods of culture. The weather was very perfect, and the loveliness of the place has exceeded my expectation, much as I had heard of it; the only island of those I have seen in the Archipelago which comes into any competition with it is Mitylene. There is a large and affectionate family party at the palace; and family affection is what always makes even the stranger feel most at home.

*February 6th.*—Read newspapers at the garrison library; strangers here, as at Malta, are very liberally introduced. In the afternoon I rode with Sir Henry and one of his daughters; it was rather a home ride, to the One-

gun battery, and round the fortifications; but go where you will, the views are enchanting. We passed over the probable site of the old Phæacian city, from which they are continually digging up large stones, all worked, though rather roughly; in another place there are a great number of well-made stone coffins. It seems that the island has passed successively through the names of Drepane, Scheria (in Homer), Corcyra (in history), and now Corfu, from its peaked fortress (κορυφή); it is certainly not difficult to believe that Alcinous might well have had his gardens on this rich soil, and in this delightful climate. I fear that till recently much of our fortification work has been very ill-devised. Captain Peel and some officers of the garrison dined with us. Some of the small flotilla here is to be despatched to Prevesa, where there is alarm about a Greek rising. There have been already some collisions in the interior, in which the Turks seem to have been worsted; a young Karaiskakēs, son of a celebrated chief in the revolutionary war, has left the Greek service, for appearance's sake, at least, and joined some Albanian insurgents. If we have to fight with Turks against Greeks, it will be one of the most distressing, though perhaps now unavoidable incidents of this impending lamentable war.

*February 7th.*—Went over the citadel, which comprises the two peaks from which the town is named; the view is very fine; but this and almost every other view I ever saw in my life were eclipsed by those we saw in our afternoon ride on the Santa Decca road, which turns the mountain that opens the southern district of the island; the snow-capped lines of the Acro-Ceraunian hills on the Albanian shore, the unruffled seas, which gleamed through four sets of ravines, the defined outline of the two-peaked

citadel, the terraces of olive and vine that climb every hill, with scattered alleys of cypress, and tufts of orange, make the whole effect most transcendent. All this you see from excellent roads, admirably engineered. Any one who wishes to condense the attractions of southern scenery, and see it all in the utmost comfort and luxury, need only come to Corfu. Colonel Denny, an old Montreal acquaintance, and his wife, dined with us; we went to a benefit night at the opera. The theatre is about of the same calibre as that of Malta; it was very full, and there were a great many soldiers and sailors of all ranks.

*February 8th.*—Went over the fortifications in the island of Vido, which fronts Corfu, at about a mile's distance. There is a very well arranged military prison there; the average number of prisoners about thirty from a garrison of about three thousand; drunkenness the main offence. Great pains seem to be taken at the Horse Guards with all that concerns regimental prisons and schools; something remains to be done in making provision for lodging the wives of soldiers allowed to have them, who are six in every hundred; at present, for the most part, they sleep in the large common barrack-rooms with the rest of the men. The senator from Santa Maura, and the secretary of the Senate, dined with us, both intelligent and agreeable men, speaking English very well. Greek is the official, parliamentary, forensic language of the islands, but most of the upper classes are more familiar with Italian. I should think the policy of having insisted on the adoption of the Greek somewhat questionable, at least with the existing tendencies to Hellenism.

*February 9th.*—I walked in the morning to the ruins of the temple of Neptune, with Mr. Creyke, Sir Henry

Ward's chaplain, a most agreeable and attractive companion, which I am not the less willing to admit for his being an East Riding man. The sites explain the *Odyssey* almost as clearly as Bounar Bachi does the *Iliad*. The temple of the sea-god could not have been more fitly placed upon a grassy platform of the most elastic turf, on the brow of a crag commanding harbor, and channel, and ocean. Just in the entrance of the inner harbor, there is a picturesque rock, with a small convent perched upon it, which by one legend is the transformed pinnacle of Ulysses.

ἦ δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἤλυθε κορυπύροσ νηῦς  
 'Ρίμψα διωκομένη· τῆς δὲ σχεδὸν ἤλθ' Ἐροσίχθων,  
 "Ὅς μιν λῶαν ἔθηκε, καὶ ἐφ' ἧς ἔωσεν ἔνερθε.\*

N. 161—163

Almost the only river in the island is just at the proper distance from the probable site of the city and palace of the king to justify the Princess Nausicaa having had resort to her chariot, and to luncheon, when she went with the maidens of the court to wash their garments,†—

\* "Swift, as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,  
 The winged pinnacle shot along the sea.  
 The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,  
 And rests her down an everlasting rock."

*Pope.*

† I had the pleasure of examining all these sites, and comparing them with the immortal scenes in the *Odyssey*, and I can have no doubt that they were vividly present to the mind of Homer when he worked out the charming story of Nausicaa, and the adventures of Ulysses, after he succeeded in landing. To make the classicism more complete, when I reached the spring, *Odyssey* in hand, where tradition places the scene of the washing, *a young Greek woman was standing in it, and washing linen*. I cannot say she was quite as handsome as Ulysses found Nausicaa.

F.

Μήτηρ δ' ἐν κίστῃ ἐτίθει μετοειχέ' ἰδοδίην  
 Παντοίην, ἐν δ' ὄψα τίθει, ἐν δ' οἶνον ἔχεν  
 Ἀσζῶ ἐν ἀγείῳ· κοίρῃ δ' ἐλεβίσει' ἀπείρητος.\*

Z. 76—78.

In the afternoon I walked to the village of Potamo, and some heights above it; it is pleasant during rather a long stretch

“To pluck the pendant orange as it grows.”

Lord John Hay gave dinner to Mr. Creyke and me at his lodging in the town, and I thought the evening very pleasant indeed.

*February 10th.*—Gale and rain, to prove that no climate is unalloyed. The garrison library and reading-room are a great resource. Towards evening, Sir Henry and I got some turns on the esplanade.

*February 11th.*—Looked over Colonel Denny's drawings. Rode with Sir Henry and his daughters to Pelica, a picturesque village with a noble panoramic view. Most scenery, however beautiful, has some slight drawback on more familiar acquaintance. Here it is the too general predominance of the olive. In summer this must be corrected by a greater intermixture of other tints, and even now is partially so by the cypress and orange. We had several high officers at dinner. I did not accompany the Lord High, as he is more familiarly termed here, to the theatre to witness the representation of an opera by a Zantiot amateur, who was covered with nosegays and sweetmeats, and carried home afterwards by torch-light

\* “The Queen, assiduous to her train assigns  
 The sumptuous viands, and the flavoured wines.  
 Now mounting the gay seat, the silken reins  
 Shine in her hand; along the sounding plains  
 Swift fly the mules.”—*Pope*.

on the shoulders of the people. We got the Queen's speech. Parliament seems to have opened very smoothly.

*February 12th.*—Went to the garrison chapel in the morning and afternoon. Mr. Brine, a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, preached most impressively. It is pleasant to see the soldiers looking attentive and interested. Their mustering and marching off afterwards with their full band under the high rock of the citadel is very picturesque. It appeared very cold to-day, with the glass at 49°.

*February 13th.*—There was real, visible, palpable snow this morning falling in the streets of Corfu. The afternoon was fine, though conscious of the recent chill. I walked with the Lord High to the One-gun battery. There are few such walks within the command of any town. Dined with the mess of the 71st; the last time I had done so was at Montreal. We were most hospitably entertained,—the Lord High, the General, in all twenty-six. The news brought by the eastern and southern steamers during dinner was rather exciting. The allied fleet is in the Bosphorus, the Russian in Sebastopol, four allied steamers cruising outside of it. Epirus has risen, Arta capitulated. The Pasha of Yanina, characteristically of the Turkish empire, has got the paralysis.

*February 14th.*—Captain Peel went off in the Diamond to Prevesa, with the intent of holding it against all attack, till the pleasure of our government should be known concerning this somewhat new complication of affairs. I rode with Lord John Hay and Mr. Creyke to the pass of Pantaleone, which commands a very striking view of the northern districts and coasts of the island. It must have been a ride altogether of about thirty-four miles. Our only drawback was that it was a day with-

out color ; but fine scenery, excellent roads, good horses, and most genial companions, made it a very pleasant expedition. I dined with the mess of the 57th regiment, which is celebrated for the goodness of their cook. Their fine commanding officer, Colonel Goldie, has just returned from an interesting excursion across the country to Constantinople and Schumla. He is disposed to think well of Omer Pasha, admires the Turkish barracks, hospitals, and the *matériel* of the soldiers ; but thinks their officers, arms and discipline, very indifferent. In Rumelia and Albania the Mussulmans and Christians appeared in mutual apprehension of each other. I played two rubbers of whist.

*February 15th.* — More snow on the sides of Mount Salvador. I had a long and interesting visit from Mr. Brine, the chaplain. He has been in the Arabian desert, and his accounts have great freshness and originality. It transpired, at luncheon, that at a large official dinner, to be given by Sir Henry Ward this evening, my health would be proposed in Italian ; so I tried to string a few sentences together in the same language, and got Miss Ward to revise the grammar. We were above thirty,—president, archbishop, senators, judges, and other office-bearers. It was a very handsome entertainment, in the large suite of rooms here. Sir Henry opened the proceedings by a very fluent Italian speech in giving the Queen's health, and there were several others with a good deal of loyalty and some Hellenism. My little reply, which I am inclined to think was about the most hardy feat of my public life, seemed to take very well.

*February 16th.* — Went to see Mr. Wodehouse's collection of antiquities and gems. It is a very copious one, especially in all that pertains to the Ionian Islands.

Many pretty glass vases, gold ornaments, and one beautiful cameo, have been found in the tombs here. The coins are most numerous. He told me one thing which illustrates the indolence that is said especially to characterize the Corfiotes. When he bought a place in the country here, he found a garden in very good order, and wished to keep on the gardener. He asked what his wages were,—four dollars a month. He thought that really not enough, and said he would give him eight. Very soon afterwards the man said he must leave him. He thought he did not perhaps like to serve a heretic master, and let him go. Subsequently he used to observe that he came as a day laborer, and one day he asked him why he had not stayed with him. It turned out that he thought, if his pay was doubled, his work might be doubled too; and he said his former wages were enough to buy him olives, bread and tobacco, which was enough for him, if he could lie under a tree when he liked. I find that the inhabitants of the other islands, who have a more sterile soil to deal with, are reckoned far more industrious. In the afternoon I went over the barracks and fortifications at Fort Neuf, with Colonel Goldie. I thought the regimental schools very satisfactory. This fortification is, I believe, very strong in itself; but it is sadly bearded by the dismantled fort Abraham, which has been neither removed nor repaired. Dined with General Conyers; a large party. He lives, as commander of the forces, in the old Venetian house of the ancient Proveditore in the citadel.

*February 17th.* — Breakfasted on board Captain Stuart's ship, the *Modeste*. It is in the most thorough spick and span order of any I have seen in our service, and looks as if it had been turned out of Gillow's yester-

day. The men went through their gun exercise very well. The day was once more one of the fine, transparent ones I found on my first arrival, and I rode with the Lord High to the Garuna Pass. There is one transcendent point where you command the eastern and western shores and seas at once. After dinner we went to a ball at the president of the Senate's, Count Romar. He has a tolerably good house. After staying about half an hour, I went with Lord John Hay on board the Wasp, having accepted his kind offer of a day's trip to Prevesa, where he was to communicate with Captain Peel. We screwed off by a fine half-moon. It felt strange to find myself again in the old quarters.

*February 18th.* — At ten in the morning we arrived off Santa Maura. The outline is good. The hills seemed more covered with snow than at Corfu. We rowed across to Prevesa, over the waters which had borne the fleets of Actium. We found Captain Peel with the consul, Mr. Saunders, who has for eighteen years most efficiently exercised his functions over Albania, and is extremely respected both by Christian and Moslem. His ladies, I fear, must find it very unbroken solitude; it appeared to me only a few degrees better than Alexandretta. The consul mounted me and Mr. Gilpin, the gentleman-like purser of the Wasp, and we rode through some very wet olive groves to the ruins of Nicopolis, the city built by Augustus to commemorate the victory which gave him the undisputed mastery of the world. They are extensive, and have an imposing appearance on a most solitary plain. The walls make a large circuit; there are two theatres, and baths very distinctly marked; brick is the general material. On Grecian soil I always find it impossible to feel any deep interest about Roman remains;

they seem merely to belong to an upstart race. However, it would be hard to question their right to the soil within the shaft-shot of the Actian Apollo. The snowy chains around are very fine, but I think at any season they must have a far sterner look than the mountain-lines of Asia Minor and Caramania. The consul's daughters were sketching here not very long ago, and they ascertained since that there were at the time some robbers, in a ruined vault beneath, engaged in actual consultation whether they should carry them off or not. At this moment all such gentry have probably joined some of the insurgent bands which are said to be mustering fast in Epirus. The Turks have retained possession of Arta, which was closely menaced a few days ago, and the neighborhood of English ships will probably quite secure Prevesa. However warmly one may be bound to sympathize with the general quarrel of one's country, yet it would be a heavy demand upon one to wish in favor of Turks and against Greeks within sight of the cliffs of Parga and the summit of Suli. We set off again at sunset, and had a smooth passage back to Corfu.

*February 19th.* — We anchored soon after four, but we were not allowed to land till nine by that most ridiculous of all systems,—the quarantine. I attended the services at the garrison chapel, and again had pleasure in hearing Mr. Brine. At dinner we had the French consul, M. Limperani, who has an agreeable flow of talk, and Captain Lefevre, of the French war-steamer *Prométhée*, who is on his way to Prevesa, much on the same sort of quest as the *Diamond*. He is last from Athens, and gives an account of the excitement there as being very intense, and somewhat absurd. The students, quite boys many of them, are almost all gone from the Uni-

versity, with the most medley and hap-hazard kinds of arms. The king's aide-de-camp, General Tzavellas, and — of all functionaries in a strictly neutral government — the attorney-general (Procureur du Roi) have joined the insurgents. On the anniversary of the king's birthday, the air of "Trema, Byzantio," from Belisario, was sung from the stage.

*February 20th.* — A strong gale all day, with great rain, which one repined at less as there was a great affluence of papers from East and West. The growing excitement among the islands imposes both trouble and anxiety upon the Lord High. It would be quite out of my track to enter upon the Septinsular politics, but I feel bound to state that Sir Henry appears to me to exercise his functions with much general ability and conscientiousness in circumstances not a little difficult; for he found bequeathed to him a constitution that cannot be got to work, and at this moment the policy of England, and, indeed, of Europe, is at direct variance with the inevitable sympathies of the whole Greek race. The legislature is to meet on the first of March, and it seems very doubtful whether, in the prevailing Hellenism of the moment, it will be found possible to continue their sittings. The population of Corfu itself, which is the least industrious, is thought also to be the least impressionable of the islanders, not to mention the immediate control of a larger garrison. At dinner we had Sir James Reid, one of the four judges of the Highest Court of Law, of whom two are English and two Greek, and some other naval and military officers. The prospect of employment in the probable war naturally excites much interest.

*February 21st.* — Walked with the Lord High to the

One-gun battery, the ground quite white with a recent hail-storm. Quiet family dinner.

*February 22nd.* — Rode with them. Looked at the masks which have begun to assemble in the esplanade for the carnival. Very flat. Dined again at the excellent mess of the 57th, and went to a theatre afterwards, built and kept up by the common soldiers of the regiment. They acted a farce called the "Swiss Swains" by themselves, the women's parts mostly from the band, and the continuation of "Box and Cox," with the assistance of two of their officers; and both were very creditably done, and most amusing. There is a large gallery for the soldiers, a sort of *balcon* for the officers, ladies, and guests, and a pit for sailors and others. They tell me that they have nearly paid off the original expenditure, and that the *dramatis personæ* are strictly confined to soldiers of good conduct. Surely this is all pleasing, and must be admitted by every one to be better than spirit-shops and other haunts.

*February 23rd.* — Walked with Mr. Creyke to Sir John Fraser's, and then we wandered further about that delicious promontory which divides the outer and inner waters of Corfu. The weather had completely recovered itself, and poured its full glories on the blue seas, and sparkling bays, and soft acclivities, and the sward at our feet, all freshened and daisied by the recent rains. We found ourselves agreeing that in these Greek landscapes the same exquisite scale of harmony and proportion, which gave such completeness to the literary composition, the architecture and the art, of the ancient race, seems still to mould and modulate every shape and hue of their natural scenery. In the afternoon I rode with Sir Henry to the country-place of his attorney-general, Signor Cir-

cumelli. He is one of the very few who reside upon, and take pains with, their property. It is very prettily situated; and its modest precincts comprise, besides corn and orchard, the manufacture of oil, wine and silk. He complains much of the number of holidays which the Greek workmen insist on observing. The interior of the house has a very civilized look; and both he and his wife appear refined and distinguished persons. Some officers at dinner.

*February 24th.* — At half-past six I went with the Lord High, his two aides-de-camp, and three other officers, on board the Ionia steamer. They were all bound for a day's shooting in Epirus or Chaonia. I had made the unsportsmanlike condition that I was not to be compelled to shoot, and went to look about me. The day was extremely fine, though the air came down a little freshly from the snowy hills, as we sat at our breakfast on deck. We landed at La Quaranta, to the northward of the Bay of Butrinto. Virgil has given our course, —

“Protenus ærias Phæacum abscondimus arces,  
Littoraque Epiri legimus, portuque subimus  
Chaonio, et celsam Buthroti ascendimus urbem.”

*Æn.* III. 290.\*

And then comes the passage, distinguished by even more than the usual Virgilian grace and delicacy, of the interview between Æneas and Andromache. We began by climbing

\* “The sight of high Phæacia soon we lost,  
And skimmed along Epirus’ rocky coast.  
Then to Chaonia’s port our course we bend,  
And, landed, to Buthrotus’ heights ascend.”

*Dryden.*

a very steep hill, from the top of which there was as lovely a view as one might wish to see of channel, and coast, and islands, all in full gleam and sparkle. We descended inland into a well-watered basin of land, the other side of which was bounded by snow-covered ridges. One of the first objects we saw was a large eagle, on full-stretched wings, cleaving the liquid blue just under the Kimara, or old Aero-Ceraunian summits. The rendezvous with the horses and dogs had gone wrong, as I have invariably found all appointments do upon Turkish territory; so we had to walk some eight miles into the interior, fording two or three rivers in the way. I was at first chary of my Rhodian goat-skin boots, and betook myself to the shoulders of Giorgio, the master of the Lord High's yacht — a very stout, pleasant Italian, — but we stuck in some soft place, and I went on afterwards with the recklessness which belongs to the once-wetted. The shooting escort met us in the middle of the day; and, while the rest went into the coverts, I, mounted on the aga's horse, and with him Giorgio and four or five Albanian attendants, rode on to the town of Delvino. It is excessively picturesque, with a craggy citadel, and a torrent, and an old Venetian bridge, and streets which are, in fact, a series of precipices and ravines, and the snow-line on the mountains immediately above, and orange and cypress trees on their spurs. We called on the bey or governor, and I felt myself at home again on the broad couch in the tumble-down room, with the accustomed sherbet, coffee, and pipes. They had heard of no disturbances nearer than Arta. It grew dark enough before we got back to the shore, and I had occasion to wonder at my horse's sureness of tread on a road very like a staircase, composed of large stones put in edgeways. I found

the sportsmen had got back to the steamer nearly an hour before me, after finding a sufficient number of woodcocks and snipes, but no wild boar. We dressed, had another excellent meal (but this time in the cabin), and landed again at Corfu soon after ten. Nevertheless, I did yet accompany Sir Henry to a ball given by the gay fifty-seventh regiment, and which was a very well managed one; and having thus nearly filled up twenty hours, I thought the day a very fair specimen of "Life in Corfu."

*February 25th.* — It was cold again, and we applauded ourselves that we were not under the Acro-Ceraunian snows. Walked with Lord John Hay and Creyke.

*February 26th.* — Attended the garrison services. Mr. Brine preached at both with the greatest effect and impressiveness. He has the rare quality of suggesting more than he says. In the afternoon some of the carnival folk, in Albanian dresses, performed a Romaic dance in front of the palace. There was an ingenious twisting and untwisting of colored threads in a pattern, effected by the movements of the dance. The sea-captains dined. There was a great arrival of packets, papers and letters. The war spirit seems very much up in England. Much anxiety, of course, among the garrison here for active service,

"Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore." \*

The accounts from Prevesa detail great oppression and outrage, on the part of the Turks and Arnaouts, upon the Christian population.

*February 27th.* — I took leave of my friends, after having thoroughly enjoyed my residence at Corfu, in a

\* "They prayed and panted for th' opposing shore."

luxurious house, amidst delicious scenery, and with some of the most agreeable companionship I have known for a very long time. I cannot resist taking another run down to Athens, and I find myself again in old quarters, on board the Austrian Loyd's steamer Imperatrice. We set off about two — beautiful Corfu slowly receded from sight. The evening was cold and dark, and a little rough. I went on deck before going to bed, and saw we were close under some high ground. I asked what it was — "Ithaca."

*February 28th.* — Bright day, but not warm. In the morning the outlines of Cephalonia and the "woody Zacynthus" were still visible, all the more for their snows. I did not find the Austrian captain or his subordinates able to throw much light on the classical geography. When I asked the name of any mountain or headland on the coast of Elis, or Messenia, I got one uniform answer: "Morea, tutto è Morea." However, they were able to point out the narrow entrance of the bay of Navarino. We have on board a Wallachian general, proscribed by the Russians in 1848, and now returning with a son and aide-de-camp, and doctor, to offer his services against them. He looks gentlemanlike, and is rather seasick. There is a Greek priest who ought to be so, as he eats without cessation. The regular solid breakfast is not till ten. Some of us have little coffee-pots brought to us when we first appear, which hold about a cupful. After I had finished my cup, the Greek father emptied the dregs of my pot, and carried off the fragments of my dry toast. Daylight left us with Cape Matapan. We touched afterwards at Cerigo — soft Cythera's isle, — I believe about the bleakest spot in Europe, and a sort of Botany Bay to the Ionian Islands.

*March 1st.* — I have seldom felt more piercing cold than the Tramontana, or north wind, which we met this morning; and the priest was at last sick. It appeared, moreover, that his fraternity had paid his passage-money without including his meals, which he clearly had not spared; and it ended in our having to make up a subscription for these. Even Ægina's rock and Idra's isle could hardly keep one on deck. However, the sun gleamed brightly over Athens. Hymettus, Parnes, and Pentelicus were all topped with snow. We landed at the Piræus between three and four. We found two French and one English small war-steamers there. I drove up to my delightful quarters at Mr. Wyse's, where I was welcomed with already well-proved warmth and kindness. I collect that the effervescence lately exhibited here has considerably cooled down; partly from the unusual severity of the weather, which the boy-students and volunteers encountered; partly from the increasing conviction how little real help Greece can get from Russia, and how entirely she is in the hands of the maritime powers. Probably I shall find Athens the best place to dis-Hellenize me. I hear that all the soberer portion of the inhabitants, especially the commercial interest, with its three hundred vessels in the Turkish trade, are most anxious that there should be no misunderstanding with Turkey, at least for the present. General Church came in the evening. He has been most properly restored to his military honors and precedence, since my last visit. Though this was most justly due to his Hellenic services, it is also probably a symptom of the increased need which is felt of a good understanding with England.

*March 2nd.* — Weather cold and boisterous. What say you, Euripides and Lord Byron? I called on Mr.

Hill; found him with Mr. Marshall, a lawyer of note, whom I had known at New York. I see the American sympathies run with the insurgent Greeks.\* Mr. Hill tells me that the best educated Greeks come from Thessaly and Epirus. Walked to the fountain of Callirhoë, which has now a real gush of water. The French minister dined with us, and the Austrian and his wife came in the evening. She is a very pleasing Englishwoman. There is intense diplomatic harmony at present, which is rather a new feature in Greece.

*March 3rd.*—Went to Mr. Hill's church for Lent service. Called on General Church;—found Turks and Greeks with him smoking. There is much that is chivalrous, and, what is still better, straightforward, in his whole character and career. Saw Mr. Suter, our vice-consul at Mesolonghi, who has just been to the frontier. He has not a high opinion of the resources or constancy of the insurgents. Saw also Admiral Canarès with Mr. Wyse. He was the commander who, in the revolutionary war, in one of his brulots, or fire-boats, blew up the ship where the Turkish admiral and all his captains were

\* The insurgent Greeks had abstract right and justice on their side. The Christian population in Epeirus and Thessaly outnumber the Mussulmans more than three to one. But they have been kept under the rule of the Turks, in effect, by the Christian powers, who excluded them from independent Greece at the close of the war, and made them again the subjects of the Porte. The war between the Porte and Russia was the first event which gave them a gleam of hope that they might succeed in another strike for liberty. They did not sufficiently understand that the alliance between Turkey, and England and France, would compel the interposition of the latter powers; and they were slow to believe that Catholic and Protestant arms would combine in upholding the Crescent against the Cross in those provinces. The movement was imprudent, but the citizens of the United States, not involved in the complications of Oriental politics, could not well help wishing them God-speed.

assembled for a council of war. He is a sturdy, simple-looking old man,—*ὅλως ἀγράμματος*, “utterly unlettered,” as he described himself to Mr. Wyse, when he found him as prime minister on his first arrival here. Walked with Mr. Wyse to the site of the theatre of Bacchus. It is rather perverse that, in the affluence of waste ground all over the East, small crops of wheat should be gradually obliterating the traces of the spectators’ seats in what was once the foremost theatre of the world. There were



Theatre of Bacchus.

fine lights about the immortal hill, but the sky was still dim and very chill. General Church in the evening.

*March 4th.* — Sat for a drawing to M. Rietschel, a German artist, who has had great success here in that line. I feel almost sorry not to have been at the Opera last night. It was professedly for the benefit of the poor; but I believe there is little doubt that the proceeds will go to the insurgents on the frontier. They gave the Lombardi; and when the banners of the crusaders appeared they were all inscribed with the Russian cross of St. Andrew, which drew down immense plaudits. In the course of the piece some Turks or Saracens appear,

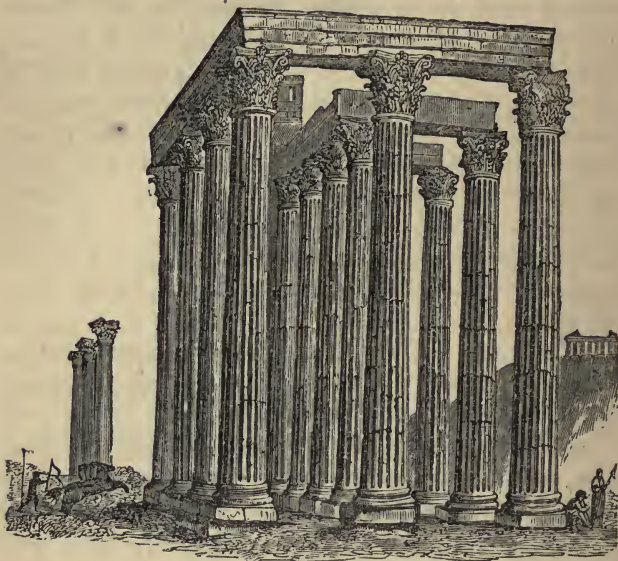
and they were so much hissed that they walked off the stage; but, subsequently, one actor threw down his turban and trampled upon it, which was, of course, vociferously cheered. What made all this more significant was, that the King and Queen sat through it, and remained to the end; though, after a similar demonstration not long ago, upon the remonstrance of the French and English ministers, the government had protested entire ignorance, and had affected to dismiss M. Tisamenos, the head of the police, who thereupon went off to the frontier. All this is neither prudent nor decent. I walked with Mr. Wyse. We threaded the Ilissus for some time, and really occasionally had some difficulty in stepping over it, which will surprise those who are acquainted with Athenian geography. We stopped at the stadium of Herodes Atticus, which, like his theatre, was a splendid work for the expenditure of an individual. It must formerly have looked very imposing, with its rows of seats made of Pentelic marble, of which the fragments now lie all about. We came back over the site of the Lyceum, now partly occupied by the Queen's kitchen-garden and the villa of the Duchess of Placentia. At half-past six Mr. Wyse took me to be presented at the palace; we were both in uniform. The reception takes place just before the royal dinner. Their Hellenic majesties were extremely gracious. The King wears the Greek dress; the Queen is very well dressed, but like the rest of Europe. She has much graciousness and intelligence of manner. She seemed to know all the places to which we had made excursions when I was last here. She took occasion to remark that she had never seen Constantinople. Some English military officers dined with Mr. Wyse; among others, Captain Austen,

of the Indian Horse Artillery, who has spent some time with the Turkish army on the Danube, and gives an infinitely more favorable account of it than the Indian officers I had met at Malta. He considers the Turkish soldier, in respect of sobriety, absence of crime, bravery, and unparalleled docility, as supplying better material for the formation of an army than any other men in the world. The cavalry is very bad, the irregular troops worse than useless, the officers not good; still he would not recommend the employment of English or French officers at present. They would be intent on minutiae of discipline and appearance, about which they could not be satisfied, and mutual discontent would be the consequence.

*March 5th.* — Services at Mr. Hill's church. Captain Heath of the Niger, and Prince Leiningen, who is with him on a short cruise, came up to Mr. Wyse's. The Prince was introduced to their Hellenic majesties. The naval officers dined with us; the representatives of all the four powers came in the evening. All are much shocked with the proceedings of the court, and a sympathy exists between them wholly new in the diplomatic records of Athens. The King and Queen have been extremely civil to General Church, which is another very novel and a redeeming point. He hopes that he has been of some use by his representations to them.

*March 6th.* — To-day was a kind of feast-day here, though it is, in fact, the first of the fast-days of the Greek Lent. The whole population make a practice of going out to the columns of Jupiter Olympius, and there eating their first vegetable meal. It happened also to be the first day of real Athenian sky,—a sort of birth of spring,—and the scene was very pretty and remark-

able. The rich tawny glow of the pillars, the brilliant blue of the sky above and between them, the fresh green



Columns of Jupiter Olympius.

of the young corn, the gleaming white of the snow still retained on the mountains, and the variety of costume and uniform below, supplied all that could be desired in richness and variety of tint. Many groups had their meals on tables on the sward itself; some were dancing the Romaic dance, which has some gracefulness, though not much variety. The King and Queen came with their usual cavalcade on horseback. I believe there had been an expectation of some special demonstration of Hellenic greeting, but this was certainly not very marked. At

the same time, they were received with considerable acclamation and eagerness; they repeatedly threaded the crowd, the Queen always leading, and evidently in a state of much excitement, as if she only wanted a touch-and-go to be off to the frontier. Captain Heath and Prince Leiningen were with us, and set off afterwards on their return to the Bosphorus. They are two excellent specimens of an English captain and a midshipman prince. In my way back I stopped at the cemetery for foreigners, and for all not of the Greek church. There is generally something very touching in these tombs, erected principally for young men on their travels far away from home and friends, who have died of fever, from about the ages of eighteen to twenty-four. They came here to collect all the inspirations of the Old World, and have passed on to that which will supersede all things old and new.

*March 7th.* — Relapse to cloud and chill. I drove with the ladies to Mr. Bracebridge's villa on the spurs of Hymettus, and I walked back. Nothing can make the outline of the Acropolis look amiss. Mr. Wyse well compares the stern beauty and utter want of superfluity in the scenery of Athens to the character of their old tragedy. Passing from Corfu to Athens is like a transition from "Comus" to "Samson Agonistes," or from "Romeo and Juliet" to the "Antigone." Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Hill, and General Church, dined with us. I perceived still stronger symptoms of the American inclination to Greece, which is not unnatural, and even to Russia, which surely is so, and yet does not entirely surprise me.

*March 8th.* — Bitter cold. Service at Mr. Hill's. Went with Mr. Wyse to the University. The building

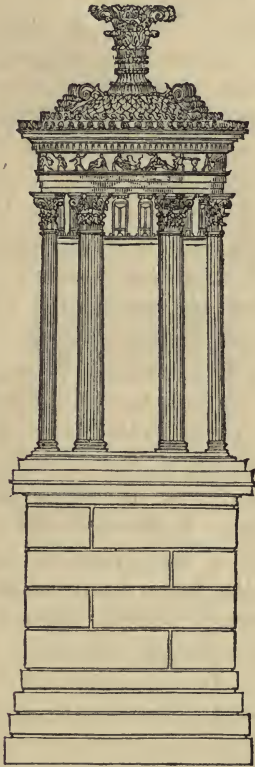
does decided credit to modern Athens. The marble Ionic pillars, with the blue coloring and gilding about their capitals, all from undoubted authority, have a very gay effect. There is a library of about sixty thousand volumes, not well-arranged or catalogued yet, but which affords an excellent nucleus for a fine collection. It must already be the largest east of Vienna and west of New York. About six hundred students attend the lectures. The building and library have all been produced by private contribution. We walked to the junction of the Ilissus with its tributary the Eridanus; to the monument of Lysicrates, which is supposed to be nearly the earliest specimen of the Corinthian order; and to the temple of Theseus.

*March 9th.* — Rode with the Wyse, and one or two more, by some old aqueducts built by Hadrian, who seems to have exceeded all Roman emperors in travelling and building. It was a real Athenian day, and after our ride I ran up to see one of the first clear sunsets from the Acropolis. It is a splendid thing to stand on the highest step of the Propylæa and look at Lord Byron's view. Mr. Wyse dined out, at a dinner given to the new Austrian minister, Baron Leikam; and his pleasing English wife dined with us.

*March 10th.* — In my way to Mr. Hill's service I looked in at a new Russian church, of which the roof is well painted by a German artist,\* with Hebrew kings

\* The German artist here alluded to is Mr. Thiersch, son of the eminent Greek professor at Munich. This young man has already greatly distinguished himself, and promises to take a high position among the painters of the age in his native land. Among the artistic and classical treasures of his father's house, at Munich, is a very-spirited cartoon, composed by young Thiersch after hearing his father recite

and prophets on a gold ground. I drove with the ladies to the Queen's farm, which has become of great extent,



Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, in the Street of Tripods at Athens.

his translation of the splendid choral ode on the glories of Colonus, in the *Œdipus Coloneus*, as they stood together on the sparkling Hill. Another composition, of equal merit, is drawn from the modern poetry of Greece, the subject being the beautiful ballad called "Charon and

and is laid out and cultivated with much cost and care. There is a large good cow-house, poultry-yard, dairy,

the Ghosts," the spirit of which he has reproduced with poetical feeling and artistic effect. I trust both these admirable compositions will not fail to be executed in a more permanent form. They would do honor even to the *Pinacothek* at Munich.

The ode (alluded to by Lord Carlisle a few sentences further on) is well rendered by Mr. Dale. I add the opening strophes.

## STROPHE I.

Well did Fate thy wanderings lead,  
 Stranger to this field of fame,  
 Birth-place of the generous steed,  
 Graced by white Colonus' name.  
 Frequent in the dewy glade  
 Here the nightingale is dwelling ;  
 Through embowering ivy's shade  
 Here her plaintive notes are swelling ;  
 Through yon grove, from footsteps pure,  
 Where unnumbered fruits are blushing, —  
 From the summer sun secure,  
 Screened from wintry whirlwinds rushing ;  
 Where, with fostering nymphs, amid the grove,  
 The sportive Bacchus joys to revel or to rove.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

Bathed in heaven's ambrosial dew  
 Here the fair narcissus flowers,  
 Graced each morn with clusters new,  
 Ancient crown of mightiest powers.  
 Here the golden crocus blows ;  
 Here exhaustless fountains gushing,  
 Where the cool Cephissus flows,  
 Restless o'er the plains are rushing.  
 Even as the crystal flood  
 Winds in pure, transparent lightness ;  
 Fresher herbage decks the sod,  
 Flowers spring forth in lovelier brightness.  
 Here dance the Muses, and the Queen of Love  
 Oft guides her golden car through this enchanting grove.  
 F.

vineyard, orchard, olives, and corn-land ; a central building with a tower, and a room prettily painted, and fitted up mediævally. The heads of the departments are German ; it must employ a good many people. Altogether the whole establishment does the Queen great credit, and is of excellent example in the direction most needed for the country. I walked back, and deviated to a more storied spot,—the village of Colonos, the actual bowers of the Academy, the very spot where \* the fair-clustered narcissus and the golden-rayed crocus blossom over the unslumbering rills that feed the currents of the Cephissus. Guarded as this site is by unparalleled recollections, I am not sure that the immediate sense of pleasure is not awakened there by finding on the dry and thirsty soil of Attica a faint reproduction of the nursery-grounds at Fulham. General Church came in the evening. He had held a levee this morning of all the officers of the Greek army now at Athens, on the occasion of his being raised to the highest grade in it.

*March 11th.* — Walked again to Colonos and the two hills, one of which has a chapel, the other a monument to Müller, the historian of the Dorians ; back under the Acropolis. There is a real burst of golden summer, which, as I have been told, comes here with a sudden leap. In the afternoon, I rode with Mr. and Miss Wyse, and the pleasant attachés, Messrs. Manly and Locock, to a certain marble old lion, in the middle of a plain about nine miles off, between Pentelicus and Hymettus. It is said here to commemorate some victory about the time of Pisistratus. It is rather a plaintive-looking beast. The

\* Œd. Col. 668.

mountains of Eubœa looked fine in their snow-garb under the blue sky. The whole neighborhood of Athens makes excellent riding ground, and our party does not spare the speed of their horses. At half-past seven I went to dine at the palace. We were about thirty; General Church, General Kalergēs (I believe with both it was the first time for many years), three ladies of the household, and the remainder, for the most part, were Greek deputies. I sat between the Queen and the grand mistress. The Queen's conversation is full of liveliness and intelligence, and it requires some self-control not to become one of her partisans. There is a circle both before and after dinner. My lord lieutenant's uniform led to many inquiries from the King about our militia. He decidedly gives the impression of a well-meaning man.\* His silver Greek

\* King Otho has been greatly misrepresented by travellers, and by the journals of Western Europe. The impression candidly described by Lord Carlisle is undoubtedly the truth, with regard to the King. The government has, however, been at times corrupt. Many bad men have been raised to power, who have aimed to secure their own selfish ends, and sacrificed to these the good of the country. The description given of the short-comings of the government, in a previous passage, though I think rather highly colored, is yet supported by too many facts. But it is not wholly or chiefly the fault of the King. He has had evil instruments to work with; and the intrigues of foreign powers at Athens have often controlled the policy of the government. It must be said that the King's previous education did not well prepare him for the duties of a constitutional ruler; and the treaty by which the Great Powers placed him on the throne contained not a single provision looking to a constitutional administration. Yet the constitution of 1843—the outlines of which are given in a former note—secures civil and religious liberty, freedom of speech and the press, representative government, and the independent administration of justice. Greece has been, under the reign of Otho, and especially since 1843, a free country, more emphatically than any other nation on the continent of Europe.

dress is, I think, on the whole, the most comely costume I know. The rooms and meal were handsome. Their

Personally, King Otho is an intelligent and accomplished prince. He speaks several languages, possesses various knowledge, and is very industrious and attentive to public business. He is a man of a strong sense of religious duty. No vice, no dissipation or profligacy, dishonored his youth, or has been allowed to gain admission to his court ; and I believe him to be devoted, heart and soul, to the country over which he has been called to reign. He is charitable to the poor, who are never turned from the doors of the palace by churlish sentinels ; and their petitions for relief are listened to with respect and sympathy. No small part of his current expenditure goes in this direction. During the late terrible visitation of the cholera, in which nearly all who could make their escape fled from the city, the King and Queen courageously stood at their post, encouraging and consoling the unhappy people, and largely contributing to the alleviation of their dire necessities.

The Queen is not only a woman of great personal beauty, but of winning and graceful manners, uncommon intelligence, and infinite spirit. No one who has seen and spoken with her can wonder at the difficulty Lord Carlisle experienced in resisting the influence of her presence and conversation.

The recent crisis in eastern affairs has done much harm to Greece. It has tempted the Greeks of Thessaly and Epeirus to rise against the Turks, in the hope of throwing off a yoke, under which they were again placed much against their will, by the European powers, at the close of the Greek revolution. The insurrection was perfectly justifiable in principle ; but an insurrection is always a formidable evil, unless it succeeds. And in this case, it was inevitable that France and England should interpose to suppress it, as the Greeks ought to have foreseen. They did interfere ; and they sent an army of occupation to prevent the Greeks of Greece from assisting their kindred over the borders, and to force the government, even under a threat of changing the dynasty, to maintain a strict neutrality. This would have been the wisest policy for Greece without compulsion. The occupation of Greece by foreign troops was not only humiliating, but most injurious to the country, and the interference of the French admiral, and the Baron de Rouen, the minister of Louis Napoleon in Athens, with the liberty of the press, was a flagrant violation of the independence of Greece, and of the constitutional rights of the Greeks. But one good has resulted from these transactions : the change of the

civil list (of forty thousand pounds a year, I believe) is large, considering the general revenue of the country.

*March 12th.* — Went to morning church. The muster at the band, with the royal cavalcade, looked exceedingly well in the brilliant weather. The Russians wear a pin, with the cross above the crescent; it would hardly do for us to reverse the position. I went up for my sunset to the Parthenon. The French and Bavarian ministers and General Kalergēs dined here. The last was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the constitution in 1843. He has now just returned from Paris, and, in common with Admiral Canarēs, takes an unfavorable view of the present insurgent movement against Turkey.

*March 13th.* — We made an expedition to the top of Mount Pentelicus. Mr. Wyse, Mr. Locock and I, set out on horseback soon after eight. We changed our horses at a convent near the base of the mountain. The road up is picturesque. At first on a carpet of anemone and crocus, among thickets of arbutus and laurestinus; soon there is little but the bare marble fragments, of which the hill is one large store-house. The more especial quarries make a very striking spot, with pine-trees and ivy relieving the jagged gleaming masses. There is a large grotto with a dripping roof, a fit dwelling for any number of Nymphs. We found occasional drifts

ministry which has brought Alexander Mavrocordatos, Kalergēs, Pericles Argyropoulos, and Psyllas, "the Aristeides" of the Upper House, into power, and restored General Church to the command in chief of the army. These are friends of order and freedom, and are among the best and most honest public men in Greece, and it may be confidently expected that they will give the government a constitutional direction, and adopt wise measures for the development of the abundant, but hitherto unavailable, resources of the country. F.

of snow in the crevices of our path. The day was very enjoyable, but not eminently clear for the view from the summit. However, we made out distinctly enough the whole series of ridges, channels and islands, from the end of the gulf of Corinth to the centre of Eubœa. It must have been a proud view for an old Athenian, as its more immediate limits are Salamis on one side, and Marathon on the other. In front of the convent on our descent we found the ladies, the Austrian minister and his wife, and, what was certainly not least pleasing to us at that moment, a table spread out under the trees on a daisied bit of sward with an excellent luncheon.\* Our meal was copious and merry. We walked afterwards to the villas of the Duchess of Placentia; there are three of them, very near together, and all unfinished, with a large upper story in each fitted up for her dogs. She is, as may be inferred, a very eccentric woman, daughter of M. Lebrun, one of the Three Consuls of France. On one occasion, she was being carried off from one of these villas by a band of brigands, but was rescued by the inhabitants of the neighboring village of Calandria. To show her gratitude, she has built a public wash-house there, and inscribed it “*Ταῖς Καλανδρίναις*,—Aux femmes de Calandre.” We rode back, and got home soon after dusk.

*March 14th.* — Finished the “Knights” of Aristophanes. What a remarkable play it is, and how it exhibits the comic Muse as at once the lowest of buffoons and the most exalted of teachers! In such a community it must have subserved great purposes.

\* I imagine that this must have been nearly the spot where the English troops have been encamped during the present summer.

“ O, sacred weapon ! left for Truth’s defence,  
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence.”

*Pope.*

The weather has relapsed into cloud and gust. We only rode about the town. There are two extremely pretty candelabra of modern work in front of the new Observatory, and from nearly the same spot almost the best view of the Acropolis.

*March 15th.* — Quite cold weather again. Went to see a sick English traveller and Mr. Hill.

*March 16th.* — Snow fell in the streets. Walked round the Acropolis. Dined with M. Rouen, the French minister. A small party; Général Kalergēs, M. Conduriottēs, the French consul at Syra, Mr. Wyse, Mr. Manly. He has a pleasant apartment, and it was comfortable. I reverted to a tchibouque after dinner. All agree that matters grow more critical every moment for the court here, who have nearly thrown off all disguise, and are said to sign commissions for the army of Thessaly, the army of Epirus. The worst feature is, that, when all this is contrasted with the representations made by their ministers at Constantinople and the western courts, I fear very gross duplicity has been exhibited. The Greeks at our dinner said that the islands which are entirely unconcerned will suffer for the acts of the continent, as they did in the war of independence.

*March 17th.* — Commander Popplewell, of the Inflexible, arrived from some of the Greek islands. All tolerably quiet there. This being an Irish household, we did not forget our common Irish sympathies on St. Patrick’s Day. There were some people in the evening, and we had “ small games.”

*March 18th.* — After four or five days of chill and

cloud, and during an actual drizzle, I set out before five in the morning on an expedition to the Argolid. I put myself on board the Austrian steamer, the *Arciduca Giovanni*. As we passed over the Saronic Gulf, the sun came out and lit up successively Ægina, with the temple



Temple at Ægina, restored.

of the Panhellenian Jupiter well placed on one of its hills,—the mountains above Epidaurus,—Trœzen,—

*Τροιζήν', Ἡϊόνας τε, καὶ ἀμπέλουσ' Ἐπίδαυρον.\**

B. 561.

Racine calls it “l’aimable Trœzène”—(this epithet surely sounds very French, not that I would ever in the least

\* “From high Trœzenè, and Maseta’s plain,  
And fair Ægina circled by the main;  
Whom strong Tyrinthe’s lofty walls surround,  
And Evidaur with viny harvests crowned.” — *Pope*.

depreciate that refined and tender Muse. Men of cultivated taste differ so much about the merits of authors and artists, that it is obvious that, apart from the universal preëminence which almost every one will now allow to Homer, Shakspeare, or Raphael, there is one class of minds which will, and one which will not, be specially attracted to that order of polished, pure, perspicuous excellence, which I should describe as mainly represented by Virgil, Racine, Pope, Gray and Guido),—then Poros, with its modest arsenal half concealed,—then, not classical, but heroic, Hydra; its rocky ledges were crowded with files of persons, waiting, I suppose, to hear the latest tidings of the Greek insurrection,—Hermione on the mainland, described with the usual Homeric truth,—

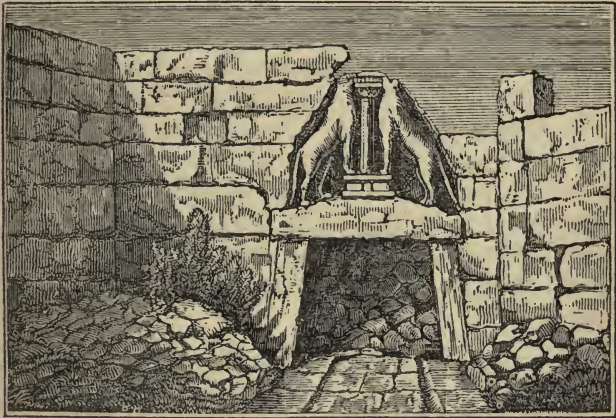
*Ἐκυιόνην, Ἀσίνην τε, βαθὺν κατὰ κόλπον ἐχούσας.\**

B. 560.

—the island of Spezzia, till we anchored in the long bay under the high rocks of Nauplia. I made acquaintance on board with Mr. Gilpin, a lawyer of great distinction at Philadelphia, whom I found full of classical taste and zest, and we joined our fortune for the rest of the expedition. I had intended to sleep both nights on board the steamboat; but, finding that he was provided with a good courier, Strati, I went on with them to pass the first at Argos, about seven miles further. We got there at twilight, found shelter hospitable, though certainly somewhat rude, in the private house of an Argive dame, *Κυρία Σταματική*, and enjoyed the tea we had brought in the glass tumbler which she supplied. We got rather better beds than we could have expected.

\* “ And where fair Asinen and Hermion show  
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.” — *Pope*.

*March 19th.* — We were mounted on horseback by six, saw the sun rise clear and cloudless on the Argive Gulf, forded the Charadros and Inachos, and arrived at Mycenæ. This has great interest and beauty. In its site it singularly resembles Troy. It has not so good a river as the Simois, but the view before us was the rich plain of Argos, "famed for generous steeds," now brightly green with the young corn; the encircling chains of the Laconian, the Argive and Nemean mountains, still vividly white with snow; the high-peaked citadel of Argos itself opposite to us; lower down, the sharp-edged rock and sea-washed promontory of Nauplia; the blue bay below; the wall of Tiryns; the marsh of Lerna. Apart even from all associations, the massive construction of the subterranean chambers, called the Treasury of



Gate of Lions, at Mycenæ.

Atræus and Tomb of Agamemnon, of the walls of the Acropolis, and the Gate of Lions, is most striking. I

thought the lions themselves (forgive me, ye Atreidæ!) a little like the one in front of Buckingham Palace. But, with becoming hesitation be it said, we do not think that the murder of Agamemnon took place here, but at Argos. I admit that it costs something not to place the form of Cassandra, heaving with the last ecstasies of prophecy and song, before the still-existing Gate of Lions. Moreover, Mycenæ seems to have been undoubtedly the capital and royal residence of Agamemnon, while Argos was under Diomed; but it is to be observed, on the other side, that, in the memorable description of the successive beacons which announced the capture of Troy in the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus (that great tragedy, which seems to me to hold the same place in the Greek theatre that "Macbeth" does in ours), if of the two last summits which intervene between Cithæron and the Palace of Clytemnæstra, Ægiplanctus be Mount Geranion, and the Arachnæan Peak be the highest mountain above Epidaurus, now called, it would seem, Mount Kehli, and supposed, from the interlacing of its rocky crevices, to suggest the idea of a spider; this, the last summit of all, is visible from Argos, and not from Mycenæ. Then, as to the internal evidence from the play, if I remember right, Argos is the word used throughout, though, as it was probably the place of disembarkation, which Mycenæ could not be, this may not be in itself a conclusive point.\*

\* I visited Mycenæ and Argos in November, 1853, previous to Lord Carlisle's journey. The topic here touched upon by him was a subject of special investigation by me. I had published an edition of the *Agamemnon* in 1847, and having stated that the scene of the tragedy was laid at Argos, and not at Mycenæ, I was severely assailed by a reviewer, who declared that Mycenæ, being the capital of the Homeric kingdom of Agamemnon, must also have been the scene of the play of

After descending from Mycenæ, we looked for what our guide knew nothing about, and Professor Felton had

*Æschylus*. My reasons for stating the contrary were substantially the same as those assigned by Carl Ottfield Müller, and others : but had nothing to do with the topographical relations of the place. At the time of my visit, I read the *Agamemnon* carefully, under the Gate of Lions, and while riding over the Argolid ; and it occurred to me that perhaps there might be something in the natural scenery of this region — so interesting for its historical and poetical associations — which would decide the question one way or the other, independently of the considerations which had influenced me in the study. I accordingly examined the features of the place, and the position of Mycenæ and Argos, with particular care. Col. Leake's description of the situation of Mycenæ is very exact. It "was built upon a rugged height situated in a recess between two commanding summits of the range of mountains which border the eastern side of the Argolic plain." Now these summits are several hundred feet higher than the walls of Mycenæ, and completely cut off the view from the north-east and south-east, but leave the view unobstructed over the plain south to Argos, which is very striking and impressive. Curtius (*Peloponnesus*, II., 400) justly says : "In contrast with the open situation of the city of Argos, which, with its wide-commanding Larissa, pushes boldly out into the middle of the plain, Mycenæ is a concealed, invisible city, in a corner : the walled height vanishes beneath the mountain summits that lie behind it, and it slopes to the plain in gentle terraces."

In the arrangement of the signal fires, which were to announce the fall of Troy, the light, after crossing the Saronic Gulf, reaches the Arachnæan height (*Ἀραχναίων ἄλος*), and thence strikes upon the roof of the Atreidæ. Now the Arachnæan mountain is perfectly ascertained from the clear account of Pausanias (*Corinthiaca*, Lib. II., c. xxv.) as lying above Lëssa, and the modern village of Lygourio is near the ruins of Lëssa, which again are clearly ascertained from the route of Pausanias. But one of the summits that towers above Mycenæ lies directly between that city and Mount Arachne, so that a signal fire placed on the latter could not possibly be seen from Mycenæ. Between the "Arachnæan height" and Argos nothing is interposed, and the height itself would be the natural position for the last beacon in a line of signals from Troy, across the Saronic Gulf, to Argos. Of this I satisfied myself by a personal inspection of Mycenæ, Argos, Mount Arachne, Lygourio and Lëssa. If it should be said that a poet is not bound by geographical and topographical niceties, I reply that

inquired for the other day in vain; but we succeeded, by the aid of Col. Mure's "Tour in Greece," and "Murray's Handbook," in finding the Heræum, or great Temple of Juno. The list of its priestesses used to be preserved, like those of kings and archons. It is about three miles from Mycenæ, on the left of the road to Nauplia. There are four distinct terraces, with very large substructions. The position near the base of the hills, when its white frontal gleamed over the rest of the plain, must have been very imposing, and explains the fitness, and almost the necessity, in such sites and under such skies, of the long processions, winding over the level ground below, and ascending the successive flights of steps to the por-

the remark has no application to the Greek poets. I had constant occasion to admire the fidelity with which they adhere to the truth of nature. The geography of Sophocles in the tragic tale of *Œdipus*, for example, is in exact accordance with the features and relative positions of Corinth, Delphi, Thebes, Mount Cithæron, and the "place where three ways meet"; and one who visits those places, and reads the tragedy there as I did, can entertain no possible doubt that the poet had in his mind a very accurate picture of the country.

Returning to Athens in December, I mentioned my observations in the Argolid to my learned friends there. So far as I know, it was the first time the examination had been made, with the purpose of illustrating the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*. It gave rise to several pleasant discussions, especially at Mr. Wyse's. Miss Wyse had read the prophetic frenzies of Cassandra under the Gate of Lions. With a refined sense of the poetry of the situation, she was reluctant to admit any other scene for that passage of more than Shakspearean power; but the argument was adjusted by a compromise, — that the actual event occurred at Mycenæ, but that *Æschylus*, for various reasons, laid the scene a few miles off, at Argos.

I have mentioned these particulars, partly to illustrate further a point of some classical interest, and partly in order that, if I publish my own observations, — as I hope to do somewhat more in detail, — I may not incur the charge of plagiarism, my conclusions having been arrived at, and recorded in journals and letters, and freely discussed at Athens, four months previous to Lord Carlisle's visit to the Argolid.

ticoes above.\* As it was thought that the straightest road back over the plain would be too wet from the melt-

I am pleased that so good an observer, and so accomplished a scholar, looking upon the same scene, came independently to the same conclusion. F.

\* The Heraion (τὸ 'Ηραῖον) was one of the most famous temples of Hera (Juno) in antiquity. It contained the great statue, the master-work of Polycleitos, in ivory and gold. In the opening dialogue of the *Electra* of Sophocles, between the Pædagogus and Orestes, who have just come from Phocis and entered the Argolid by Mycenæ, the former, pointing out the various objects, says :

. . . . . οὕτ' ἀριστεῖρ' ὅδε  
'Ηρας ὁ κλεινὸς ναός .

And yonder, on the left,  
Stands Hera's famous temple.

With these lines in my mind, I descended from the hill of Mycenæ. The words of Sophocles indicated the general direction of the ruins from Mycenæ ; but as the guide did not know their position, and a rain (the Greek χεῖμων) came on, swelling the Eleutherion and the Inachos, I was obliged to postpone the search. But I found myself afterwards so much occupied with my studies and pursuits at Athens, that I had no time to repeat the visit to the Argolid, and so, to my infinite regret, lost the sight of the foundations of the old temple.

It is singular that the site, formerly so much resorted to, and one of the most important political and religious centres in Greece, escaped so long the researches of travellers, and was accidentally discovered by Col. Gordon, a Philhellene, long resident in Greece, and the author of an excellent history of the Greek Revolution. In 1831, he went from Argos one day to shoot among the hills, and, by a good chance, he came upon the terraces where undoubtedly stood the temple, which had so long baffled the inquiries of topographers. Its foundations only were visible. An exact and interesting account of the discovery was communicated to the learned world, in a letter, by Mr. Finlay, published in Col. Leake's *Peloponnesiaca*.

Since Lord Carlisle's visit, important excavations at the temple of Hera have been made, and some sculptures of considerable antiquarian interest have been found, by Prof. Rangabēs, of the University of Athens, an account of which has been published in a pamphlet printed this year at Halle, entitled "Ausgrabung beim Tempel der Hera, unweit Argos: ein Brief von Prof. A. Rizo Rhangabé in Athen, an Prof. Ross in Halle." F.

ing of snows, we returned to Argos (not now deserving its Homeric epithet of *πολυδίψιον*, thirsty), saw the remains of its theatre, of a temple of Venus, and of a Roman bath. Stopped on our way to look at Tiryns, and



Arch Gallery at Tiryns.

its famed Cyclopean walls, for which, however, I did not particularly care; nor did the stones appear more gigantic than those of Mycenæ, the Heraion, or the Pnyx at Athens. There is a very pretty vista of landscape through one of the old galleries built in the wall. I need not repeat that I do not affect to enter into architectural detail; but, both in this gallery and the Treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ, you have clearly the pointed arch to all virtual effect in the earliest known architecture of Greece. When we got back to Nauplia, I went up what seemed the interminable series of stairs to the summit of the upper citadel, called the Palamede. They showed me over the barracks and military prison. These I imagine to be very inferior to those ordinarily found in Turkey. The view of gulf, plain and mountain, is very fine. I also saw the church, at the door of which Capo d'Istria was at the same moment shot and stabbed by two of the Mavro-michalēs family. I was told that a hun-

dred recruits were to set off for the frontier next day, and that there is considerable enthusiasm among the population. At sunset we returned in the Austrian steamer. We had a very energetic Greek on board, who denounced both Turks and Russians as two sets of barbarians, who were fighting for Constantinople, which belonged rightfully to them, the Greeks. The night was rather rough.

*March 20th.* — We anchored in the Piræus before dawn. I walked most of the way up, and Athens looked very beautiful in the clear fresh morning, especially when I took my stand on the Areopagus. Is it wholly fanciful to think, that, in presence of St. Paul, on this spot of the Areopagus, something of allowance as well as of rebuke was conveyed to the surrounding associations of the scene? The direct and immediate object of his appearance and address here was undoubtedly to annul the false sanctities of the place, to extinguish every altar, strip every shrine, dethrone every idol. This object has been achieved with entire success. Whatever may have been substituted in the interval, we may feel a reasonable confidence that on the rock of the Acropolis, Paganism can never be reseeded. The words of the man, "weak and contemptible in bodily presence," spoken on that rocky brow, amidst the mocking circle, still live and reign, while tongues, and races, and empires, have been swept away. But the preëminence of the true faith being thus secured, it surely need not be with the abandoned shrines of Hellas, as with the uncouth orgies of barbarous tribes, or the bloody rites of human sacrifice. It could not have been without providential agency, that within the narrow and rugged circuit, hemmed in by the slopes of Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus, were concentrated the master efforts of human excellence, in arts

and arms, in intellect and imagination, in eloquence and song. The lessons of the Apostle have taught mankind that all other beauties and glories fade into nothing by the side of the cross; but, while we look at the cross as the law of our life; while we look to that Apostle on the Hill of Mars, at Athens, as the teacher whose words of truth and soberness have superseded the wisdom of all her sages and the dreams of all her bards, then, if then only, it will be lawful for us to enjoy the whole range of subordinate attractions. It will be felt not to be without its import that St. Paul himself did not refuse to illustrate Gospel truth by reference to human literature; nor without its import, too, that those who did most to revive the express teaching, and exhibit the actual spirit of St. Paul, Luther, Melancthon, and their brother reformers, would have been conspicuous as the revivers of classical literature, even if they had not been the restorers of scriptural faith. And so for us, too, the long line of the Panathenaic procession may seem to wind through the portals of the Propylæa, and ascend the steps of the Parthenon; for us the delicate columns of the unwinged Victory may recall the lineage of Miltiades and the shame of Persia. For us the melodious nightingale may still pour her plaint in the green coverts of the sparkling Colonos; and hill, and plain, and grove, and temple, may feed us unrebuked with their thronging images of the past glory and the living beauty.

Events move. In the course of the day the French admiral, Barbière de Tinan, arrived in the Gomer steamer, and Captain Moore, in the Highflyer screw. The Four Powers met, and sent in their first collective note to the Greek government, backing the demand of the Turkish chargé d'affaires for satisfaction and redress

for their acts of connivance with the insurgents, and intimating that a refusal might be attended with disastrous consequences for Greece.\* In the afternoon I drove with the ladies to the bay of Phalerum, and the Colian cape, where the Persian fleet was driven on shore, where Demosthenes is said to have practised with his pebbles, and where the Queen of Greece has now a bathing-house. I walked back. The view of the Acropolis all the way was magnificent, but the sunset from the Parthenon failed.

*March 21st.*— Rain all day. The Greek ministers referred their proposed answer for the Turks to the chambers. It was thoroughly evasive and nugatory. An amendment was moved in the Senate, to the effect that they had not the requisite information before them, and that they must leave the ministers to their responsibility. The original answer of the government was carried by a majority of twenty-two to sixteen, which is reckoned a very slight one for them. The king had sent for several senators in the morning to talk them over. In the deputies, as he has, in fact, appointed every member among them, there was naturally no opposition. After these constitutional operations, their majesties went to Daphne, where a number of recruits were assembled for starting to the frontiers. I hear that these men had assisted at a Te Deum for the Emperor of Russia in the old convent. Under all these circumstances, it is not surprising that Nechat Bey, the Turkish chargé d'affaires, intends to leave Athens to-morrow morning. I paid some visits. Captain Moore dined with us.

*March 22nd.*— My instinct hit upon a beautiful day

\* See note p. 244.

for an expedition to Sunium, or Cape Colonna. I set out at four with Yani, before mentioned, in a light carriage, which in five hours took us to Keratia, a small village about twenty-two miles off. Here we had sent on saddle-horses the day before, and twelve miles further took us to Sunium. The descent upon it has not so much magnificence, but more softness, than that upon Marathon. The thymy hills were quite inlaid with many-colored flowers. When you come to the extreme point of the sacred soil, where the twelve columns still remaining of the temple of Minerva crown the beetling cliff, the view is very lovely. On the left, in four successive ridges, lie the islands of Macro-nēsi, or island of Helen, the old Cranae, where the first night after the elopement from Sparta was spent; then Zea, where Aristæus had six hundred steers, and Simonides was born, and the weaving of silk invented, and persons above sixty years old were expected to poison themselves. Then Thermia, famous for its baths; then "small Seripho." Directly opposite is the picturesque form of St. George d'Arbora. Immediately below, the little island of Patroclus, not the friend of Achilles, but the Admiral of Ptolemy, who was sent to assist the Athenians against the Macedonians, and part of whose fortifications still remain. Across the gulf, the long line of the Morea ends with the knoll of Hydra; and the sparkling circlet of isles is closed by the soft outline of Ægina. Almost more beautiful than all was the smooth transparence of the sea below, over its rocky caves and ledges — such couches for the Nereids! The pillars of the temple, unlike those of the Parthenon and the rest at Athens, are of quite dazzling whiteness. Is this owing to the dash of the spray from the sea below? For the suggestions of the spot, I must allow

myself to refer to a short inscription which I once wrote for some fragments which had been carried off from their own hill, and put up in the garden of Chatsworth.

These fragments stood on Sunium's airy steep,  
 They reared on high Minerva's guardian shrine,  
 Beneath them rolled the blue Ægean deep,  
 And the Greek pilot hailed them as divine.

Haply e'en such their look of calm repose  
 As wafted round them came the sounds of fight,  
 When the glad shout of conquering Athens rose  
 O'er the long track of Persia's broken flight.

Embraced by prostrate worshippers no more,  
 They yet shall breathe a thrilling lesson here ;  
 Though distant from their own immortal shore,  
 The spot they grace is still to Freedom dear.

In our way back we made a small diversion to look at Thoricus, the site of an old Athenian deme, or small town, which has the remains of a theatre, tower, and temple, and a remarkably pretty plain. We passed also still subsisting heaps of cinders, which belonged to the old workings of the silver mines at Laurium. Many English tourists can depose to the spirit and intelligence of my guide. Our return ride and drive brought us back to Athens between eight and nine, and we were reckoned to have made very good work of it. Nechet Bey had taken his departure.

*March 23rd.* — Went with the Wysees to the Piræus. We went on board the Highflyer, in which I purpose to make a cruise to-morrow. We called on the consul, and on Mrs. Black. Who is she? She was Lord Byron's Maid of Athens, and I thought her eyes still extremely fine, rather like what I remember of Mrs. Dodwell's, whom I

always have thought the most beautiful woman I ever saw. The maid was only about thirteen when Lord Byron wrote his verses. Her life has been most respectable. She has some handsome children.\* The French admiral, Barbière de Tinan, who has come here in the *Gomer*, and some other officers from the French and English ships, dined with Mr. Wyse. People and music in the evening.

*March 24th.* — Took leave of General Church and Mr. Hill. In the afternoon went with Captain Moore on board the *Highflyer*. We are to accompany the *Gomer* to the Macedonian and Thracian coast, to show the flag, encourage the Turks, and prevent any improper communications from Greece. Just before embarking, the French admiral heard that one of their steamers was aground at Mitylene; so he goes to help it, and gives us rendezvous in the Gulf of Volo. We left the Piræus at sunset, but it was not a worthy one.

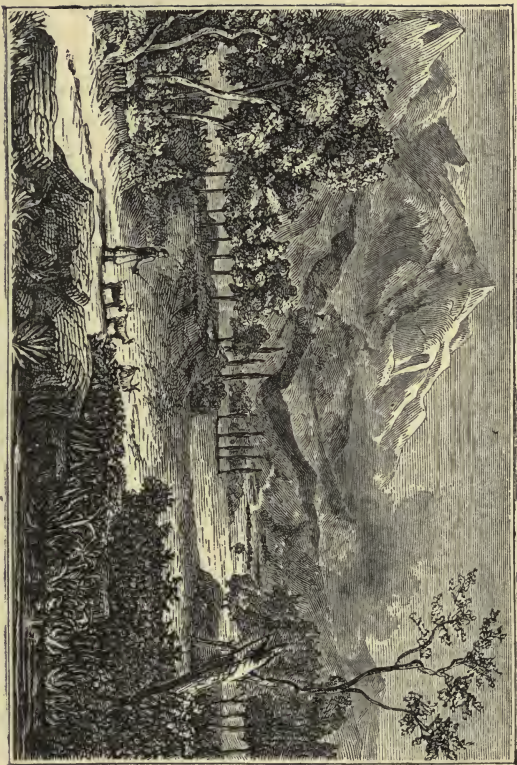
*March 25th.* — As there was no cause for haste, we did not use the screw, and, the wind being contrary, we made but slow progress through the Doro passage between Eubœa and Andros, which, however, we accomplished during the night, without risk from the avenger rock, Caphareus,† which finished the younger Ajax.

*March 26th.* — Captain Moore read service. I like his ship, and himself, most particularly. It was nearly a complete calm all day. In the evening we put on the screw. We dined in the gun-room with the officers.

*March 27th.* — The sun rose very finely, and at the same moment we saw Parnassus on one side, and Athos

\* Her only remaining son, a promising young man, died last autumn of the cholera. His name was Aristotle. F.

† “The vengeful Capharæan coast,  
The Eubœan rocks.” — *Dryden, JEn.*



MOUNT OLYMPUS.



on the other, which seems an amazing stretch of vision. As we glided on over the smooth water, we passed between the islands of Scyros, — famous for the birth of Neoptolemus, goats, and streaked marble, — Peparethos, Scopelos, Sciathos, on one side; the wooded headlands which form the north of Eubœa, and Cape Artemisium, on the other. Mounts Cæta, Othrys, Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus, in their long snowy series, rose before us. Here, if anywhere, one might admit the truth of Lady Mary Wortley's lines :

“ Warmed with poetic transport, I survey  
The immortal islands, and the well-known sea ;  
For here so oft the muse her harp has strung,  
That not a mountain rears its head unsung.”

In addition to all these islands and mountains, we descried the Gomer on her course from Mitylene. We got up to her, and then respectfully followed her into the Gulf of Volo, and anchored before the town. This seems to have been the ancient Iolcos at the foot of Pelion. This old mountain of the Centaurs looks nearly the most populous region which I have seen in the East. It is thickly dotted with villages, and there is one that literally starts from the sea-beach, and stretches up to the present snow-line, which seems to begin between three and four thousand feet above the sea. They are mainly Greek villages, though we are now some little distance within the Turkish frontier. Our mission here, indeed, is to give countenance to the invaded Turks, and the reverse to the insurgent Greeks. Such, probably, is loyally our duty; still the thought recurs, where are we now doing this? — opposite the pass of Thermopylæ.

What with the French admiral, and the Turkish flag,

and an Austrian corvette we found here, there began an endless number of salutes, and a sufficient expenditure of



Thermopylæ.

powder to keep a Thessalian war alive for a year at least. A message was sent to the Kaimacan, or governor, to announce a visit to him from the French admiral and English captain, to-morrow morning. I landed with Captain Moore for a walk. On the pier we met many reports. The insurgents under Captain Papa-costa, of the Greek army, were two hours off; they were in possession of Armyro, a town a little way down the gulf; they were fourteen thousand men; they had killed sixteen thousand Turks. The more immediate apprehension, however, seemed from the irregular Albanians, who had been sent to defend the place, and received no pay. We had looked at the town, which has a tolerable wall and ditch. Within it has the usual thriftless, crazy appear-

ance. I should like to walk with one of our fervid Ottomanias at home, one of the last thirty years' progressmen, through any real Turkish town. We strolled on over the plain of Volo, and came to a romantic dell with an old bridge or aqueduct, over what may have been the Anaurus, in fording which Jason, as we are told, in perhaps the most picturesque passage in all Pindar\* (which is saying much), lost his sandal, and then went into the market-place of Iolcos, and the people surrounded him, and doubted whether he was Apollo, or Mars of the brazen car.† They will not now take Admiral Barbière de Tinan or Captain Moore for either divinity, but they could stand them in better stead. Some of the ship's officers dined with us.

*March 28th.* — I accompanied the admiral and captain on their visit to the Kaimacan in the Turkish town. Pipes and coffee as usual. I thought the French admiral conducted the interview with judicious dignity, prof-

\* Pyth. 4.

† "Then, brandishing his double spear,  
Approached the wondrous mortal near.  
Wrapped are his limbs of beauteous mould  
Within a double vesture's fold—  
Magnesian, and the foreign pard,  
'Gainst pelting rains the surest guard ;  
While locks in sacrifice unshorn  
His ample back with grace adorn  
Straight coming on with quiet tread,  
He showed a mind devoid of dread,  
When one among the assembled crowd  
Turned to the unknown, thus spoke aloud :  
' 'T is not Apollo I behold,  
Nor Venus' spouse, the god of war,  
Who thunders in his iron car, &c.' " — *Wheelwright.*

F.

fering assistance in conveying troops or ammunition for them, but remonstrating against the outrages committed on the inhabitants by the Albanians. The Kaimacan, a very fine-looking man, appeared very helpless, without money enough to pay, or regular troops enough to control, them. The Austrian captain, upon whom we all called afterwards, confirmed the accounts of the Albanian misdeeds. They robbed one of his midshipmen, and he could get no redress, and we hear of their setting houses on fire, cutting off people's hands, &c. We find that the fleets have gone into the Black Sea. I walked with Captain Moore to a lofty, but not the loftiest, village on Mount Pelion. They are large communities, with about five hundred houses. We had some copious conversation with some of the inhabitants, rendered less instructive by our not being able to understand each other, but we collected that they have been perfectly quiet. They are surrounded by vine, olive, and fig, with scattered corn-fields at the base of the hills, and many a rill and fountain on their gray slopes. We took, for defence against any stray Albanians, not the Pelian spear, but two pocket-pistols and a revolver.

Πηλιάδα μελίην, τὴν πατρὶ φέλω πόρε Χείρων  
Πηλίου ἐκ κορυφῆς, θόρον ἔμμεναι ἰρώεσσιν.\* en 2\* R

*March 29th.* — The Gomer and Highflyer took a cruise round the Gulf of Volo. We stopped first off a Greek village, just beyond the frontier, and sent two

\* “ From Pelion’s cloudy top an ash entire  
Old Chiron felled, and shaped it for his sire ;  
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,  
The death of heroes and the dread of fields.”

*Pope.*

boats on shore to give some warning counsel. They protested their innocence of all insurrectionary intentions, and said they well knew what services had been rendered to them by France and England at the battle of Navarino. It was a new-looking, well-built place, evincing its modern origin by its name of Amaliopolis, from the Queen Amalia, and it certainly contrasted favorably with purely Turkish villages. We then anchored off Armyro, where a Turkish brig had been landing ammunition for the defence of the town. This is on the banks of the old Amphrysus, where Apollo fed the flocks of Admetus :

“ et te, memorande, canemus,  
Pastor ab Amphryso.” — *Georg.* III. 1. \*

On our return we passed a very pretty island with a Greek monastery, opposite Cape Trikeria. Here was Mount Tisæus, sacred to the sister goddess Diana.†

*March 30th.* — Walked with Captain Moore. We explored the site of Pagasæ, which formerly gave the

\* “ I sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse,  
Amphrysian shepherd ! ” — *Dryden.*

† *Apollonius Rhodius*, I. 568—572.

Τισαίην εὐχρηλοὶ ὑπὲρ δολιχὴν θείον ἄκρην,  
Τοῖσι δὲ προμύζων εὐθυμόνι μέλπειν αἰοδῶ.  
Οἰάγοιο πάϊς ῥηοσσόον ἐνπατέρειαν  
Ἄρτεμιν, ἣ κείνας σκοπιᾶς ἄλδς ἀμφιέπεσσε  
Ῥυομένη καὶ γαῖαν Ἰωλκίδα.

—— and, calmly gliding, passed  
Beyond Tisæum's promontory crag,  
Long stretching into ocean. Then with voice  
And harp Cæger's son tuned smooth the lay  
To high-born Dian, guardian of the ship,  
Who rules the mountain beacons of the sea,  
Protector of Iolcos.

F.

name to the whole gulf. There are extensive foundations of walls and other buildings. We came to a beautiful spring welling out of a rock. It cannot, however, be the fountain of Hypereia, which has been the subject of much dispute, and of a false quantity by Pope,

“or bring

The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.” — *Il.* vi. 583.

We dined with the French admiral on board the Gomer. Met the Austrian captain, the abbé, and other officers of the French ships. We had an excellent dinner, and it seemed singular to be eating paté de foie gras in the port of the ancient Iolcos.

*March 31st.* — This morning four large Turkish frigates entered the gulf with troops. Upon this the French admiral determined to return to Athens. I think he accomplished his short function here with much judgment. He has induced the governor to make some payment to the Albanians, and send most of them off. He has shown the two flags in union on the scene of active strife at the frontier, and now leaves it for a short time, after the arrival of a sufficient reinforcement of men, arms, and provisions, from the lawful government of the country. We set off at one, leaving, I grieve to say, an officer of marines and a clerk on the top of Mount Pelion, whither they had gone early in the morning without leave. A Borra or north wind sprung up at night.

*April 1st.* — It was quite a rough night, breaking a tobacco jar, and spilling the inkstand in our cabin. As the wind was favorable, we took to our sails, skimmed rapidly through the Doro passage, and under the columns of Sunium, which glittered beautifully from their cliff. We screwed again into the Piræus, and arrived before

sunset. We found the French Gomer and Heron, and our Triton; the news of the Russians having crossed the Danube, and, what concerned us most, orders to go up to Constantinople. So I shall gladly still avail myself of the friendly Highflyer, to repair for a moment to the centre of action. We have to stay twenty-four hours on board here, for the foolish quarantine. It would be one motive for getting rid of the present government of Greece, to do away with this folly, which Turkey has, I believe, now discontinued from every quarter, except Odessa, for which one cannot reproach her.

*April 2nd.*—In quarantine till four. Captain Moore read the service, and we had a batch of Galignanis. We drove up to Athens, and dined with the Wyse; there were Generals Church and Kalergēs, and M. Rouen, the French minister. The news of the Russians having passed the Danube had excited much sensation here; not the least so at the palace, where we are told that libations of champagne were immediately supplied. New departures continually take place for the frontiers; and among them are several in high favor at court, as well as in much vogue among the general society of the capital.

*April 3rd.*—The wind continued so high that Captain Moore settled not to set off till to-morrow morning. We called on the Hills together; went to Jupiter Olympius, and, as we were sitting at a very favorite point of view in the theatre of Herodes Atticus, we were joined by Mr. and Miss Wyse, and all went up to the Acropolis; the wind had fallen, the approaching sunset was unclouded, all were very full of zest, and it was an afternoon to be well remembered. M. Pittakys was there, very intent on an inscription lately found, which showed that the Propylæa were built when Hymenæus was Archon, as

indeed was already known from some Greek author. Austria and France at tea; some music.

*April 4th.*— We drove by a bright sunrise to the Piræus. Screwed out at eight; perfect day. The temple at Sunium gleamed resplendently over the noontide sea. We passed Cape Doro under an unclouded sunset.

*April 5th.*— The wind got up in the night right in our teeth; we went rather to the south of our course, as we economize our force of coal. We came up the west side of Mitylene; saw Ida and Athos (the latter eighty-seven miles off) at sunset.

*April 6th.*— Went on deck at sunrise; I think we were precisely passing my long berth in the Vengeance in the mid Hellespont. At Gallipoli we found one thousand English troops with Sir George Brown, and one thousand French, with General Canrobert. Among the first, I found a nephew \* and cousin. They had only preceded us by a few hours, and the English general and his staff looked rather helpless on the narrow plank in front of the rotten quarantine shed of the obscure town of Gallipoli, surrounded by some very impassive looking Turks. There we left them, and for the time I thought the naval profession had on the whole the best of it.

*April 7th.*— By this sunrise we were passing over the unrippled Propontis in front of the Seven Towers. The graceful minarets of Sultan Achmed and the massive cupola of St. Sophia rose beautifully as ever; there was, however, still much mist on the Golden Horn. I took a last breakfast on board the Highflyer, and felt unusual

\* This young man — Lord Frederick Leveson Gower — died afterwards on board the fleet, of a fever. He was a son of the Duke of Sutherland, and the qualities of his character adorned the high rank to which he was born.

regret at leaving that pleasant ship and its admirable captain. We called on Lord Stratford; I thought him looking all the better for his laborious winter. I do not collect that the Russian advance has created much apprehension among the Turkish population. Saw my excellent Dr. Sandwith. I walked to the Hippodrome; besides being almost the sole clear bit of space in this vast capital, it is the only spot, with its neighbor St. Sophia, that I feel to be in the least redolent of antiquity. Who, however, would care for Byzantine after Athenian antiquities? I was struck with the solitude and stillness of the greater number of the streets in Stamboul in comparison with the humming and dinning lanes of Pera and Galata. Dined at the Embassy—Captain Moore and the staff, among whom it was pleasant to meet again persons of such very uncommon intelligence and ability as Messrs. Alison and Smythe.

*April 8th.*—Settled to resort yet once more to the Highflyer, and pay a visit to my old friends of the fleet in the Black Sea. We set off at noon, carrying with us a chamberlain of the Sultan's, a Turkish colonel, and some attendants, in charge of money for their army. The chamberlain and colonel dined with us, but as they could only speak Turkish, the communication between us was but scant; this, in my view, made them all the better company. The Bosphorus looked very sparkling in bright sunshine. We landed for ten minutes at Therapia, and saw Lady Emily Dundas, who is there at the head of a little colony of captains' wives. We found the Black Sea in perfect calm, but a considerable squall came on quite suddenly at night, which made our Turks very squeamish.

*April 9th.*—They remained recumbent all the morn-

ing, but not even sea-sickness prevents a Turk from smoking. We landed them and their money-bags at Varna, at three, and came on about fourteen miles further north to Kavarna Bay, where the allied fleets have been anchored for a fortnight. We had been preceded an hour or two by the *Niger*, which brought to our admiral the declaration of war; the signal had been received by our fleet with great cheering. The French despatch had not yet come. Upon our arrival we went on board the *Britannia*, where the kind admiral's peremptory hospitality insisted on my coming to my old quarters at once. We found with him Sir Edmund Lyons and the French flag captain, all intent on the coming operations.

*April 10th.*—Our admiral wished to have proceeded to Odessa to-day, but the French admiral has not yet received his intimation of the war. There was much occupation with the arrival of steamers from different quarters. Captain Parker brought in the *Firebrand* our consul from the Sulina mouth of the Danube, where he had lived ten years. It is difficult to conceive that the war must not be a deliverance to him. It is very difficult to ascertain the actual progress of the Russians on this side of the Danube, near at hand as they must be. The Greeks give astonishing accounts of their progress, but authentic intelligence is not one of the natural products of eastern regions. Sir Edmund and some captains dined with us. It is pleasant to see the entire friendly accord and confidence between our two admirals. The Black Sea swells much towards evening. We are off an uninteresting, sandy, hillocky shore. I have seen a frightful account from Captain Peel of Turkish atrocities in Albania. Captain Parker, of the *Firebrand*, has picked up two little Bulgarian children on the shore here, one

of three years, the other eight months old; the last was lying wounded on its dead mother's breast. They had been fired upon by the Turkish irregular troops. I hear the crew make much of the children.

*April 11th.*—The Retribution and Niger are sent to Odessa; the Firebrand to the Sulina mouth of the Danube. English captains and a French captain dined. In the evening, Captain Excelmans, a naval aide-de-camp of the Emperor Napoleon, came in; he had just returned from a visit to Omer Pasha, at Shumla; he has forty thousand men there, and is in good heart; the Russians do not seem to have made any further advance since they crossed the Danube. The captain formed a high opinion of Omer Pasha's intelligence.

*April 12th.*—Went with the admiral on board the Agamemnon, Sir Edmund Lyons' flag-ship; it is a screw steamer of ninety-one guns, and is in every respect a most magnificent vessel. The admiral also inspected the Terrible, a most powerful paddle steamer. Sir Edmund, Captain Excelmans, Captain Twopenny, of the army, and some naval captains, dined. We had just remarked the splendor of the sunset, when a violent squall set in from the land, mixing up sand, mist, and wave; beds were put up for all the dinner company. In the midst of all this we went to the main deck, to see the crew act "John Dobbs," and "Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell?" which they did most entertainingly. The drama and the storm were concluded with supper and punch. Such is "Life in the Black Sea," after a declaration of war, and during a gale.\*

\* In painful, but not in dishonorable contrast to such an entry, I must allow myself to insert an extract from a letter which I have lately received from the good and popular doctor of the Britannia, Mr. Rees,

*April 13th.*— Captain Excelmans stayed for breakfast; he is very intelligent and well-conditioned. I do not think his anticipations of the decisiveness of this year's campaigns are very sanguine. If the Russians remain where they are, he seems to think that the allies can do very little against them, which does not sound a brilliant prospect. Very cold all day; the water poured out to wash the decks became ice immediately. I dined with the admiral in the ward room, where I continue to think them a very fine set.

*April 14th.*— Good Friday. Captain Tatham of the *Fury* returned from Sebastopol with the first Russian

after the violent outbreak of cholera on board. I feel sure that he will excuse this liberty. "A scene now commenced impossible to describe, and without a parallel I believe in the history of our service. Besides the cases of diarrhœa, previously healthy and strong men began to fall down in various parts of the ship. They were brought in to me, frequently, two or three at a time. About two hours after the commencement of the outbreak, the deaths began, and fifty men died in twenty hours. The experiment of putting to sea having thus failed, every effort was made to get back to Baldjik. There was a strong contrary wind and current, the disease in the mean time continuing with almost the same uninterrupted violence. We found the harbor full of empty transports, and we removed at once all our sick and healthy into them, leaving only the officers and two boats' crews. This complete measure at once arrested the progress of the scourge. All the healthy men have been brought back to the ship; they are in excellent spirits, and are again in a condition to beat the best Russian three-decker in the Black Sea. This strange invasion terminated as suddenly and miraculously as it began. I hope never to go through such a scene again. In the cases of sudden collapse, I did not find medical treatment of the least use. The admiral bore himself very manfully throughout; you can imagine how much a man like him must have felt. I was well supported by the officers throughout this very trying scene. Discipline was fully maintained. The devotion of the men to their sick and dying messmates was truly wonderful; nothing could surpass it. Many of them lost their lives through sheer fatigue in the discharge of such duties."

flag taken in the Black Sea. It is from a merchant schooner, which he picked up close to Sebastopol. Two Russian frigates, two brigs of war and a steamer, came out after him, and, as they were gaining on him, he was obliged to let the schooner go, but brought off the crew. The Russian ships gained on him so much, at one time, that he was obliged to start (that is, let out) some of the water on board. Several shots were interchanged. All seemed to think the affair very handily done. The captain or master of the ship was questioned before our two admirals. He is a Dalmatian, and a fine-looking fellow. He confirms the account that the Russians have not more than twelve available line-of-battle ships in Sebastopol. My courier was of much use as an interpreter. The Russian sailors seemed much to relish the cocoa that was given them. I fear it may sound almost like an incongruous transition to the sacred service of the day. It was properly and pleasingly performed. I avail myself of the return of the *Fury* to the Golden Horn this evening; so I took leave of my friends in the *Britannia* above and below, with very hearty wishes for their welfare, safety, and, if the necessity comes, their glory. The *Fury* started about nine in the evening. Captain Tatham is a fine, manly fellow. I have certainly been most fortunate in my naval commanders. My many and varied visits among the ships of the eastern fleet have not only given me a heartier sympathy with their coming fortunes, but have greatly increased my respect, which previously was not slight, for the whole naval service.

*April 15th.* — We have averaged about nine knots an hour during the night. It had been passably rough, and was intensely cold in the morning. We entered the Bosphorus about noon amidst frequent snow-squalls, stopped

for a short time at the colony of wives in Therapia,—which includes Mrs. Tatham,—and left the captured flag with Lady Emily Dundas; then proceeded to the Golden Horn. The Himalaya was in the act of landing the 33rd and 41st regiments at Scutari. Messiri's hotel had quite changed its appearance. We were forty at dinner, in the large room above stairs, and had among us the red and green coats of English officers and engineers. I called on Lord Stratford afterwards. Found with him Mr. Yeames, our consul from Odessa, where he had lived for forty years, and Mr. Cooke, inventor of the electric telegraph.

*April 16th.* — Easter Sunday. I walked to church through the snow! Mr. Blakiston's congregation was very crowded in the small room at the Embassy. A church or chapel is indeed much required here. Nearly all present remained for the sacrament. Called on Dr. Sandwith and Mme. Baltazzi. There is some fear that at least one ship laden with the expelled Greeks has gone down. I think this act of wholesale rigor might have been spared. The wealthy and the intriguing, probably the only really mischievous persons, will be able to evade it, while it descends with crushing weight on the poor and the industrious. Dined at the Embassy. Only the staff.

*April 17th.* — Took a Turkish bath. Went with Dr. Sandwith in a caique to Scutari, where four of our regiments are now put up in the splendid barracks there. They will hold altogether eight thousand men, and there are some other large barracks not far off to be allotted for our use. We called on that fine soldier, General Adams. The scene in the large barrack-yard was curious. Here were some of our men mildly smiling as

a Turkish sentry went by; there was a fat Turkish officer looking curiously at the unpacking of a case of Minié rifles, of which, however, there is a quantity in their army. Here one of our bands was practising a stunning march, before crowds of lookers on. We saw all this under the real restored eastern sky, gilding all the gleaming shores and glittering cities. I hear that in Persia the Russian ambassador, Prince Dolgorouki, has given the Grand Vizier a violent blow over the shin with his cane. They tell me that the resistance of Persia to the views of Russia is mainly owing to the adroit management of Achmed Effendi, whom I have before heard reputed the most able of Turkish statesmen, and — rarer attribute — the most honest.

*April 18th.* — My birthday! How little it has been in my thoughts, far away from those who pay heed to it! — how much less than it ought to have been, with a view to all the accumulating responsibilities of life! This strolling year must clearly be an exceptional one. I went with Dr. Sandwith to the bazaars. I made a few purchases in Ludovico's shop. He is an Armenian, talking French extremely well, within a sort of old curiosity store, which is much frequented. It rather protracts the process of shopping to begin by drinking coffee with your shopkeeper. We went on to a genuine Turkish kibaub shop. I know not whether my reader needs to be informed that kibaubs are small pieces of mutton grilled on a set of skewers, which are served on pieces of thick baked bread, with a little salad. I was about to sit down on a low stool, when Dr. Sandwith remonstrated, "Do not sit on the table." He then took me to the corner of an old khan, or general lodging-house, where an old school-master was giving instruction to four or five boys. He

belonged to the class of Softas, which seems rather to answer to the idea of the old Jewish schools of the Prophets. They are generally the most inveterate Mussulmans of the empire; and this man, who had formerly given Dr. Sandwith some lessons in Turkish, would not rise when we Christians entered, or give us the slightest salute. He seemed, however, glad to see my friend and talk to him. I was not quite fortunate in suggesting, as a sort of touch-stone, that he should be asked how he liked the new Sheikh-ul-Islam (the highest functionary of their faith), the former one having been lately displaced for his too close sympathy with the old Mussulman party. This evidently rather ruffled him. "Why do you ask me that? You must have some reason. I cannot tell you; I do not know him. All I can tell you of him is, that, before he was appointed, the lightning of God fell upon his house." We naturally got upon the war, of which his view is as follows: "Nimrod was formerly a great conqueror; but God defeated him by the hands of Abraham, to whom be blessing forever! He was devoured by worms, and perished miserably. So it will be with the Emperor Nicholas."

I came for a couple of nights to Therapia; but, alas! we have got chill mists again from our friend the Black Sea. I dined at M. Pettler's excellent table d'hôte, and drank tea with Lady Emily Dundas, with some English and French captains' wives. The lady of the Descartes steamer makes piteous complaints that it never gets out of order, and, consequently, is never sent down for any repair. She is nourishing a hope that it may be soon sent for coals, and that there will probably be none to be had in Constantinople. I am again put up at a small lodg-

ing-house near the hotel, neat and clean, but to-night very cold. I trust that I am safe from another small-pox.

*April 19th.* — Brilliant but keen day. I went over the hospital for our fleet, established here in a house put at our disposal by the Sultan. A good deal of repair was necessary; but the rooms are spacious and airy, in full possession of all the breezes of the Bosphorus, which, as the summer advances, will be very salutary. There are now about forty men there. They will soon have a hundred and fifty beds, against the contingencies of the war. The arrangements seemed very good and careful. I thought I knew all the walks of the place; but I found a very pretty one which was new to me on a wooded hill, immediately behind Bayukdère, full of broad, grassy glades under cypresses and pines. It must have been formerly some great garden, as there are fragments of fountains and flights of stone steps. From the summit, the Black Sea and Bosphorus had put on once more all their blue sparkles. After the hotel dinner, drank téa with the Skenes.

*April 20th.* — Walked in the garden of the French Palace. It is perfectly inlaid with violets and primroses, but generally the vegetation is far behind that of England at this period. Steamed to Constantinople. The dear old Bosphorus was very brilliant, and I suppose I shall now really not see it again. Count Ladislas Zamoy-ski called on me. He is in hopes of organizing a Polish Legion, but finds, like others, that matters move slowly in Turkey. I walked through the old quarter of the Fanar, and then on the breezy hills beyond Pera. Dined at the Embassy. There were some Turks, Greeks, and foreign consuls, but no great notability. I had a good

deal of talk afterwards with Percy Smythe, who is always full of knowledge and genius.

*April 21st.* — Crossed over to Scutari, with some officers of the engineers,\* to see a brigade drill of the six English regiments which have already arrived there. General Adams was the officer in command. The day was very brilliant; and, consequently, the effect of the gleaming uniforms and bayonets on the fine plain, commanding, perhaps, the best view of Constantinople, was very striking. There was a considerable number of Turkish and Frank spectators, some few Bachi-bazouks, or irregular cavalry, who cut a miserable figure with their tawdry accoutrements and lank horses; and certainly Asia was very disadvantageously confronted with Europe on this occasion. It was a new and suggestive sight to see the English columns march by, with their bands playing opposite old Stamboul, and just under the green fringe of the cypresses in the burial-ground at Scutari. Our soldiers are said to obtain much credit for their orderly behavior in the town. An officer was asked how he was going to cross over to Constantinople. "In a tchibouque," he answered; mistaking the only Turkish word he knew for a caique. Dr. Sandwith dined with me, and we went together to drink tea with Count Ladislas Zamoyski and his young wife, whose cheerfulness bore the hard test of confined lodgings in a narrow lane of Pera most triumphantly.

*April 22nd.* — I went with Dr. S. to the bazaars. We then went for our luncheon to a Turkish, not kibaub, but cook-shop, where different ragouts of meat and vegetables

\* One of these was the brave, frank-hearted, lamented Burke, who found so gory a grave on the left bank of the Danube.

are always ready in large pans. I think the nation has a decided turn for cookery. We took our narghilés at the coffee-house mainly frequented by Arabians and pilgrims from Mecca. My companion piques himself on knowing all the eastern races at the first glance. I put him to the test with a beggar from Bokhara, and he turned out to be quite right. If any one wants to know what an old Arab is like, let him look at the head of Caiaphas, in the Duke of Sutherland's excellent picture by Honthorst. The young and well-looking are like Sir Frederick Thesiger. While sitting among these swarthy and turbaned heads, one is struck at seeing English officers passing up the street in their red shell-jackets. Some of the old Turks are supposed not at all to fancy the allied occupation. One asked, the other day, why the English flag was not displayed on the barrack we occupy at Scutari. "Because it is not our property, but the Sultan's." "O! it is very kind in you to say so." They were much surprised to see the arrival of the soldiers' wives, of whom a limited number is allowed to each regiment. "We thought the English had come here to fight, but they have brought their hareems." Others were heard to say of the troops, "Why, these are all boys and girls — they have no beards!" Dined at the hotel; — read the last batch of papers.

*April 23rd.* — Some had to leave church from want of place in the small room. This cries out increasingly for remedy. Lunched with the Baltazzis. Walked with Dr. Sandwith to the great Frank burial-ground, which is the oddly-selected place for the Greeks and Armenians to hold high holiday in, this being their Easter Sunday. There were booths, jugglers, stilt-walkers, and other appurtenances of our old Bartholomew or Brook

Green fairs. An occasional guard of Turkish soldiers filed about in the midst, as in the market scene in "Masaniello;" but I cannot say that the Christians looked at all like an oppressed race. Some were dancing the Romaica, but, as at Athens, without any women. We had our narghilés in front of a very frequented coffee-house overhanging the Bosphorus, and the whole scene was gay and picturesque. The weather, which has become very fine for the last three days, was to-day quite sultry. It is the first Easter at which the Greeks have forborne from a continuous discharge of guns and pistols, and also from the sport of baiting the Jews. Lord Stratford most laudably exerted his influence with the Greek patriarch to this end. Dined at the Embassy. Captain Hardinge was there; — a fine young fellow. There is mingled news from Greece. Grivas has been defeated in the mountain-pass between Thessaly and Epirus; but three thousand insurgents have landed within sixteen miles of Salonica.

*April 24th.* — I took my last Turkish bath before leaving Constantinople. I am now really off in earnest on my way home; and, if it was not for all that word includes, I should be very reluctant to leave these bright shores, especially when every moment adds to their immediate interest and animation. If the packets had even allowed of my being here one day longer, I might have gone to-night to the great state ball, given by the Austrian ambassador in honor of the Emperor's marriage, and to-morrow morning to a fuller review of the English troops before the Seraskier. What odd places our guardsmen turn up from! To-day one arrived from the Seventh Cataract in time to join his regiment here. The studs of Lord Raglan and the Duke of Cambridge have

arrived, but not the generals. In Dr. Sandwith I take leave of a real friend, for whom my respect and regard have gone on culminating since the first moment of acquaintance. I set off a little before sunset in the Austrian steam-packet *Imperatore*, gayly rigged with flags for its august namesake's marriage to-day.

*April 25th.* — I do not purpose to dwell on my oft-repeated *Ægean* passage; but when we were off Gallipoli, with its now encamped hills, this morning, I was delighted to see our excellent consul, Calvert, come on board. I imagine he has rendered the most indefatigable and efficient service to our troops, and promoted their harmonious coöperation with the French, which has hitherto been very complete. I hear that English and French, Highlander and Zouave, are frequently seen, not only hand in hand, but arm round neck; though, I fear, this must generally be in more convivial hours. We dropped Mr. C. at the town of the Dardanelles.

*April 26th.* — During our morning halt at Smyrna I paid ten visits, which prove how my Levantine acquaintance has gathered. I was delighted to meet young Blunt, of Rhodian memory. They anticipate here considerable distress from scarcity of grain. The country is pretty well cleared of robbers. Yani Katergi still in prison; \* but a shepherd lad in the service of M. Van Lennep was seen lately entering the town with a bag. He was asked what was in it: "A present for the Pasha."

\* This famous robber, three years ago, refused the offer of pardon and office on condition of surrendering to the government. But two years later, finding himself hard pressed, he surrendered, and claimed the promise of the government, having committed many additional robberies, and half-a-dozen murders. He was, however, detained in prison, to await the decision of the authorities at Constantinople.

This turned out to be the heads of two robbers, successors of Yani, which he had very gallantly secured and brought off by himself. The weather, as I have always found it here, was delightful. We brought away the Greek consul, and other Greeks of the present dispersion.

*April 27th.*— Repeated the day of quarantine at Syra. The consul sent me newspapers. He told me from his boat that three thousand sailors are out of employment there.

*April 28th.*— Arrived in the Piræus. The sun had risen in full brightness over Hymettus. We were released from quarantine at eleven, and I drove up to my constant quarters with Mr. Wyse. I am very glad at last to find Athens basking in its own clear skies. The Acropolis looked like a vast altar, bearing on its rocky tablet the choicest gems of the earth under the blue vault of heaven. I walked with Mr. Wyse to Colonos. The plain is in its best looks, with the dark belt of olive, then a bright fringe of fruit trees in leaf and blossom, and then an expanse of the most vivid green in the young corn. General Church came in the evening.

*April 29th.*— Made up lee-way in newspapers. Walked to the Pnyx for sunset, in accordance with a recommendation from Sir Edmund Lyons. It is very fine, and perhaps better to have the Acropolis to look at than to look from. Mr. Hill dined with us; Mrs. Hill and Elizabeth of Crete came to tea. Their serenity of temper and conscience contrasts well with the stormy state of affairs. The Cretan young lady,\* long a pupil and friend of the Hills, would, both in disposition and attainments,

\* See note p. 148.

afford the best reply to a theory which I have heard maintained elsewhere, that the Greeks may, by their intelligence and commercial enterprise, form a thriving community, just as Jews or Parsees might; but that, by their intense vanity, their want of the principle of cohesion, their dearth of the imaginative and artistic faculties, they are unfitted to constitute a nation. The Servians are said to have shown much more of this aptitude. There are sad accounts now, on all sides, of the Greek proceedings on the frontier,—jealousies, insubordination, pillage, defeat, and flight. Some who have returned here have been put into prison, but others are still going out. On the evening before, the Hills had unwittingly taken a drive to Daphne, and there they found themselves in the midst of one hundred and fifty men, assembled round a gorgeous new banner. The Russian minister arrived later to speed their departure.

*April 30th.*—Went to church. In the afternoon with the ladies to the band. The Queen rode by, but did not stop. It may be surmised that she is not pleased with the reports from the provinces. Admiral Barbière de Tinan and the French minister dined with us.

*May 1st.*—The day has been worthy of an Athenian May-day. I walked in the morning among the orchards of Colonos, and threaded the Cephissus for some way; in the afternoon rode with Mr. Wyse and the two attachés to the convent of Cesarenyi, probably so called from being an imperial foundation, on the spurs of Hymettus; there is a pleasant fountain, and a glorious view over Athens, and all its beautiful setting. How true is the thought I have already mentioned, that the whole landscape of Athens is like one of its own old tragedies, the *Antigone*, or *Œdipus Coloneus*! There is no superfluity

of decoration, no wild luxuriance of vegetation; all is exact proportion, and austere beauty. The chiselled outline of hill and shore answers to the symmetrical structure of the plot; the pale drapery of olive images the general sobriety of language; the gleaming temple and towering pillar represent the solemn fervor and lofty aspiration of the choral ode. Now my reader will feel that it is high time for me to leave Athens. I only had to interpose a dinner with the Austrian minister, and his amiable English wife.

*May 2nd.*—Started at six from the Piræus in the Austrian steamer; arrived at ten at Calimaki, at the head of the Saronic Gulf. I rode with an agreeable English fellow-passenger across the Isthmus to Corinth, now a very homely village, with a few signs of improvement; there are some striking pillars of an old temple, of far



View of Corinth and the Acrocorinthos.

runder structure than the Parthenon, and probably one of the oldest remains of Greek worship extant. We rode to

the top of the celebrated Acropolis, the Acro-Corinthos, from which the view of both gulfs is very noble; on the western side snowy Helicon and snowier Parnassus<sup>s</sup> succeeded each other. We rejoined another Austrian steamer at Lutraki, at the head of the Gulf of Corinth or Lepanto, and set off again soon after sunset. I found I was in an old acquaintance, the Persia, in which I came last year from Galatz to Constantinople.

*May 3rd.*—It was provoking to pass all the fine scenery of the gulf in the dark. Morning found us off Patras, where the steamer stops eight hours. I landed early, and got to a height. The scenery is fine.\* The gulf widens, after passing the narrow strait between two castles, the old Rhium and Anti-Rhium, scene of many an old naval conflict, before the Christian glories of Lepanto; all the near ground is one vast growth of currants, unhappily a failing crop for the last two years, which has been the cause of very wide distress; and it is feared that there are symptoms of disease again beginning

\*The situation of Patras—the ancient Patræ—is one of the most beautiful in Western Greece. The present town contains several broad and well-built streets, with many comely houses. The castle built by Ville-Hardouin stands on the spot of the ancient Acropolis. The walls of this old castle contain the only antiquities I saw there—a statue built into a niche on the north-west side, and a great many columns, perhaps from the ancient temple of Diana, inserted in the wall on the south-east. The environs of the castle are highly picturesque: above it rise the mountains Boidia and Olena, among the highest in Greece; below stretches the magnificent sweep of the coast to the south-west; on the opposite side precipitous rocky heights spring almost perpendicularly from the water's edge; all together forming a varied and superb panorama. The castle is not only interesting on account of the romantic events of which it was the scene in the middle ages, but some of the earliest and most decisive incidents of the Greek Revolution took place there. Its walls and moat still remain in tolerable preservation.

to be apparent. This seems to be one of the analogies with the mysterious potato blight. I called on the consul, Mr. Wood, who gave me breakfast, walked about with me, and was most obliging. It is a well-built place, and rather put me in mind of a young American town; almost the whole has been built since the war of independence. Many of the insurgents had returned since their defeat at Peta; they were very ill received by their countrymen on shore, with reproaches, and even blows; to all which they very naturally replied, "Go and see how you like it yourselves, with nothing whatever to be got to eat." The allies are in extremely bad odor here. There was a French brig of war, the *Mercure*, to prevent volunteers from passing over from the Morea; and while I was there, our *Modeste* came in. We stopped off *Mesolonghi*, which, however, can only be approached at a distance of five miles, to put down General Spiro Milios, ex-minister of war at Athens, who is sent on a mission by the King, probably to revive the drooping insurrection. I thought it tantalizing only to be at Zante, the *fior di Levante*, in the dark.

*May 4th.*— We had a fine afternoon, though rather a rougher sea, for our arrival at Corfu. It will be remembered how much I had appreciated this island in its wintry garb, with no leaves out but the pale olive; but as I found it now, under the balmy breath of its spring, one mass of roses, geraniums, and orange-blossoms, I need not say that all its charms were incredibly heightened. I found again the kindest possible welcome at the Palace.

*May 5th.*— Walked to the Casino, where the garden is in full luxuriance. Rode in the afternoon with my friend Creyke and Captain Butler among the olive-groves and summit-ranges, which make delightful scam-



CASTLE OF PATRICE.



pering ground. The young green of the chestnuts is very lovely, the figs look already bursting into ripeness, and every group of peasants under their vine-treillage is like a decoration in a ballet.

*May 6th.* — Walked before breakfast to the temple of Neptune. While still on that peerless green promontory, I heard the salutes which announced the arrival of the Duke of Cambridge, on his way from Trieste to Constantinople. He came to the palace for breakfast. His account of his recent visits to Paris and Vienna were very interesting and very satisfactory. There was a levee afterwards, very well attended both by the islanders and the garrison. The Duke resided here for above two years in command of the garrison under Lord Seaton, and was justly much of a favorite. There was a large dinner at the palace. The Lord High Commissioner gave the Duke's health, the Duke the Emperor Napoleon's, I the Emperor of Austria's, which two last were acknowledged by the respective consuls. There was an assembly afterwards. The house and, indeed, the whole island admirably lend themselves to any festal purpose; and nothing can be better organized than Sir Henry's establishment. I accompanied him in his barge to put the Duke on board the *Caradoc* shortly before midnight.

*May 7th.* — Walked to the One-gun battery, that I might take away the last impression of beauty from this favored island. After church, I embarked on board the Austrian steamer *Calcutta*, which belongs to their Trieste and Alexandria line. It is a very quick vessel. There are some passengers from India on board, including young Lord Henry Scott, in whom I found a very pleasing fellow-Borderer.

*May 8th.* — Rather a rough sea during the night; but

we seemed to average about eleven miles an hour against a contrary wind. Opposite Ragusa in the morning; in the evening we passed some well-shaped islands; among them Lissa, the scene of a naval conflict between the English under Captain Hoste, and the French and Italians. The Austrian officers wonder how long we and the French shall keep friends. We are much pleased with our ship and its whole service. I had not felt aware how long a line of sea-shore belonged to Austria. It is very much her interest to work her Dalmatian elements. The Lloyd's Company have lately established a line of steamers on the Po. On this last day of the passage we had, besides the champagne usually given on that occasion, some of the Maraschino of Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, the great place of its production, opposite which we were at the moment passing.

*May 9th.* — We got to Trieste at noon, after an excellent passage. The shore and port have a look of much animation, and the streets and houses near the shore are very handsome; all has an awfully civilized look. The Hôtel de la Ville is an excellent house. I walked with Lord Henry and Mr. Stobart, a most pleasant clergyman who accompanies him, up some steep streets to the old Cathedral of St. Justus, which has some curious ancient frescoes. There is a fine view from the terrace in front embracing the amphitheatre of hills round Trieste and the head of the Adriatic.

*May 10th.* — Embarked at six for Venice. This is still part of the active service of the Austrian Lloyd's Company. There were several Austrian officers on board, with some rather pretty ladies. The passage lasts six hours. On first approaching Venice, I thought it looked like Oxford put down in the middle of the sea.

We then threaded our intricate course between a quantity of ugly sandy banks, and at last emerged into the superb channel in front of the Doge's Palace, and all the objects so familiar to my whole life, from my dining-room of Canaletti's, but which I now looked upon for the first time in their real presence. I mean, however, to bear steadfastly in mind that I am now on thoroughly beaten ground, and to observe all proportionate brevity. I found very agreeable quarters in the Hôtel de la Ville, on the Grand Canal, formerly the Grassi Palace. I walked on the Piazza of St. Mark. I am struck with the beauty, the grandeur, and, above all, the originality, of Venice. Coming from Athens so recently, I feel as if it had been built — almost purposely — to exhibit a contrast to the Parthenon and the old architecture of Greece. I ventured to compare that to one of the old Greek tragedies; if so, Venice must stand for one of the most brilliant modern operas, full of stage-effect, combination, grace, efflorescence and splendor,— all things but simplicity. I went into the cathedral, which considerably recalled St. Sophia to me, though very inferior to it in majesty and effect. When by myself, I always find that I can pray more easily in Roman Catholic churches than our own. This is probably due to the absence of the expectant verger. After dinner at the table d'hôte, I made a circuit in an open gondola. I cannot abide the close coffin in the middle; whereas, if they are open, they are as pleasant as caiques, without the risk of being upset whenever your body moves. As I sat afterwards at my tea, there was a concert of music and singing from two gondolas under the windows of the hotel; and other gondolas came to listen and applaud, and the moon, nearly full, shone

on the sharp angles of the Foscari Palace, and all looked very Italian, and most unlike Turkey.

*May 11th.* — I took a laquais de place, and went first over the Doge's Palace. I think it rather salutary to have the impressions one should be apt to derive from the gorgeous blazonry of their stirring history by such hands as Tintorett, Paul Veronese, and Palma, corrected by the view of the republican dungeons and torture-rooms. We then went to the Cathedral of St. Mark, and made a more leisurely survey of its wealth of alabaster, jasper, porphyry, and agate. Then we mounted the Campanile, and I did my best to master the geography of the town. I am surprised to find it so very good a place for walking; indeed, though it may seem rather paradoxical, I am inclined to think that its water is its weakest point. Both in color and odor, how unlike to the blue, clear, sparkling Bosphorus! almost as much as its broad even flag-stones are to the angular crevices of Pera. We then looked at the statues, Hector and Ajax, by Canova, smooth and fleshy. There was surely more of Venice than the Parthenon — more of the Italian opera than the Attic buskin — in his school. We ended our morning walk with the Rialto, and looked at the house of the first Doges, the church of the first fugitives, with the mark of the fish, to show that all under its size were to be thrown into the sea,

*Incunabula gentis.*

I am pleased to find my excellent picture of the Rialto still so like. My laquais de place, Luigi Campioni, is a very good one. I have no deduction to make, but that he will call every female Roman bust and statue Cleopatra. I went after dinner to the Piazza. It is pleasant

to sit in that noblest of precincts, eat ices, and listen to the fine Austrian band. I had not quite done with music, as I went on to the opera at the Teatro Gallo; it looked, to my somewhat unused eyes, a brilliant little theatre, and the company gave Verdi's *Traviata* very well, and, at all events, were enthusiastically applauded.

*May 12th.* — I am not destined to find fine weather in its most legitimate haunts. It rained almost all day, and, though this is the full-moon tide, it has never yet been brilliant. This, however, signified less to-day, as it was nearly wholly devoted to interiors. I went to six churches; — the Frari, with its monuments of Titian and Canova opposite each other, — a high honor, indeed, for the latter; St. Roch, with its adjoining school, brimming with marble and Tintoretts; San Pantaleone, with a noble painted ceiling, by Fumiani; Santa Maria del Carmine, of imposing length; St. Sebastian, where one appreciates Paul Veronese as one never did before; the Gesuiti, rich in jasper and lapis-lazuli; and then to the Academy, where there is indeed much to be long looked at, — most and longest, of course, Titian's Assumption of the Virgin. Though mine cannot be considered to have been an artistic tour, yet it has been something to begin it with Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, and to close it with Titian's Assumption. In brilliancy of color and general animation, the Titian is, perhaps, unsurpassed; but he never reaches the divinity of Raphael. I admired subordinately, but very warmly, the great Tintorett, with the miracle of St. Mark, a large Pordenone, and one or two Bonifacios. It was a damp, rainy evening, and I was driven to have the stove in my sitting-room lighted.

*May 13th.* — Went to the Pisani Palace, which has a

fine Paolo of the family, as Alexander, Darius, &c.\* The church of San Salvatore, with some of Titian's latest pictures; the Manfrini Gallery, where the Ariosto of Titian and two Giorgiones are indeed admirable; the church of the Scalzi, the richest of all in marble, of which it is a perfect blaze; St. Nicholas dei Tolentini, with a fine portico; the Academy again; the Palazzo Correr, with a collection chiefly of curiosities, about which I did not much care; the Botanical Garden, which also might have been spared; the church of the Gesuiti, where the affluence of marble is made as tawdry and tasteless as the beautiful material admits; the verde-antique columns at the high altar are, nevertheless, beautiful. The luxury of the open gondola made all this sight-seeing much less laborious. After dinner, went to the Piazza, and then to the Traviata with Lord Henry.

*May 14th.* — Service in a room of our hotel; two English clergymen officiating. Went again to the Jesuit church to see by a better light Titian's Martyrdom of St. Lawrence. It has become very black, but it appears to me admirably painted. Then to the Palace Vendramin, now inhabited by the Duchesse de Berri; it is a pleasant house, chiefly filled with pictures of Bourbon dynasties. How little I like their expression, even including Louis XIV.! There is generally a look either of arrogance or fatuity, except in the Duke of Burgundy. I went on to the Papadopolo Garden. My countrymen may spare them-

\* A word or two seem to have been left out of the sentence. I suppose the Paolo alluded to is that of Paul Veronese, known as the Family of Darius, sometimes called the Tent of Darius, a most remarkable picture in point of composition and expression. It represents the females of the family of Darius kneeling before Alexander and Hephæstion. Goethe has a fine criticism upon it in his Italian Letters. F.

selves the sight of gardens at Venice. I went on to Palladio's two churches,—the Del Redentore and San Giorgio,—which, in comparison with most of the other Venetian churches, have a noble, if somewhat bald, simplicity; then to the Maria della Salute, which has more picturesque effect, and is more abundant in paintings; and then to St. John and St. Paul, rich with the tombs of twenty-two Doges, richer in its Titian of St. Peter Martyr, a very splendid picture. The band played in the Piazza in the evening. This is very pleasant, but I have had no bright Venetian weather.

*May 15th.*—It appeared to come this morning to illumine my departure. I took my last row in a gondola to the railway station, where, after some processes that appear like examination and imprisonment, I set off at eleven. It is a fine bridge or causeway over the Lagoon. After the uncultivated wastes of Turkey, and the rocky slopes of Greece, the Venetian plain, with its continuous stripes of cultivation and its vine-trellised mulberries, looked a perfect garden. I was reluctantly shot past Padua and Vicenza. Arrived at Verona at four, and walked till dark about that fair city, which has been described with such happy precision in one of the novels of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, that I feel she has said enough for the family. I was taken to the cathedral, the churches of San Zeno, San Fermo, and Santa Anastasia, which have all a kind of grand gloom, with their Lombard towers, Byzantine portals, and high roofs; to the old bridge, the house of the Capulets (I was glad not to be shown the doubtful tomb), and the noble amphitheatre, which, I think, struck me more than the Coliseum had done a long while ago. They both have the massive and practical grandeur of Roman architecture, without

any of the delicate outline and ethereal beauty which mark that of Greece. An Italian play was going on in the area below, at which one could assist gratuitously from the upper benches. I went also to the Giusti Gardens, which command a fine view of the town and country, and have some fine cypress alleys. I went to the Piazza after dinner, and had an ice there; but this is far from being St. Mark's. I find the Due Torri a good hotel.

*May 16th.* — I observed, both last night and this morning, how many of the Austrian soldiers go to pray in the churches, chiefly, it seemed to me, among the Tyrolese. I left gentle Verona by the railroad, which has a beautiful coasting bit by the Lago di Garda. There is an unpleasant interval of *diligence* or posting, which occupies four hours, and it was not improved by hard rain. We got some rough fare in the kitchen of a station-house at Treviglio, and arrived at Milan about eight. I put up at the fine Hôtel de la Ville.

*May 17th.* — It is, alas, thirty-one years since I was at Milan! I found that I remembered well its handsome and capital-like appearance, and especially its imposing Cathedral. I am aware that this has many anomalies and incongruities; but I hardly know a more poetical building,—so sparkling without,—so solemn within. There surely is no church which so unites the rich material and gorgeous glow of the south with the dim shadows and awful gloom of the north. The exterior, however, does not show well at a distance. Went to the Brera, and renewed my recollections of the Sposalizio and the Ballo degli Amori. I agree with "Murray's Handbook," and not with Lord Byron, in not caring for Guercino's "Hagar." There is a much finer head of the Saviour by him. Luini shines very much. I walked

to the great triumphal arch, which Austria has finished since my visit. While I was there a long thunder-storm came on, and the officer on guard at the gate gave me most courteous shelter in the guard-room. The great Scala is not open. I went for a short time to an Opera Buffa.

*May 18th.* — Railed to Como; then began a journey in a light carriage I had taken at Milan to carry me over the St. Gothard Pass. This was the only bit of the pure old aristocratic travelling I have had in all my journeyings, and it is, certainly, far from uncomfortable. We began, however, with a fractious horse, and the delay enabled me, by a small deviation from the road, to get to a garden on a hill; and if I had been months instead of minutes at Como, I do not think I could have got a more transcendent view of its enchanting lake. I decidedly put it at the head of all lakes. Killarney, I believe, stood highest with me before. Hesitatingly, I preferred it to the Lago Maggiore. But at Como, besides the silver sheet and encircling mountains, and all that nature does for other places, you have that fringe of villa, portico and garden,—the sheltered port, with its sculptured piers and swelling dome,—in short, all Italy itself poured out upon every promontory, and decorating every slope. The whole journey to Bellinzona, the rise from Lake Lugano, the descent upon Maggiore, make it a matchless day.

*May 19th.* — Started at six. The whole upper valley of the Ticino is varied, rich and cheerful. The great difference between the Alpine mountain scenery and that of Greece is the soft drapery of verdure and vegetation which stretches in Italy up to the snow-line. From Airolo — perhaps not very wisely — I made the ascent

up to the summit on foot. This did very well as long as I walked in sunlight; but on the higher levels I found cloud and mist above, and snow under foot, and I arrived at the Hospice, wet, shivering, done up. I was revived by the attentions of two maids of the dwelling,—no longer monks,—who placed me, not by or near, but upon a stove, and gave me brandy and Gruyère cheese. And my restoration was still more completely effected at a very good, clean inn at the next station on the descent—Hospital.

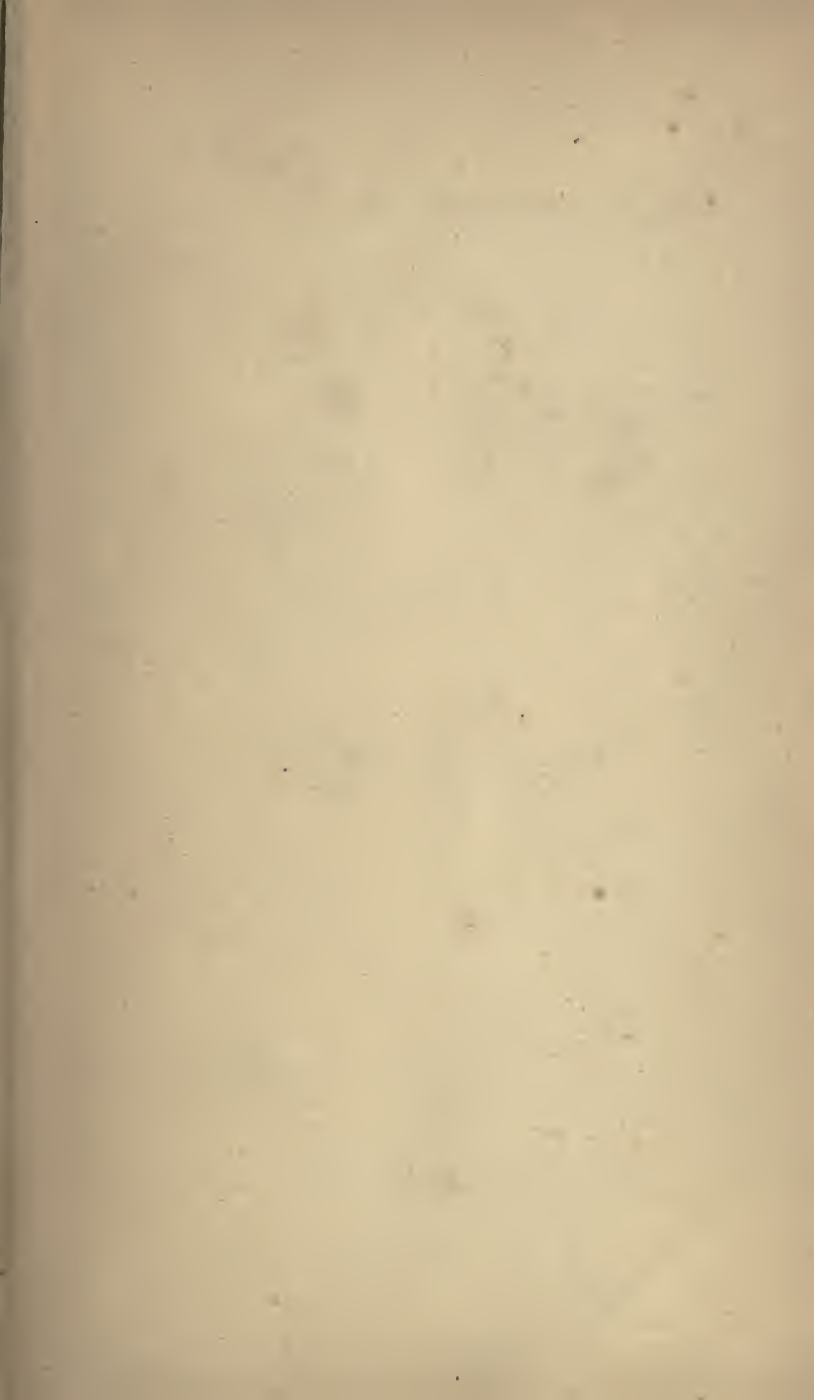
*May 20th.* — The scenery of this pass, unlike that of the Simplon, is much grander upon the Swiss side. The Devil's Bridge, and the whole descent of the Reuss, are surpassingly fine. The easy road, down which one goes full trot, bridging chasm and shaving precipice, and, still more, the electric telegraph, following the wildest leaps of the Ticino and the Reuss, bear signal witness to the aggressions of civilization. After a short halt at Altorf, and a due pilgrimage to the house of Tell, I embarked at Flüelen on the steamboat to Lucerne; and, as unpoetical diligences and railways will carry me on thence, if all be well, through Basle and Paris to England, I will close these entries in sight of those Alpine barriers that separate the lordly North and sunny South. Around me, too, are the monuments of a valor and patriotism as devoted and blameless as even those which give lustre to the plains of Marathon or Cannæ. I do not pretend to account for it, why, with the forms of nature perhaps yet more grand, with the claims of human worth and prowess fully as illustrious, not unadorned by poetry and song,—by the most heroic strains of Schiller,—by the most perfect melody of Rossini,—still I cannot feel that either Alpine summits or Swiss lakes have the same

charm or grace that float over the Alban hill or among the gleaming Cyclades. They may pretend, however, to a nobler praise. The loveliness of Italy and Greece only serves to embalm the memory of departed glories; while the courage of Tell, and the virtue of the fathers of the Swiss Republic, are prolonged in living instances of bravery, simplicity, wisdom and piety.



Clio, the Muse of History.











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